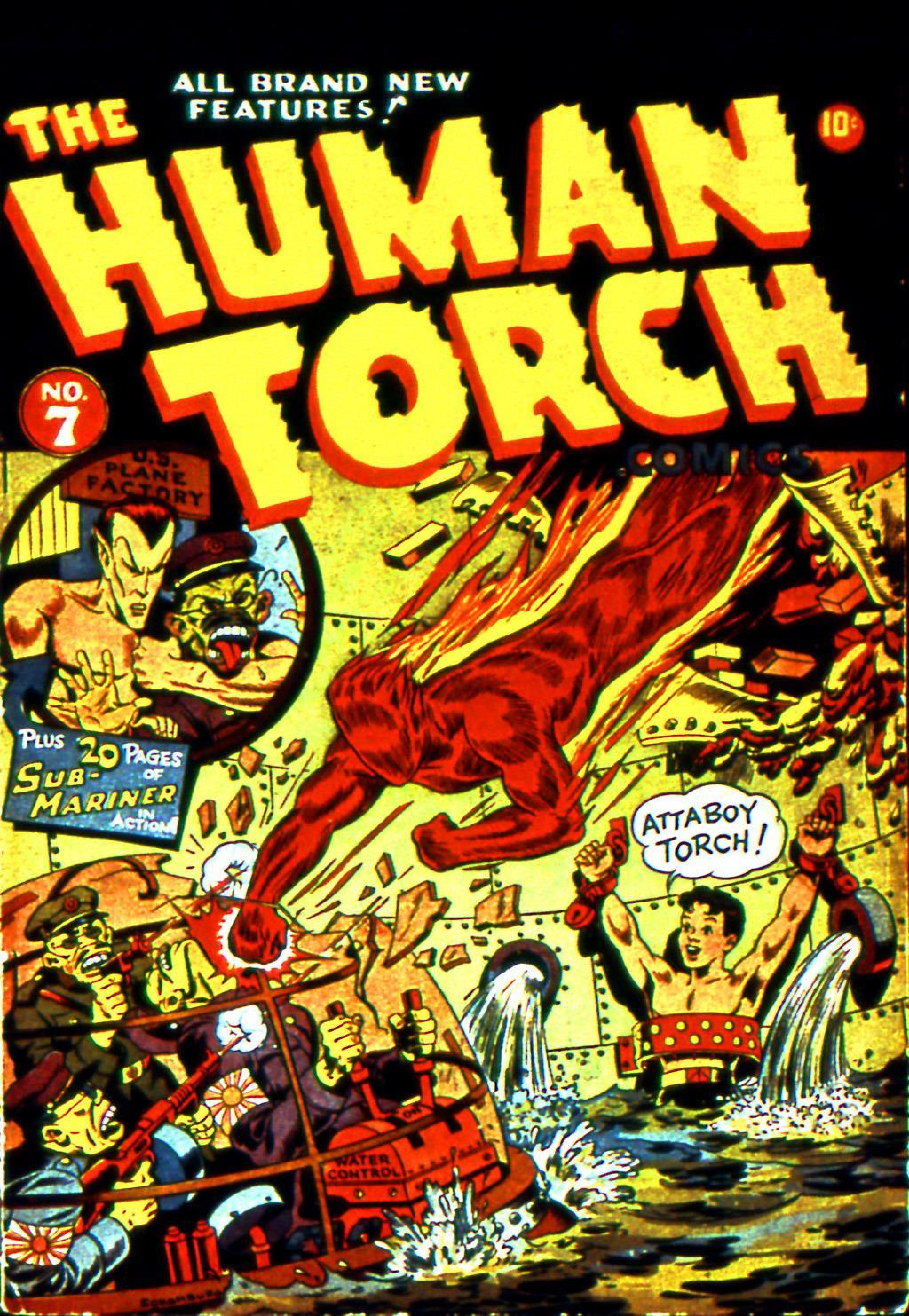
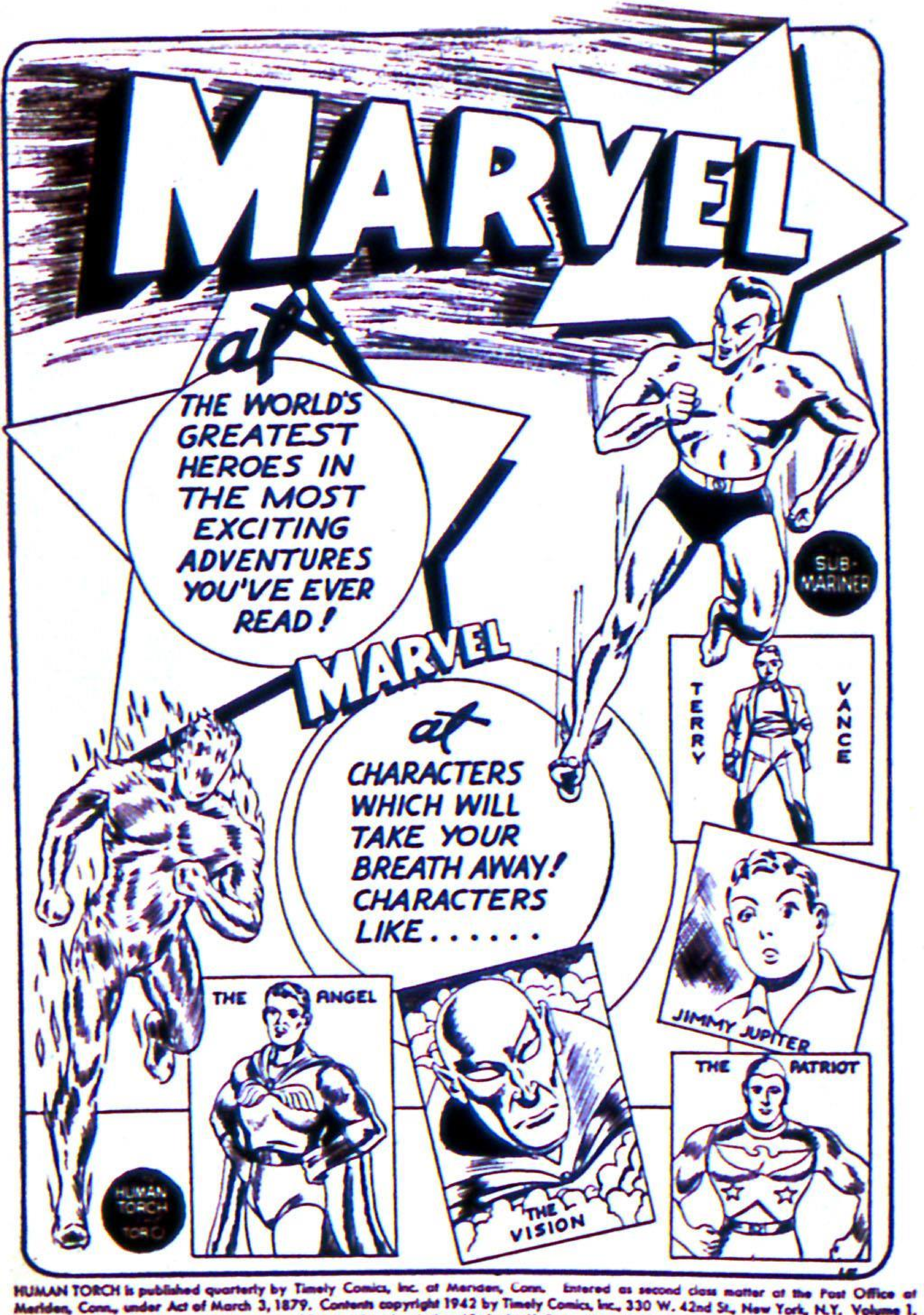

ALL BRAND NEW FEATURES!
THE HUMAN TORCH COMICS
10¢
NO. 7
U.S. PLANE FACTORY
PLUS 20 PAGES OF SUB-MARINER IN ACTION!
ATTABOY TORCH!
WATER CONTROL
ON


MARVEL
at
THE WORLD'S GREATEST HEROES IN THE MOST EXCITING ADVENTURES YOU'VE EVER READ!
MARVEL
at
CHARACTERS WHICH WILL TAKE YOUR BREATH AWAY! CHARACTERS LIKE......
SUB-MARINER
TERRY VANCE
JIMMY JUPITER
THE ANGEL
THE VISION
THE PATRIOT
HUMAN TORCH
TORO

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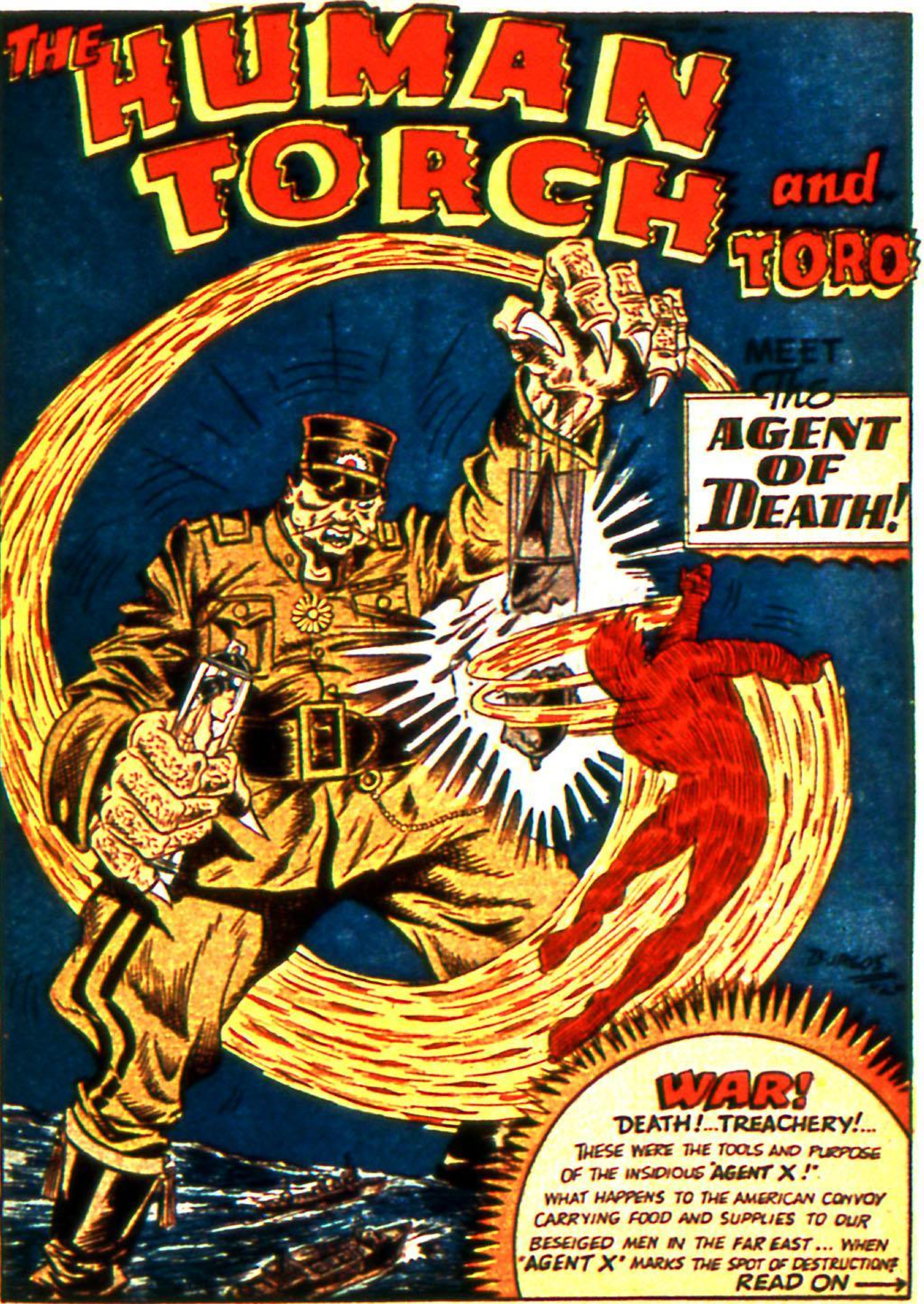
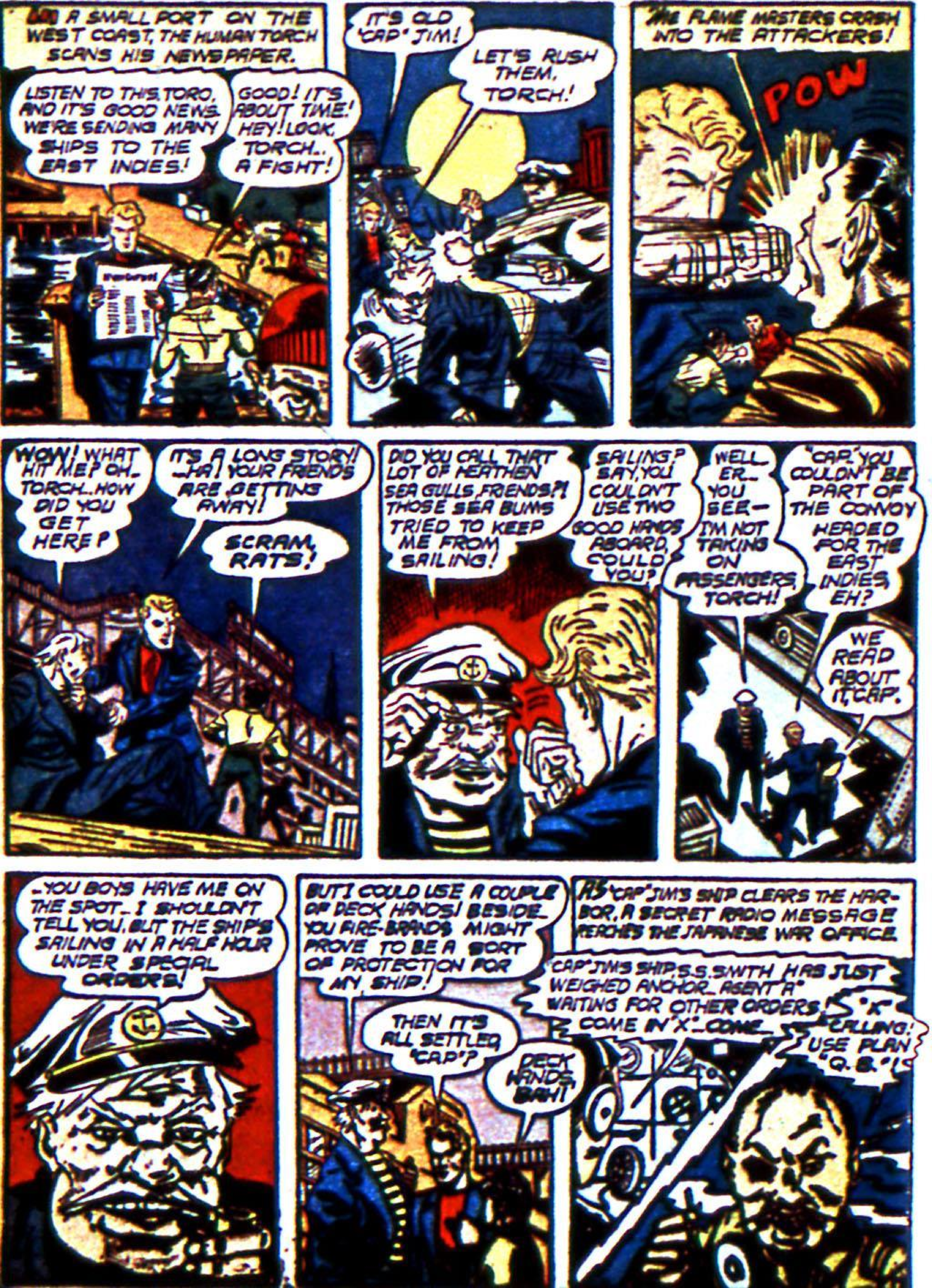
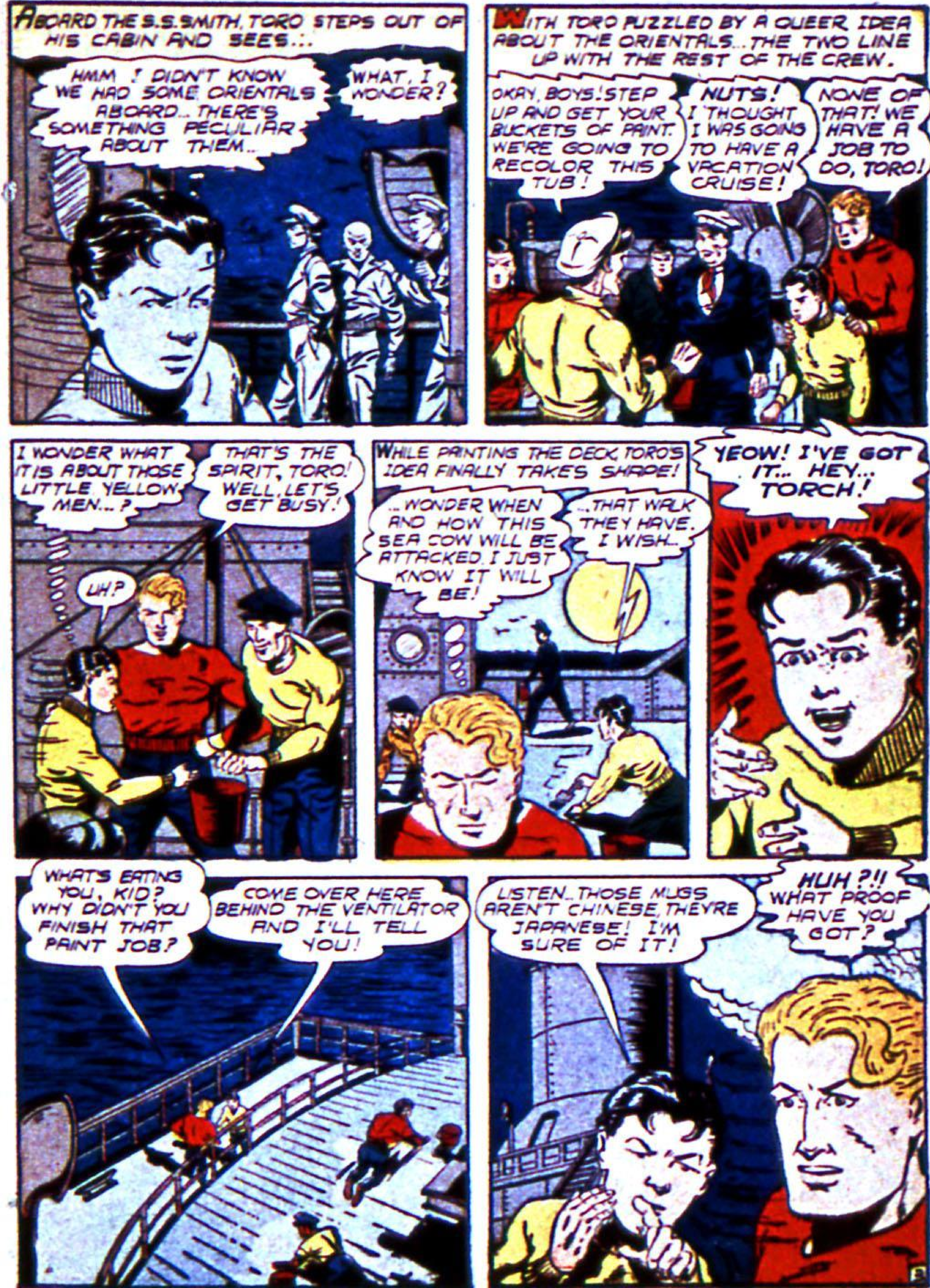
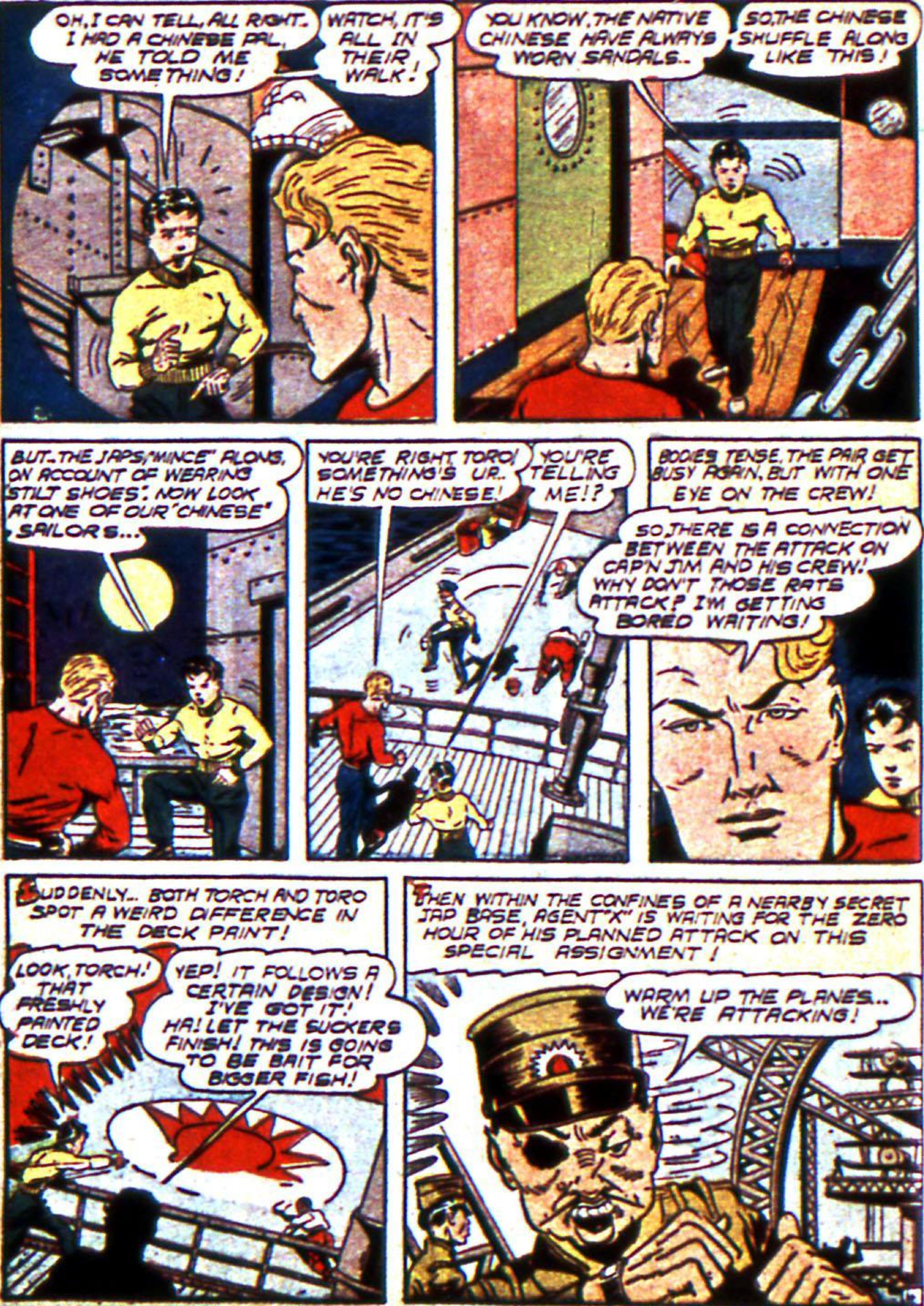
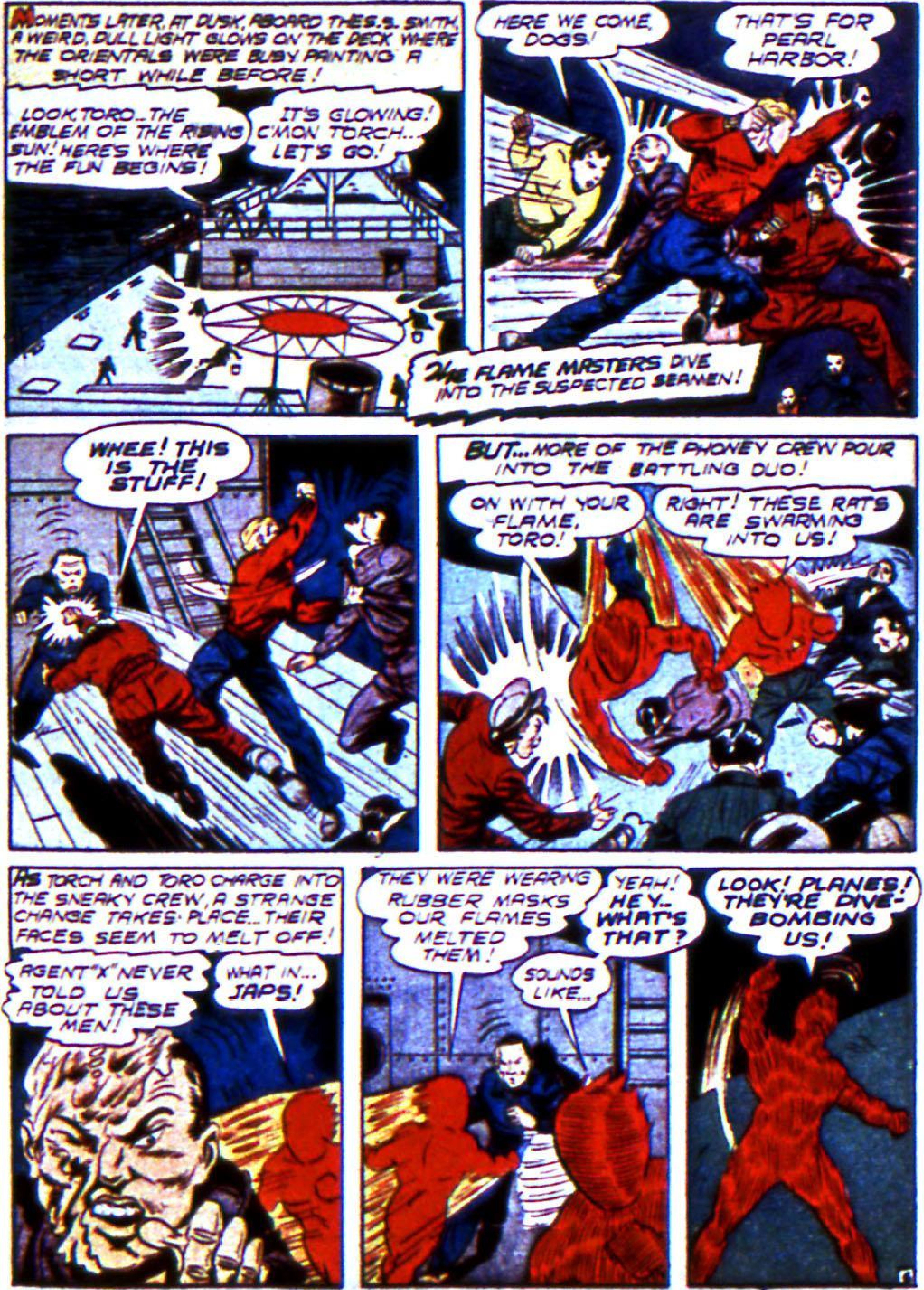
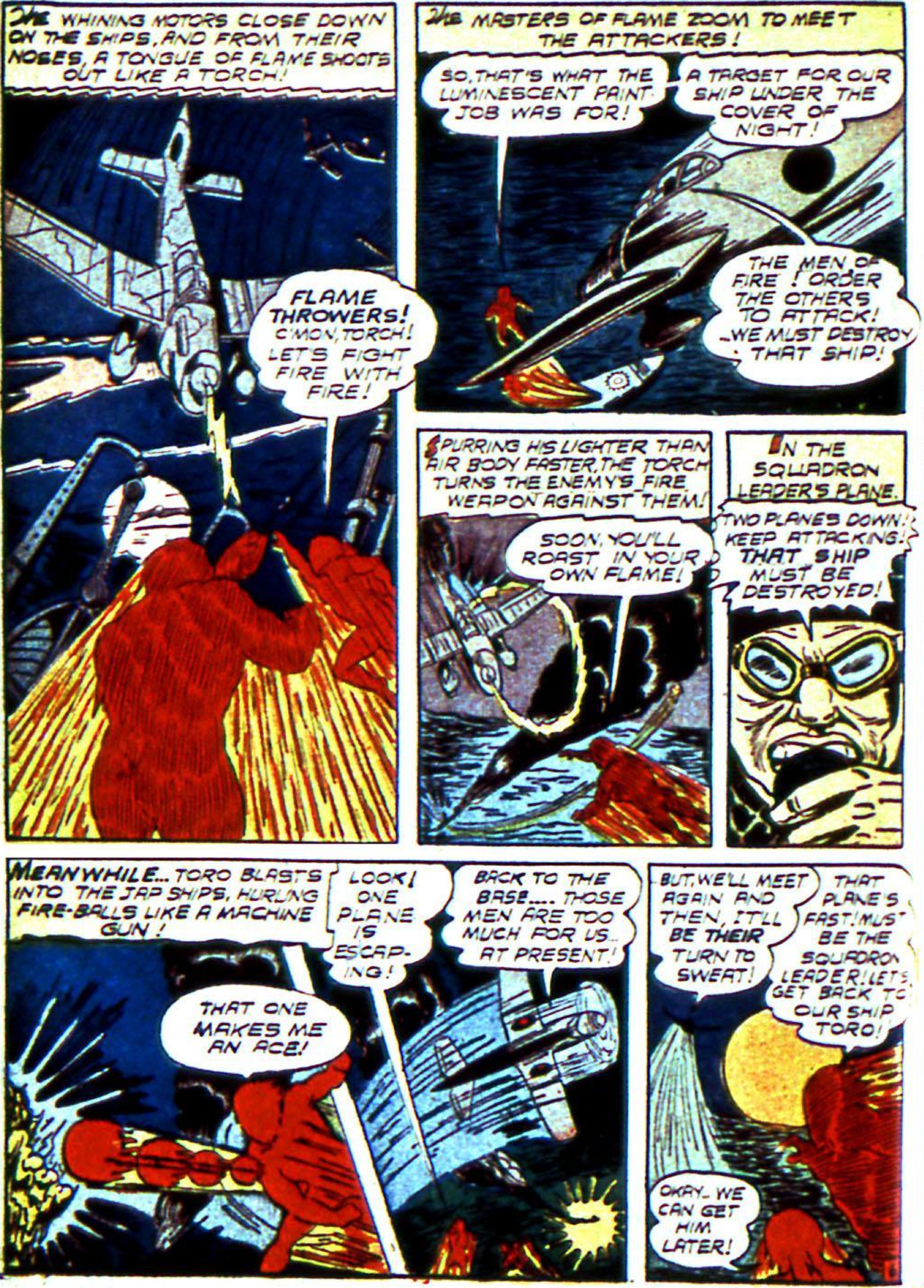

THE HUMAN TORCH and TORO
MEET The AGENT OF DEATH!
WAR!
DEATH!...TREACHERY!...
THESE WERE THE TOOLS AND PURPOSE OF THE INSIDIOUS "AGENT X!"
WHAT HAPPENS TO THE AMERICAN CONVOY CARRYING FOOD AND SUPPLIES TO OUR BESEIGED MEN IN THE FAR EAST... WHEN "AGENT X" MARKS THE SPOT OF DESTRUCTION?
READ ON ⟶

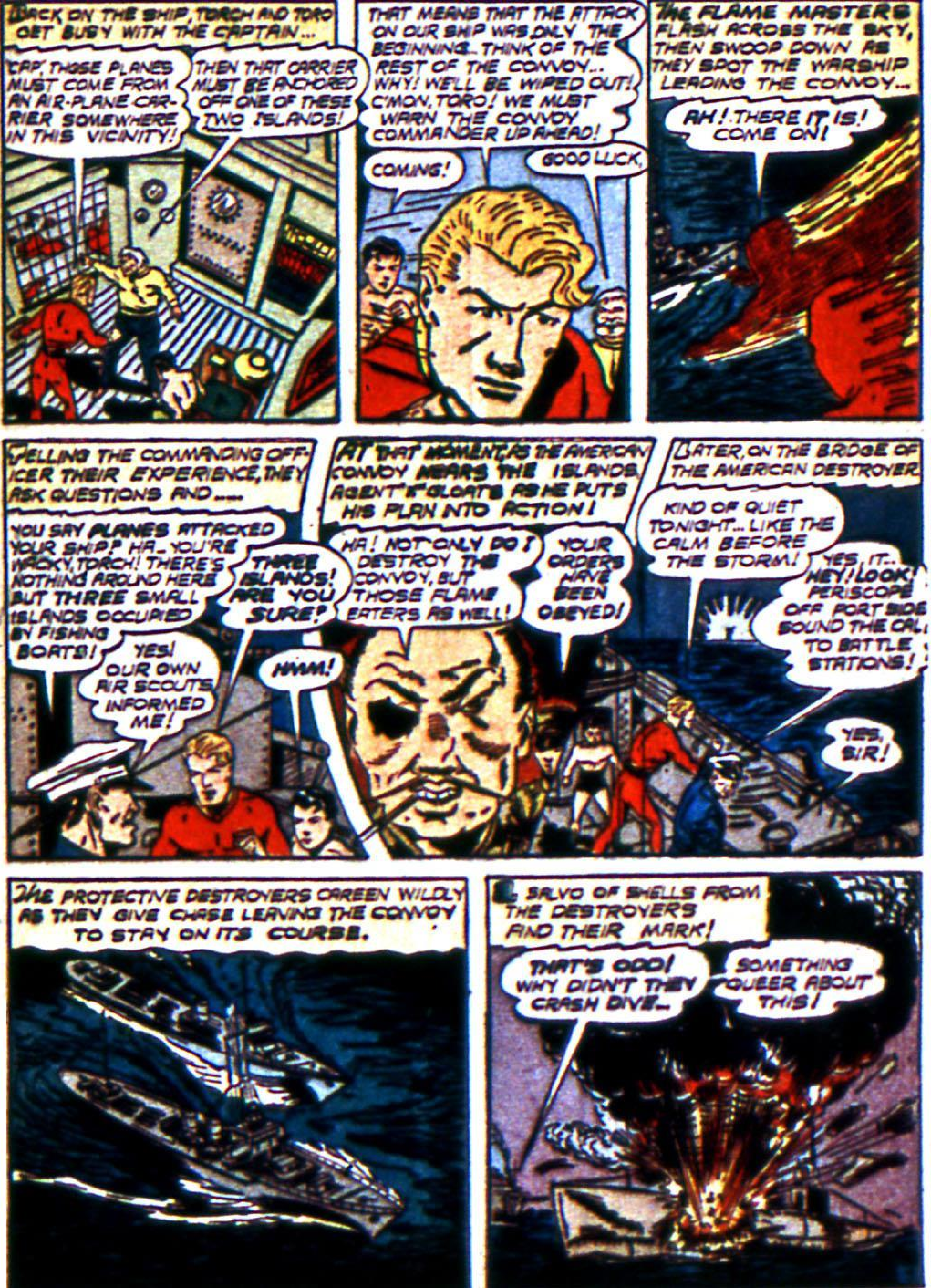

IN A SMALL PORT ON THE WEST COAST, THE HUMAN TORCH SCANS HIS NEWSPAPER.
LISTEN TO THIS, TORO, AND IT'S GOOD NEWS. WE'RE SENDING MANY SHIPS TO THE EAST INDIES!
GOOD! IT'S ABOUT TIME! HEY! LOOK, TORCH.. A FIGHT!
IT'S OLD 'CAP' JIM!
LET'S RUSH THEM, TORCH!
THE FLAME MASTERS CRASH INTO THE ATTACKERS!
POW
WOW! WHAT HIT ME? OH.. TORCH.. HOW DID YOU GET HERE?
IT'S A LONG STORY! -HA! YOUR FRIENDS ARE GETTING AWAY!
SCRAM, RATS!
DID YOU CALL THAT LOT OF HEATHEN SEA GULLS FRIENDS?! THOSE SEA BUMS TRIED TO KEEP ME FROM SAILING!
SAILING? SAY, YOU COULDN'T USE TWO GOOD HANDS ABOARD, COULD YOU?
WELL, ER.. YOU SEE.. I'M NOT TAKING ON PASSENGERS, TORCH!
"CAP," YOU COULDN'T BE PART OF THE CONVOY HEADED FOR THE EAST INDIES, EH?
WE READ ABOUT IT, 'CAP'.
..YOU BOYS HAVE ME ON THE SPOT.. I SHOULDN'T TELL YOU, BUT THE SHIP'S SAILING IN A HALF HOUR UNDER SPECIAL ORDERS!
BUT I COULD USE A COUPLE OF DECK HANDS! BESIDE.. YOU FIRE-BRANDS MIGHT PROVE TO BE A SORT OF PROTECTION FOR MY SHIP!
THEN IT'S ALL SETTLED, 'CAP'?
DECK HANDS, BAH!
AS "CAP" JIM'S SHIP CLEARS THE HARBOR, A SECRET RADIO MESSAGE REACHES THE JAPANESE WAR OFFICE.
"CAP" JIM'S SHIP, S.S. SMITH HAS JUST WEIGHED ANCHOR.. AGENT "A" WAITING FOR OTHER ORDERS!
"X" COME IN "X".. COME..
"X" CALLING! USE PLAN "Q.B."!

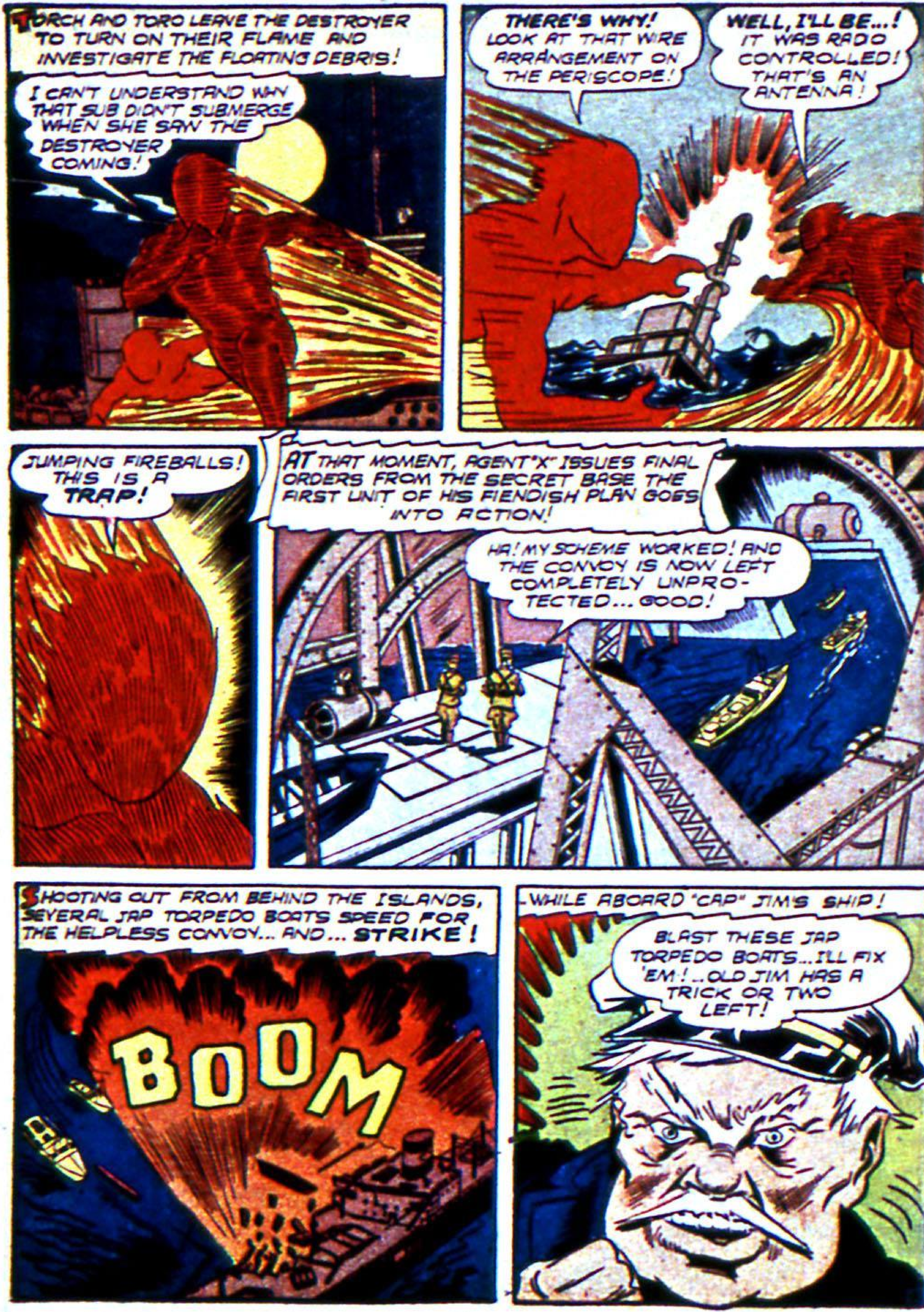

ABOARD THE S.S. SMITH, TORO STEPS OUT OF HIS CABIN AND SEES...
HMM ! I DIDN'T KNOW WE HAD SOME ORIENTALS ABOARD... THERE'S SOMETHING PECULIAR ABOUT THEM...
WHAT, I WONDER?
WITH TORO PUZZLED BY A QUEER IDEA ABOUT THE ORIENTALS... THE TWO LINE UP WITH THE REST OF THE CREW.
OKAY, BOYS! STEP UP AND GET YOUR BUCKETS OF PAINT. WE'RE GOING TO RECOLOR THIS TUB!
NUTS! I THOUGHT I WAS GOING TO HAVE A VACATION CRUISE!
NONE OF THAT! WE HAVE A JOB TO DO, TORO!
I WONDER WHAT IT IS ABOUT THOSE LITTLE YELLOW MEN...?
THAT'S THE SPIRIT, TORO! WELL, LET'S GET BUSY!
UH?
WHILE PAINTING THE DECK, TORO'S IDEA FINALLY TAKES SHAPE!
...WONDER WHEN AND HOW THIS SEA COW WILL BE ATTACKED. I JUST KNOW IT WILL BE!
...THAT WALK THEY HAVE. I WISH...
YEOW! I'VE GOT IT... HEY... TORCH!
WHAT'S EATING YOU, KID? WHY DIDN'T YOU FINISH THAT PAINT JOB?
COME OVER HERE BEHIND THE VENTILATOR AND I'LL TELL YOU!
LISTEN... THOSE MUGS AREN'T CHINESE, THEY'RE JAPANESE! I'M SURE OF IT!
HUH?!! WHAT PROOF HAVE YOU GOT?

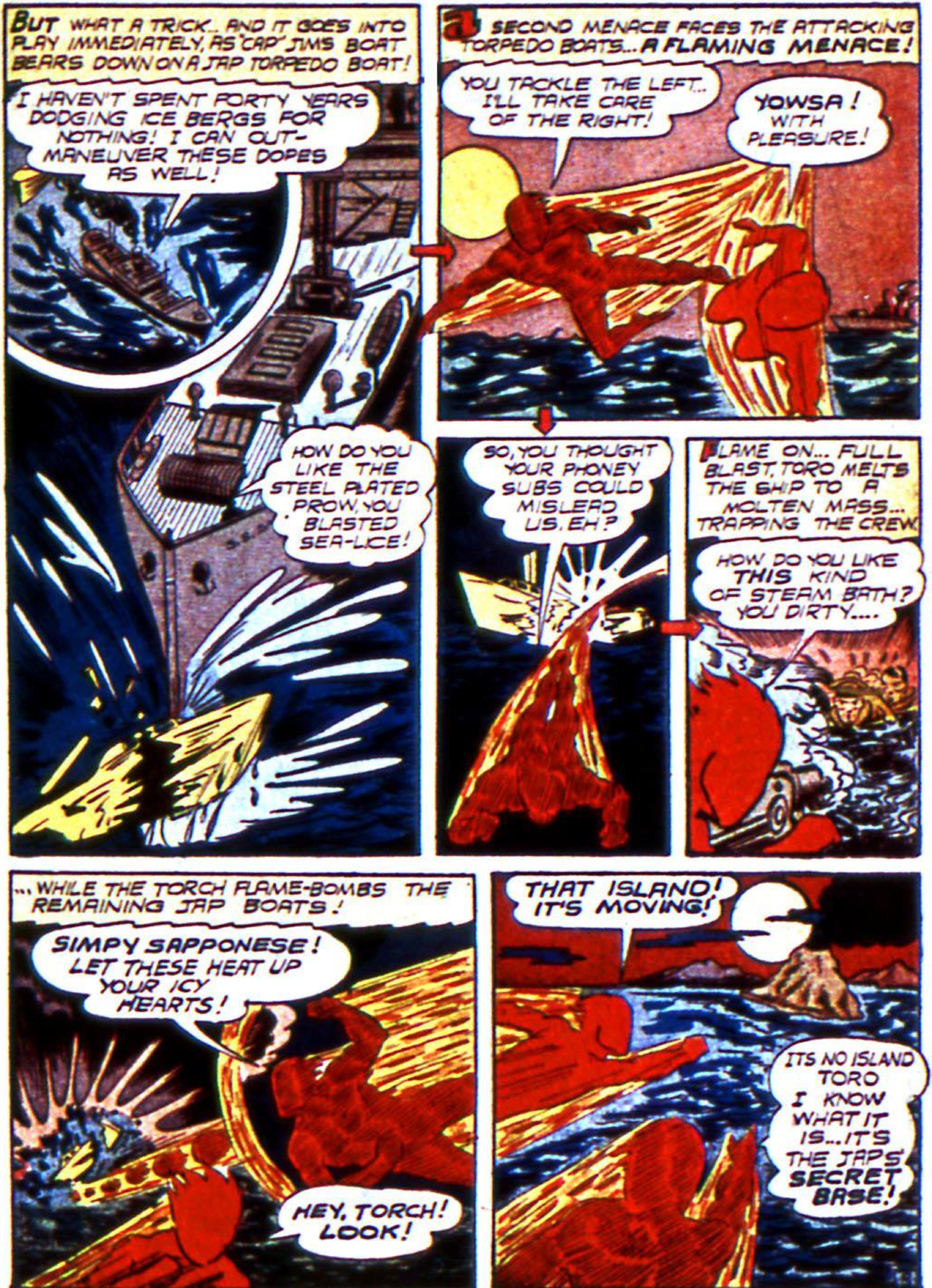

OH, I CAN TELL, ALL RIGHT. I HAD A CHINESE PAL, HE TOLD ME SOMETHING!
WATCH, IT'S ALL IN THEIR WALK!
YOU KNOW, THE NATIVE CHINESE HAVE ALWAYS WORN SANDALS..
SO, THE CHINESE SHUFFLE ALONG LIKE THIS!
BUT.. THE JAPS "MINCE" ALONG, ON ACCOUNT OF WEARING "STILT SHOES". NOW LOOK AT ONE OF OUR "CHINESE" SAILORS...
YOU'RE RIGHT, TORO! SOMETHING'S UP.. HE'S NO CHINESE!
YOU'RE TELLING ME!?
BODIES TENSE, THE PAIR GET BUSY AGAIN, BUT WITH ONE EYE ON THE CREW!
SO, THERE IS A CONNECTION BETWEEN THE ATTACK ON CAP'N JIM AND HIS CREW! WHY DON'T THOSE RATS ATTACK? I'M GETTING BORED WAITING!
SUDDENLY.. BOTH TORCH AND TORO SPOT A WEIRD DIFFERENCE IN THE DECK PAINT!
LOOK, TORCH! THAT FRESHLY PAINTED DECK!
YEP! IT FOLLOWS A CERTAIN DESIGN! I'VE GOT IT! HA! LET THE SUCKERS FINISH! THIS IS GOING TO BE BAIT FOR BIGGER FISH!
THEN WITHIN THE CONFINES OF A NEARBY SECRET JAP BASE, AGENT "X" IS WAITING FOR THE ZERO HOUR OF HIS PLANNED ATTACK ON THIS SPECIAL ASSIGNMENT!
WARM UP THE PLANES... WE'RE ATTACKING!

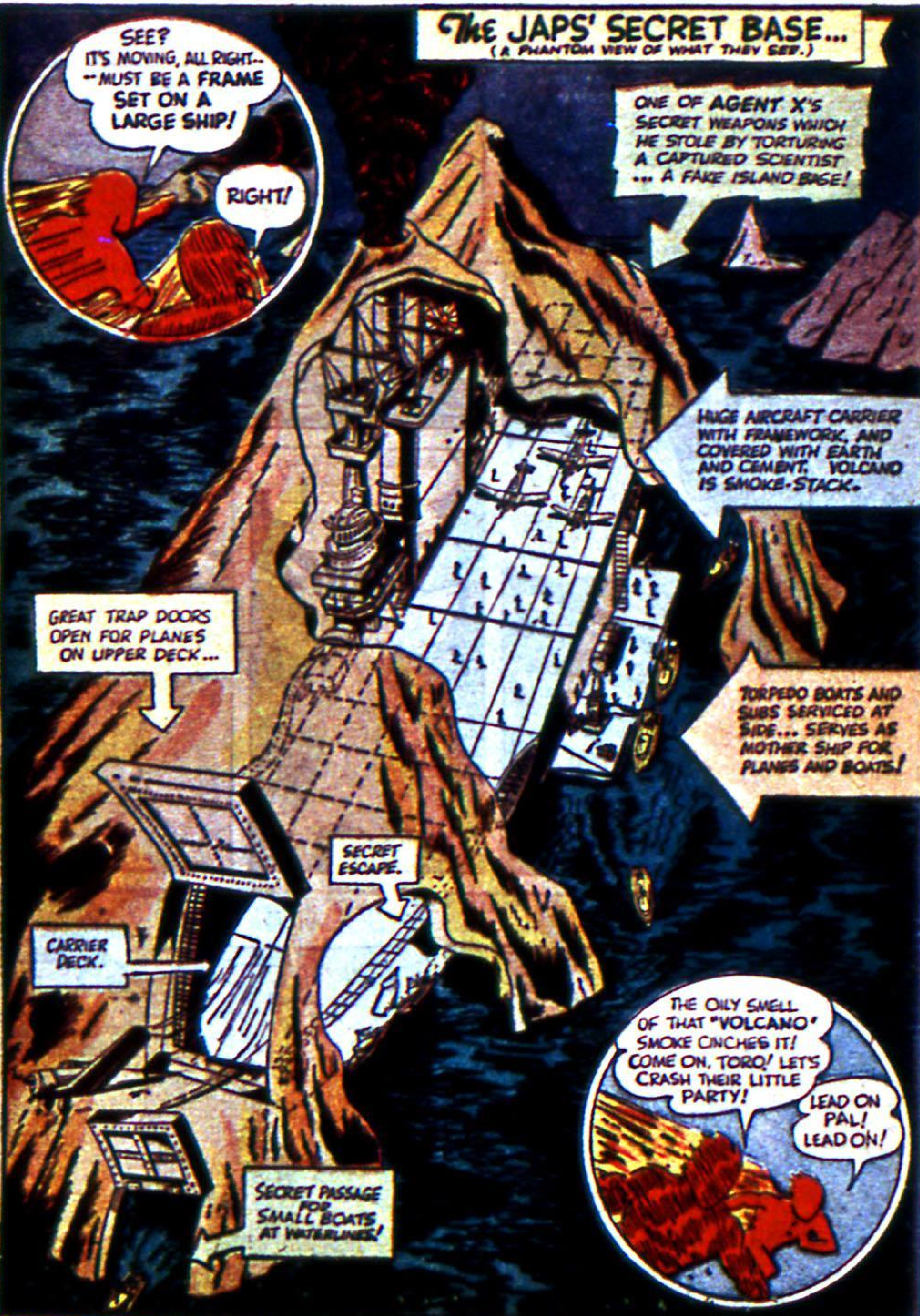

MOMENTS LATER, AT DUSK, ABOARD THE S.S. SMITH, A WEIRD, DULL LIGHT GLOWS ON THE DECK WHERE THE ORIENTALS WERE BUSY PAINTING A SHORT WHILE BEFORE!
LOOK, TORO...THE EMBLEM OF THE RISING SUN! HERE'S WHERE THE FUN BEGINS!
IT'S GLOWING! C'MON TORCH... LET'S GO!
HERE WE COME, DOGS!
THAT'S FOR PEARL HARBOR!
THE FLAME MASTERS DIVE INTO THE SUSPECTED SEAMEN!
WHEE! THIS IS THE STUFF!
BUT...MORE OF THE PHONEY CREW POUR INTO THE BATTLING DUO!
ON WITH YOUR FLAME, TORO!
RIGHT! THESE RATS ARE SWARMING INTO US!
AS TORCH AND TORO CHARGE INTO THE SNEAKY CREW, A STRANGE CHANGE TAKES PLACE...THEIR FACES SEEM TO MELT OFF!
AGENT "X" NEVER TOLD US ABOUT THESE MEN!
WHAT IN... JAPS!
THEY WERE WEARING RUBBER MASKS OUR FLAMES MELTED THEM!
YEAH! HEY.. WHAT'S THAT?
SOUNDS LIKE...
LOOK! PLANES! THEY'RE DIVE-BOMBING US!

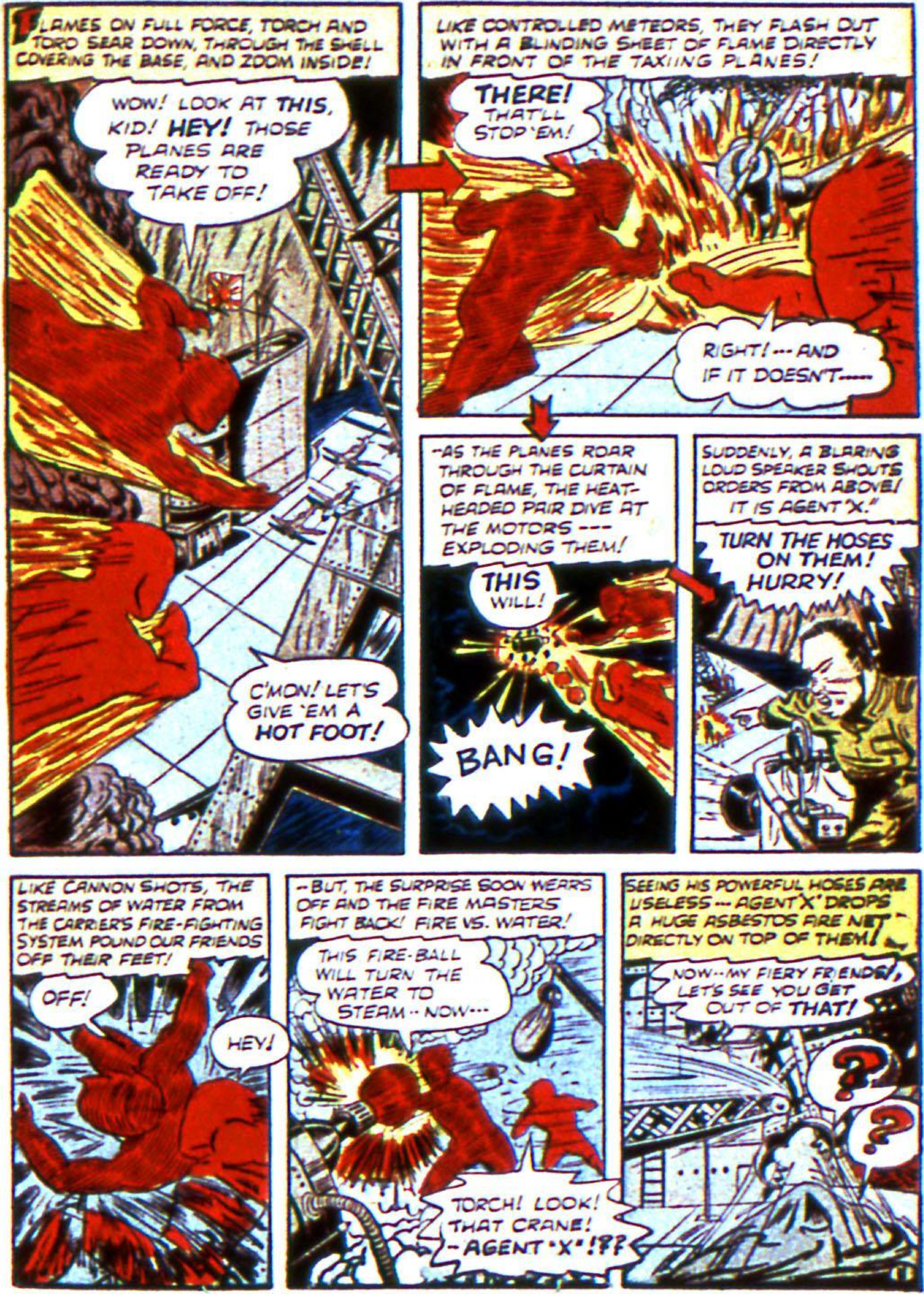

THE WHINING MOTORS CLOSE DOWN ON THE SHIPS, AND FROM THEIR NOSES, A TONGUE OF FLAME SHOOTS OUT LIKE A TORCH!
FLAME THROWERS! C'MON, TORCH! LET'S FIGHT FIRE WITH FIRE!
THE MASTERS OF FLAME ZOOM TO MEET THE ATTACKERS!
SO, THAT'S WHAT THE LUMINESCENT PAINT JOB WAS FOR!
A TARGET FOR OUR SHIP UNDER THE COVER OF NIGHT!
THE MEN OF FIRE! ORDER THE OTHERS TO ATTACK! ..WE MUST DESTROY THAT SHIP!
SPURRING HIS LIGHTER THAN AIR BODY FASTER, THE TORCH TURNS THE ENEMY'S FIRE WEAPON AGAINST THEM!
SOON, YOU'LL ROAST IN YOUR OWN FLAME!
IN THE SQUADRON LEADER'S PLANE.
TWO PLANES DOWN! KEEP ATTACKING! THAT SHIP MUST BE DESTROYED!
MEANWHILE... TORO BLASTS INTO THE JAP SHIPS, HURLING FIRE-BALLS LIKE A MACHINE GUN!
LOOK! ONE PLANE IS ESCAPING!
THAT ONE MAKES ME AN ACE!
BACK TO THE BASE.... THOSE MEN ARE TOO MUCH FOR US... AT PRESENT!
BUT, WE'LL MEET AGAIN AND THEN, IT'LL BE THEIR TURN TO SWEAT!
THAT PLANE'S FAST! MUST BE THE SQUADRON LEADER! LET'S GET BACK TO OUR SHIP TORO!
OKAY, WE CAN GET HIM LATER!

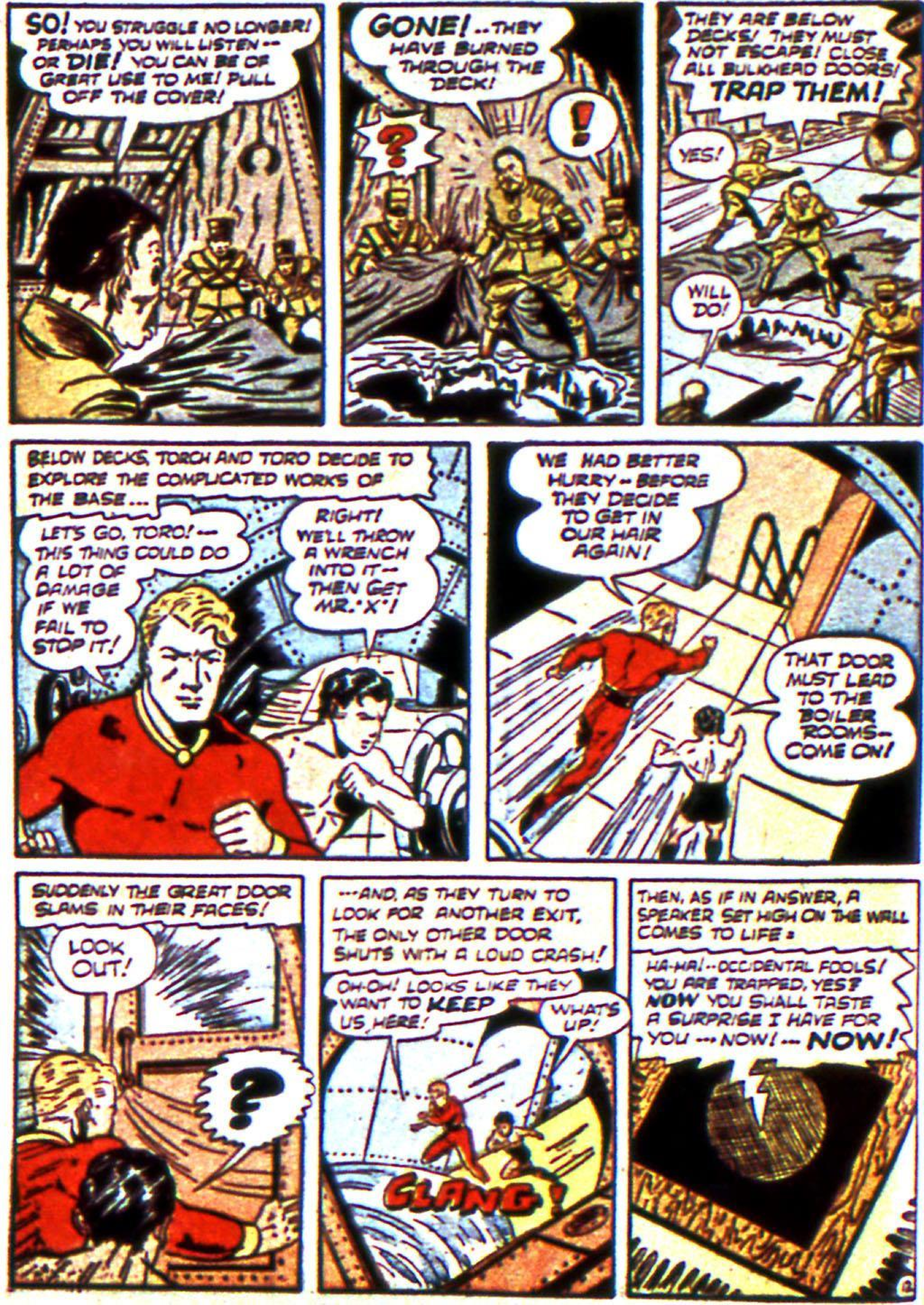

BACK ON THE SHIP, TORCH AND TORO GET BUSY WITH THE CAPTAIN...
CAP, THOSE PLANES MUST COME FROM AN AIR-PLANE CARRIER SOMEWHERE IN THIS VICINITY!
THEN THAT CARRIER MUST BE ANCHORED OFF ONE OF THESE TWO ISLANDS!
THAT MEANS THAT THE ATTACK ON OUR SHIP WAS ONLY THE BEGINNING.. THINK OF THE REST OF THE CONVOY... WHY! WE'LL BE WIPED OUT! C'MON, TORO! WE MUST WARN THE CONVOY COMMANDER UP AHEAD!
COMING!
GOOD LUCK,
THE FLAME MASTERS FLASH ACROSS THE SKY, THEN SWOOP DOWN AS THEY SPOT THE WARSHIP LEADING THE CONVOY...
AH! THERE IT IS! COME ON!
TELLING THE COMMANDING OFFICER THEIR EXPERIENCE, THEY ASK QUESTIONS AND.....
YOU SAY PLANES ATTACKED YOUR SHIP? HA.. YOU'RE WACKY, TORCH! THERE'S NOTHING AROUND HERE BUT THREE SMALL ISLANDS OCCUPIED BY FISHING BOATS!
THREE ISLANDS! ARE YOU SURE?
YES! OUR OWN AIR SCOUTS INFORMED ME!
HMM!
AT THAT MOMENT, AS THE AMERICAN CONVOY NEARS THE ISLANDS, AGENT "X" GLOATS AS HE PUTS HIS PLAN INTO ACTION!
HA! NOT ONLY DO I DESTROY THE CONVOY, BUT THOSE FLAME EATERS AS WELL!
YOUR ORDERS HAVE BEEN OBEYED!
LATER, ON THE BRIDGE OF THE AMERICAN DESTROYER
KIND OF QUIET TONIGHT... LIKE THE CALM BEFORE THE STORM!
YES, IT... HEY! LOOK! PERISCOPE OFF PORT SIDE SOUND THE CAL TO BATTLE STATIONS!
YES, SIR!
THE PROTECTIVE DESTROYERS CAREEN WILDLY AS THEY GIVE CHASE LEAVING THE CONVOY TO STAY ON ITS COURSE.
A SALVO OF SHELLS FROM THE DESTROYERS FIND THEIR MARK!
THAT'S ODD! WHY DIDN'T THEY CRASH DIVE..
SOMETHING QUEER ABOUT THIS!

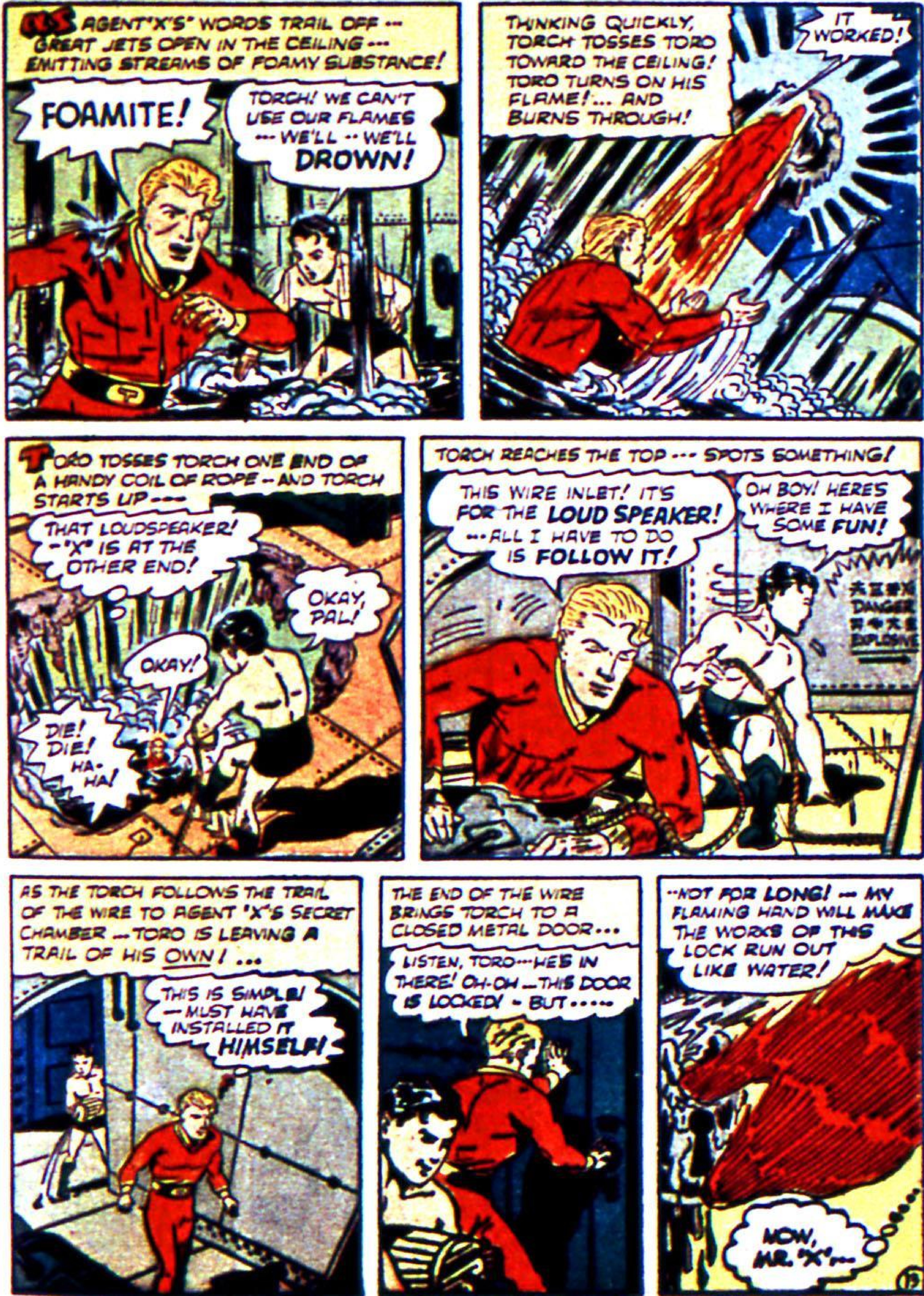

TORCH AND TORO LEAVE THE DESTROYER TO TURN ON THEIR FLAME AND INVESTIGATE THE FLOATING DEBRIS!
I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY THAT SUB DIDN'T SUBMERGE WHEN SHE SAW THE DESTROYER COMING!
THERE'S WHY! LOOK AT THAT WIRE ARRANGEMENT ON THE PERISCOPE!
WELL, I'LL BE...! IT WAS RADO CONTROLLED! THAT'S AN ANTENNA!
JUMPING FIREBALLS! THIS IS A TRAP!
AT THAT MOMENT, AGENT "X" ISSUES FINAL ORDERS FROM THE SECRET BASE THE FIRST UNIT OF HIS FIENDISH PLAN GOES INTO ACTION!
HA! MY SCHEME WORKED! AND THE CONVOY IS NOW LEFT COMPLETELY UNPROTECTED... GOOD!
SHOOTING OUT FROM BEHIND THE ISLANDS, SEVERAL JAP TORPEDO BOATS SPEED FOR THE HELPLESS CONVOY... AND... STRIKE!
BOOM
...WHILE ABOARD "CAP" JIM'S SHIP!
BLAST THESE JAP TORPEDO BOATS... I'LL FIX 'EM! ..OLD JIM HAS A TRICK OR TWO LEFT!

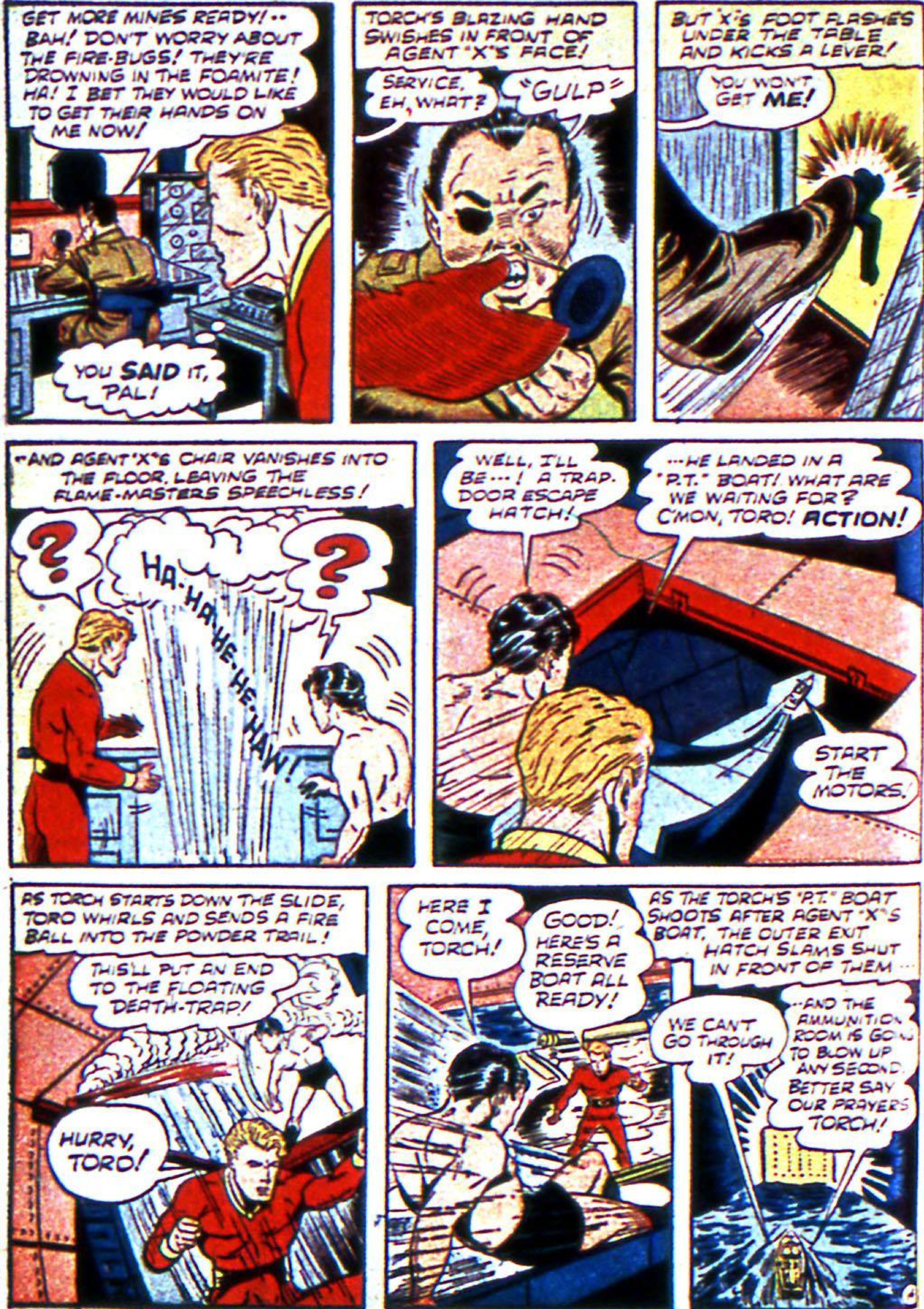

BUT WHAT A TRICK... AND IT GOES INTO PLAY IMMEDIATELY, AS "CAP" JIM'S BOAT BEARS DOWN ON A JAP TORPEDO BOAT!
I HAVEN'T SPENT FORTY YEARS DODGING ICE BERGS FOR NOTHING! I CAN OUT-MANEUVER THESE DOPES AS WELL!
HOW DO YOU LIKE THE STEEL PLATED PROW, YOU BLASTED SEA-LICE!
A SECOND MENACE FACES THE ATTACKING TORPEDO BOATS... A FLAMING MENACE!
YOU TACKLE THE LEFT... I'LL TAKE CARE OF THE RIGHT!
YOWSA! WITH PLEASURE!
SO, YOU THOUGHT YOUR PHONEY SUBS COULD MISLEAD US, EH?
FLAME ON... FULL BLAST, TORO MELTS THE SHIP TO A MOLTEN MASS... TRAPPING THE CREW!
HOW DO YOU LIKE THIS KIND OF STEAM BATH? YOU DIRTY....
...WHILE THE TORCH FLAME-BOMBS THE REMAINING JAP BOATS!
SIMPY SAPPONESE! LET THESE HEAT UP YOUR ICY HEARTS!
HEY, TORCH! LOOK!
THAT ISLAND! IT'S MOVING!
ITS NO ISLAND TORO I KNOW WHAT IT IS...IT'S THE JAPS' SECRET BASE!

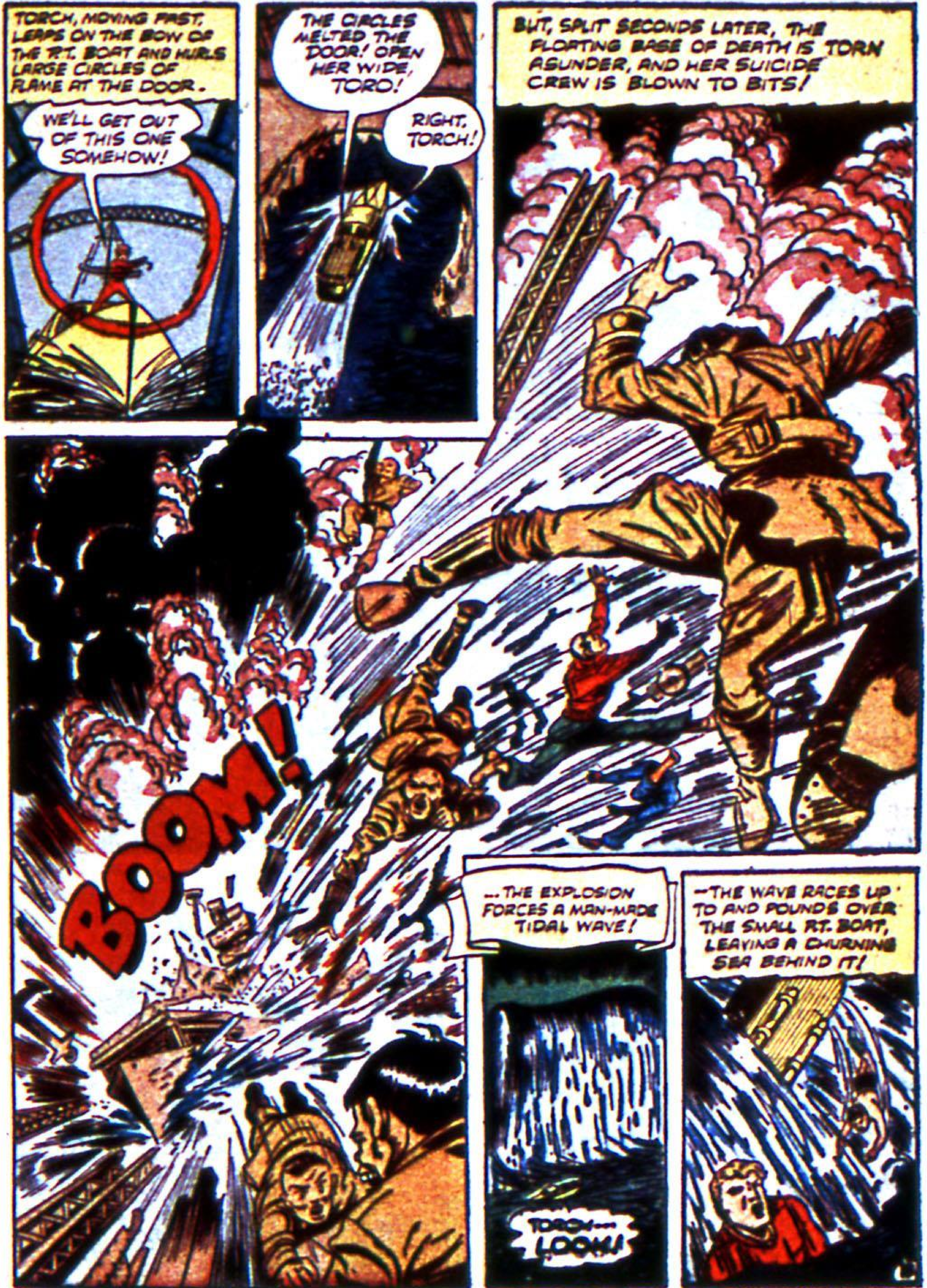

The JAPS' SECRET BASE...
(A PHANTOM VIEW OF WHAT THEY SEE.)
SEE? IT'S MOVING, ALL RIGHT-- --MUST BE A FRAME SET ON A LARGE SHIP!
RIGHT!
ONE OF AGENT X'S SECRET WEAPONS WHICH HE STOLE BY TORTURING A CAPTURED SCIENTIST ... A FAKE ISLAND BASE!
HUGE AIRCRAFT CARRIER WITH FRAMEWORK, AND COVERED WITH EARTH AND CEMENT. VOLCANO IS SMOKE-STACK.
GREAT TRAP DOORS OPEN FOR PLANES ON UPPER DECK...
TORPEDO BOATS AND SUBS SERVICED AT SIDE... SERVES AS MOTHER SHIP FOR PLANES AND BOATS!
SECRET ESCAPE.
CARRIER DECK.
THE OILY SMELL OF THAT "VOLCANO" SMOKE CINCHES IT! COME ON, TORO! LET'S CRASH THEIR LITTLE PARTY!
LEAD ON PAL! LEAD ON!
SECRET PASSAGE FOR SMALL BOATS AT WATERLINE!

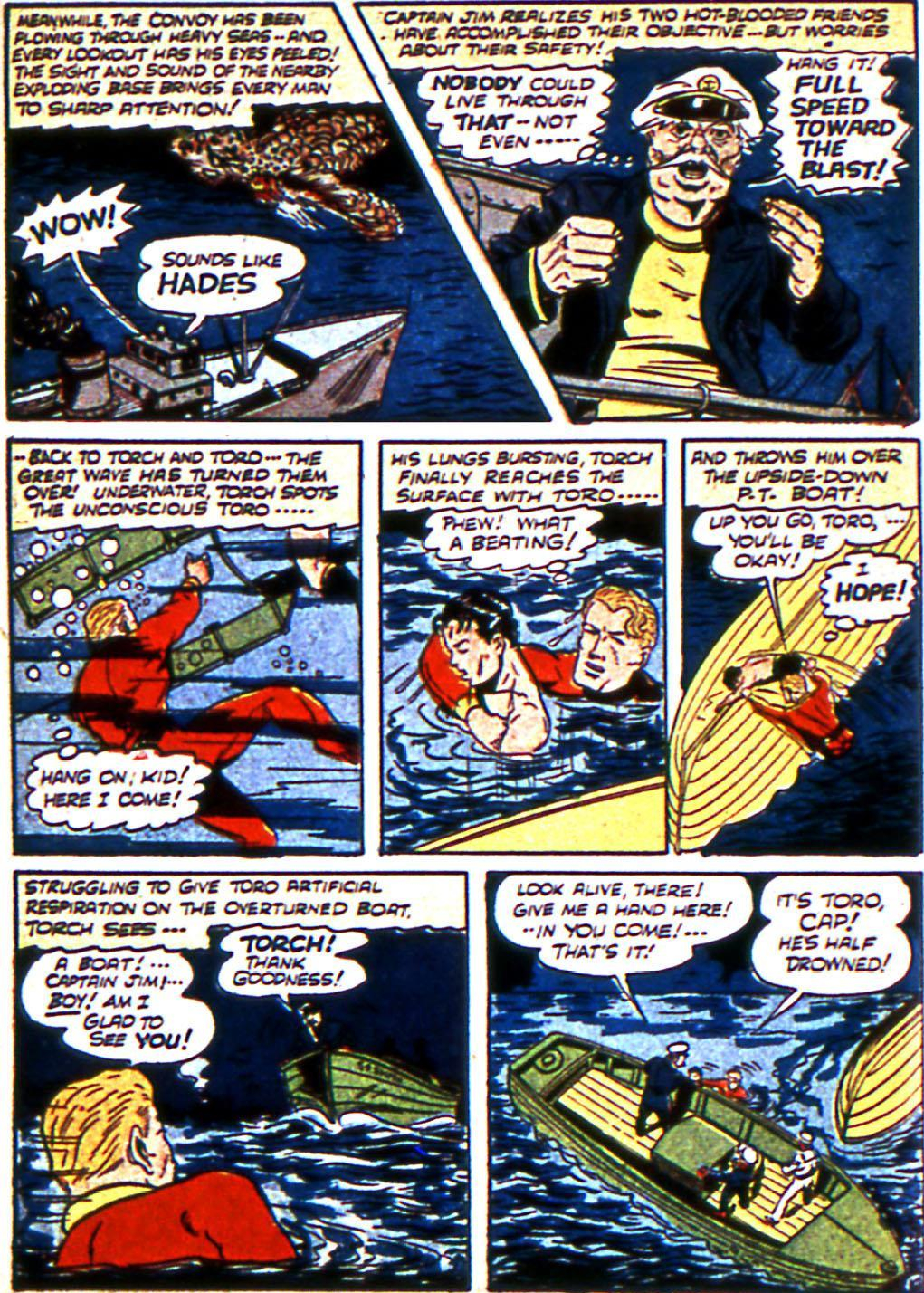

FLAMES ON FULL FORCE, TORCH AND TORO SEAR DOWN, THROUGH THE SHELL COVERING THE BASE, AND ZOOM INSIDE!
WOW! LOOK AT THIS, KID! HEY! THOSE PLANES ARE READY TO TAKE OFF!
C'MON! LET'S GIVE 'EM A HOT FOOT!
LIKE CONTROLLED METEORS, THEY FLASH OUT WITH A BLINDING SHEET OF FLAME DIRECTLY IN FRONT OF THE TAXIING PLANES!
THERE! THAT'LL STOP 'EM!
RIGHT! --- AND IF IT DOESN'T-----
--AS THE PLANES ROAR THROUGH THE CURTAIN OF FLAME, THE HEAT-HEADED PAIR DIVE AT THE MOTORS --- EXPLODING THEM!
THIS WILL!
BANG!
SUDDENLY, A BLARING LOUD SPEAKER SHOUTS ORDERS FROM ABOVE! IT IS AGENT "X."
TURN THE HOSES ON THEM! HURRY!
LIKE CANNON SHOTS, THE STREAMS OF WATER FROM THE CARRIER'S FIRE-FIGHTING SYSTEM POUND OUR FRIENDS OFF THEIR FEET!
OFF!
HEY!
--BUT, THE SURPRISE SOON WEARS OFF AND THE FIRE MASTERS FIGHT BACK! FIRE VS. WATER!
THIS FIRE-BALL WILL TURN THE WATER TO STEAM -- NOW---
TORCH! LOOK! THAT CRANE! --AGENT "X"!?
SEEING HIS POWERFUL HOSES ARE USELESS --- AGENT 'X' DROPS A HUGE ASBESTOS FIRE NET DIRECTLY ON TOP OF THEM!
NOW--MY FIERY FRIENDS, LET'S SEE YOU GET OUT OF THAT!
?
?

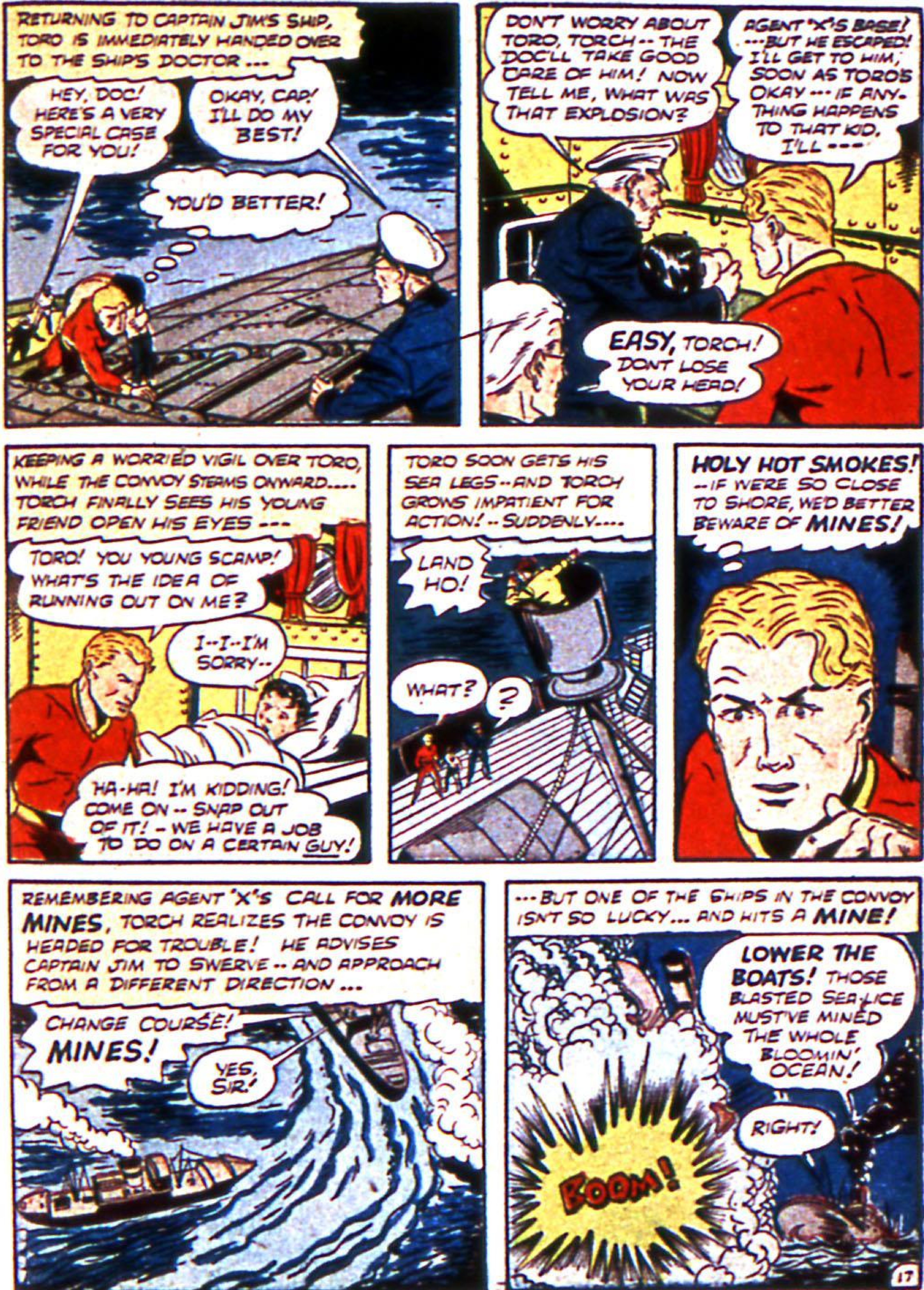

SO! YOU STRUGGLE NO LONGER! PERHAPS YOU WILL LISTEN -- OR DIE! YOU CAN BE OF GREAT USE TO ME! PULL OFF THE COVER!
GONE! ...THEY HAVE BURNED THROUGH THE DECK!
?
!
THEY ARE BELOW DECKS! THEY MUST NOT ESCAPE! CLOSE ALL BULKHEAD DOORS! TRAP THEM!
YES!
WILL DO!
BELOW DECKS, TORCH AND TORO DECIDE TO EXPLORE THE COMPLICATED WORKS OF THE BASE...
LET'S GO, TORO! -- THIS THING COULD DO A LOT OF DAMAGE IF WE FAIL TO STOP IT!
RIGHT! WE'LL THROW A WRENCH INTO IT -- THEN GET MR. 'X'!
WE HAD BETTER HURRY -- BEFORE THEY DECIDE TO GET IN OUR HAIR AGAIN!
THAT DOOR MUST LEAD TO THE BOILER ROOMS -- COME ON!
SUDDENLY THE GREAT DOOR SLAMS IN THEIR FACES!
LOOK OUT!
?
---AND, AS THEY TURN TO LOOK FOR ANOTHER EXIT, THE ONLY OTHER DOOR SHUTS WITH A LOUD CRASH!
OH-OH! LOOKS LIKE THEY WANT TO KEEP US HERE!
WHAT'S UP!
CLANG!
THEN, AS IF IN ANSWER, A SPEAKER SET HIGH ON THE WALL COMES TO LIFE:
HA-HA! -- OCCIDENTAL FOOLS! YOU ARE TRAPPED, YES? NOW YOU SHALL TASTE A SURPRISE I HAVE FOR YOU --- NOW! -- NOW!

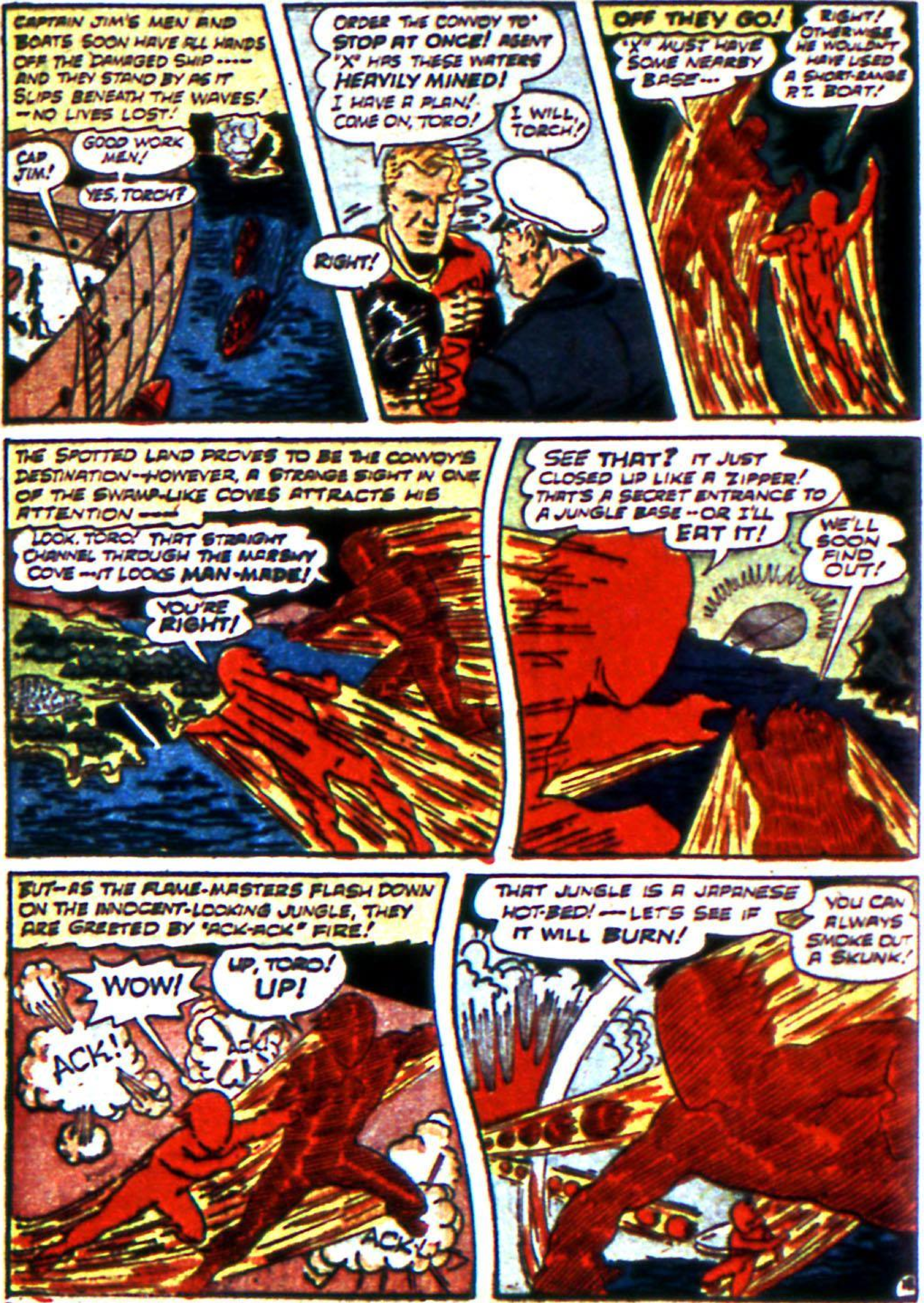

AS AGENT "X'S" WORDS TRAIL OFF -- GREAT JETS OPEN IN THE CEILING --- EMITTING STREAMS OF FOAMY SUBSTANCE!
FOAMITE!
TORCH! WE CAN'T USE OUR FLAMES --- WE'LL -- WE'LL DROWN!
THINKING QUICKLY, TORCH TOSSES TORO TOWARD THE CEILING! TORO TURNS ON HIS FLAME!... AND BURNS THROUGH!
IT WORKED!
TORO TOSSES TORCH ONE END OF A HANDY COIL OF ROPE -- AND TORCH STARTS UP ---
THAT LOUDSPEAKER! -"X" IS AT THE OTHER END!
OKAY, PAL!
OKAY!
DIE! DIE! HA-HA!
TORCH REACHES THE TOP --- SPOTS SOMETHING!
THIS WIRE INLET! IT'S FOR THE LOUD SPEAKER! ---ALL I HAVE TO DO IS FOLLOW IT!
OH BOY! HERES WHERE I HAVE SOME FUN!
DANGER
EXPLOSIVE
AS THE TORCH FOLLOWS THE TRAIL OF THE WIRE TO AGENT "X'S SECRET CHAMBER -- TORO IS LEAVING A TRAIL OF HIS OWN! ...
THIS IS SIMPLE! -- MUST HAVE INSTALLED IT HIMSELF!
THE END OF THE WIRE BRINGS TORCH TO A CLOSED METAL DOOR...
LISTEN, TORO---HE'S IN THERE! OH-OH -- THIS DOOR IS LOCKED! - BUT....
--NOT FOR LONG! -- MY FLAMING HAND WILL MAKE THE WORKS OF THIS LOCK RUN OUT LIKE WATER!
NOW, MR. "X",...

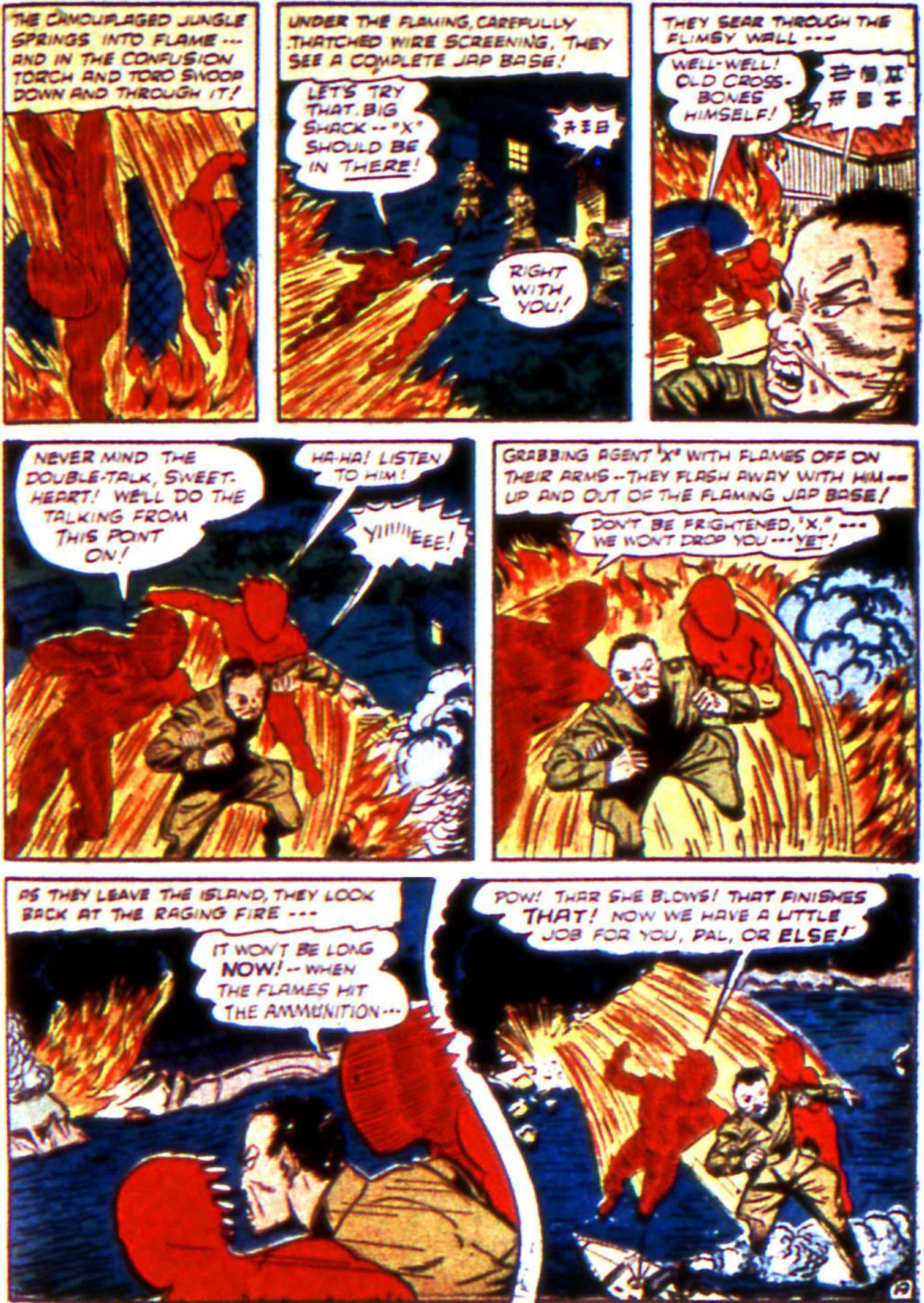

GET MORE MINES READY! -- BAH! DON'T WORRY ABOUT THE FIRE-BUGS! THEY'RE DROWNING IN THE FOAMITE! HA! I BET THEY WOULD LIKE TO GET THEIR HANDS ON ME NOW!
YOU SAID IT, PAL!
TORCH'S BLAZING HAND SWISHES IN FRONT OF AGENT "X"'S FACE!
SERVICE, EH, WHAT?
"GULP"
BUT "X"'S FOOT FLASHES UNDER THE TABLE AND KICKS A LEVER!
YOU WON'T GET ME!
--AND AGENT "X"'S CHAIR VANISHES INTO THE FLOOR, LEAVING THE FLAME-MASTERS SPEECHLESS!
?
HA-HA-HE-HE-HAW!
?
WELL, I'LL BE --! A TRAP-DOOR ESCAPE HATCH!
--HE LANDED IN A "P.T." BOAT! WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR? C'MON, TORO! ACTION!
START THE MOTORS!
AS TORCH STARTS DOWN THE SLIDE, TORO WHIRLS AND SENDS A FIRE BALL INTO THE POWDER TRAIL!
THIS'LL PUT AN END TO THE FLOATING DEATH-TRAP!
HURRY, TORO!
HERE I COME, TORCH!
GOOD! HERE'S A RESERVE BOAT ALL READY!
AS THE TORCH'S "P.T." BOAT SHOOTS AFTER AGENT "X"'S BOAT, THE OUTER EXIT HATCH SLAMS SHUT IN FRONT OF THEM --
WE CAN'T GO THROUGH IT!
--AND THE AMMUNITION ROOM IS GOING TO BLOW UP ANY SECOND. BETTER SAY OUR PRAYERS TORCH!

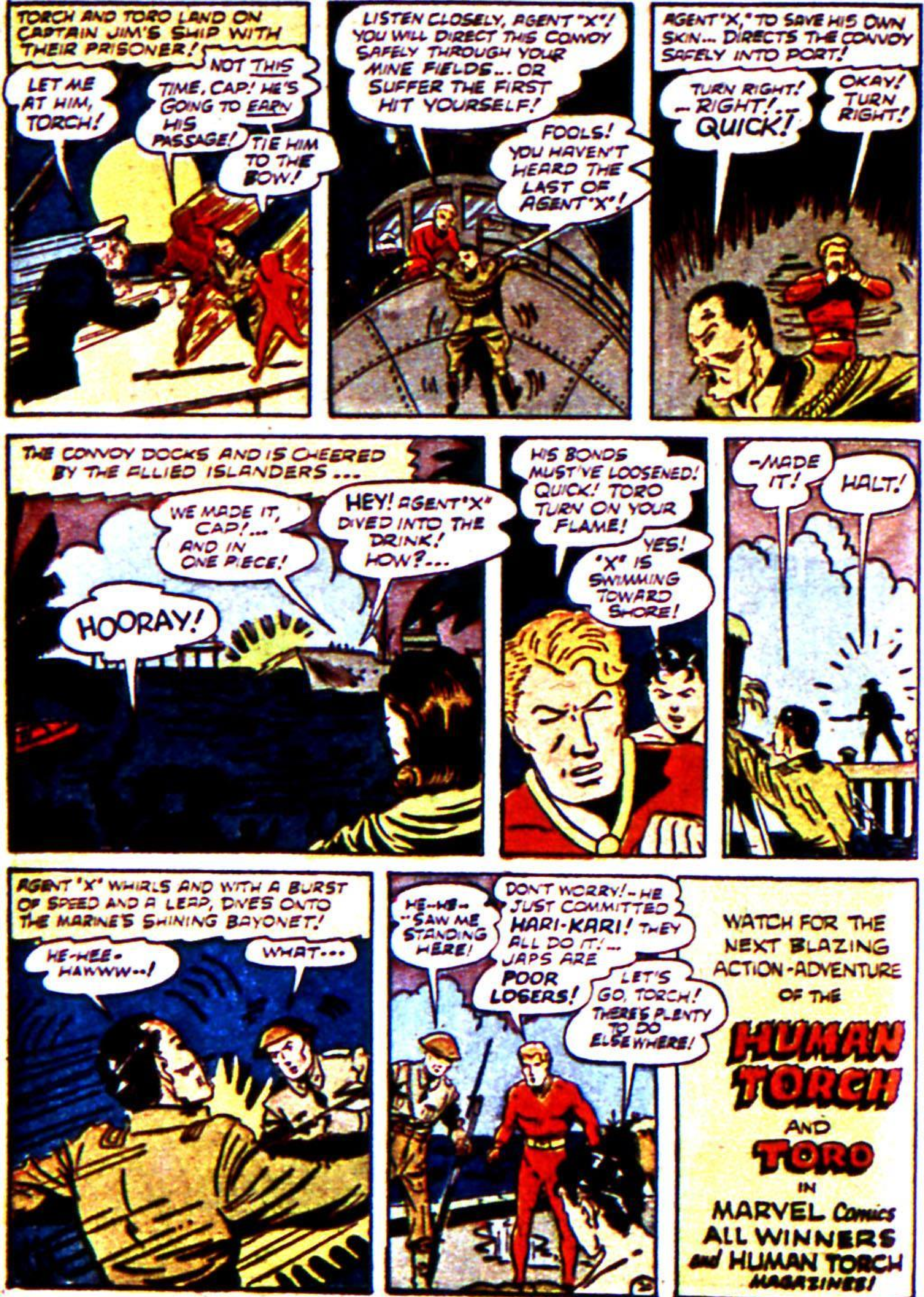

TORCH, MOVING FAST, LEAPS ON THE BOW OF THE P.T. BOAT AND HURLS LARGE CIRCLES OF FLAME AT THE DOOR.
WE'LL GET OUT OF THIS ONE SOMEHOW!
THE CIRCLES MELTED THE DOOR! OPEN HER WIDE, TORO!
RIGHT, TORCH!
BUT, SPLIT SECONDS LATER, THE FLOATING BASE OF DEATH IS TORN ASUNDER, AND HER SUICIDE CREW IS BLOWN TO BITS!
BOOM!
...THE EXPLOSION FORCES A MAN-MADE TIDAL WAVE!
TORCH--- LOOK!
--THE WAVE RACES UP TO AND POUNDS OVER THE SMALL P.T. BOAT, LEAVING A CHURNING SEA BEHIND IT!

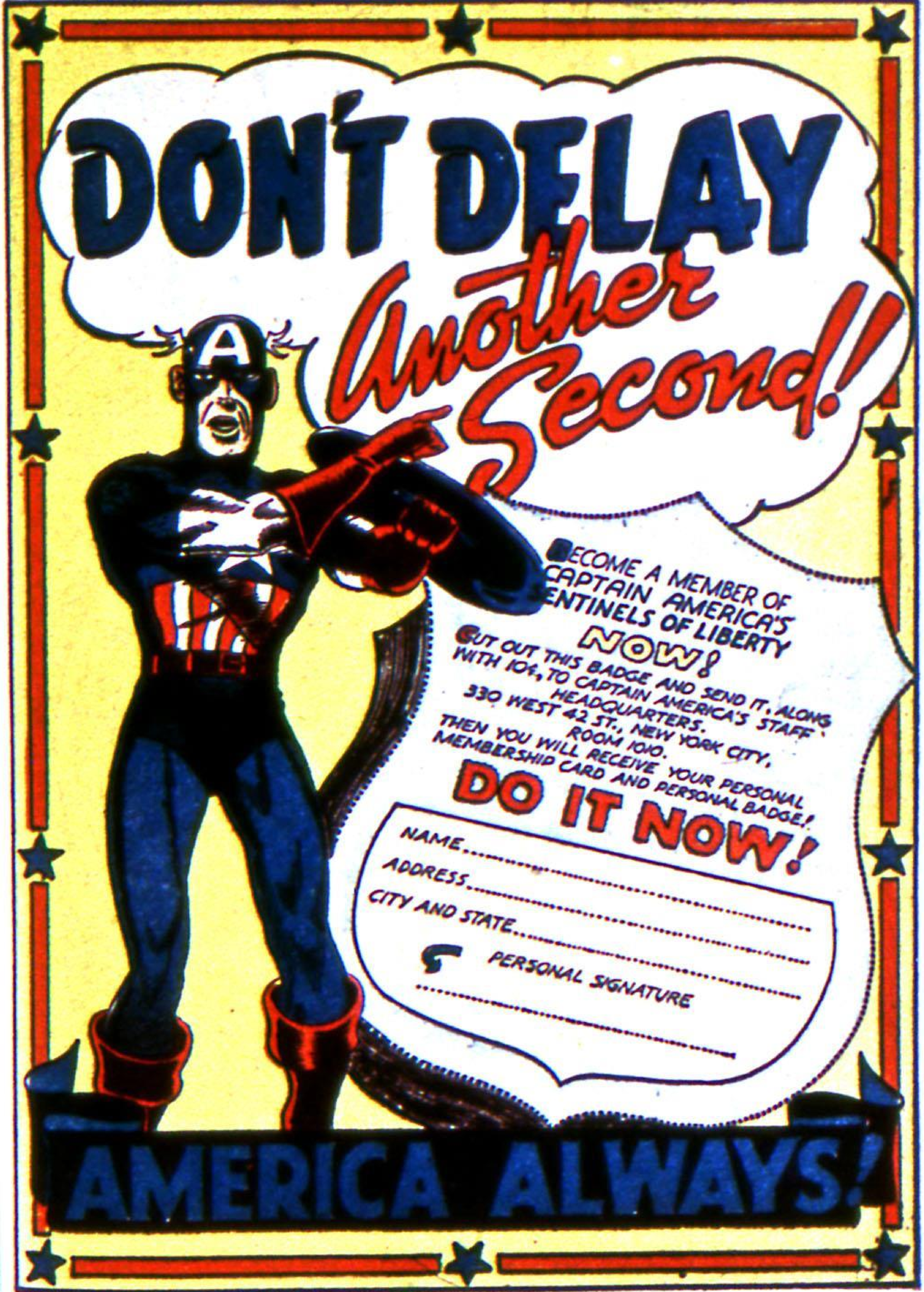

MEANWHILE, THE CONVOY HAS BEEN PLOWING THROUGH HEAVY SEAS -- AND EVERY LOOKOUT HAS HIS EYES PEELED! THE SIGHT AND SOUND OF THE NEARBY EXPLODING BASE BRINGS EVERY MAN TO SHARP ATTENTION!
WOW!
SOUNDS LIKE HADES
CAPTAIN JIM REALIZES HIS TWO HOT-BLOODED FRIENDS HAVE ACCOMPLISHED THEIR OBJECTIVE -- BUT WORRIES ABOUT THEIR SAFETY!
NOBODY COULD LIVE THROUGH THAT -- NOT EVEN -----
HANG IT! FULL SPEED TOWARD THE BLAST!
-- BACK TO TORCH AND TORO --- THE GREAT WAVE HAS TURNED THEM OVER! UNDERWATER, TORCH SPOTS THE UNCONSCIOUS TORO -----
HANG ON, KID! HERE I COME!
HIS LUNGS BURSTING, TORCH FINALLY REACHES THE SURFACE WITH TORO -----
PHEW! WHAT A BEATING!
AND THROWS HIM OVER THE UPSIDE-DOWN P.T. BOAT!
UP YOU GO, TORO, --- YOU'LL BE OKAY!
I HOPE!
STRUGGLING TO GIVE TORO ARTIFICIAL RESPIRATION ON THE OVERTURNED BOAT, TORCH SEES ---
A BOAT! ... CAPTAIN JIM! ... BOY! AM I GLAD TO SEE YOU!
TORCH! THANK GOODNESS!
LOOK ALIVE, THERE! GIVE ME A HAND HERE! -- IN YOU COME! --- THAT'S IT!
IT'S TORO, CAP! HE'S HALF DROWNED!


RETURNING TO CAPTAIN JIM'S SHIP, TORO IS IMMEDIATELY HANDED OVER TO THE SHIP'S DOCTOR ...
HEY, DOC! HERE'S A VERY SPECIAL CASE FOR YOU!
OKAY, CAP! I'LL DO MY BEST!
YOU'D BETTER!
DON'T WORRY ABOUT TORO, TORCH -- THE DOC'LL TAKE GOOD CARE OF HIM! NOW TELL ME, WHAT WAS THAT EXPLOSION?
AGENT 'X'S BASE! ---BUT HE ESCAPED! I'LL GET TO HIM, SOON AS TORO'S OKAY --- IF ANYTHING HAPPENS TO THAT KID, I'LL ---
EASY, TORCH! DONT LOSE YOUR HEAD!
KEEPING A WORRIED VIGIL OVER TORO, WHILE THE CONVOY STEAMS ONWARD.... TORCH FINALLY SEES HIS YOUNG FRIEND OPEN HIS EYES ---
TORO! YOU YOUNG SCAMP! WHAT'S THE IDEA OF RUNNING OUT ON ME?
I--I--I'M SORRY--
HA-HA! I'M KIDDING! COME ON -- SNAP OUT OF IT! -- WE HAVE A JOB TO DO ON A CERTAIN GUY!
TORO SOON GETS HIS SEA LEGS -- AND TORCH GROWS IMPATIENT FOR ACTION! -- SUDDENLY....
LAND HO!
WHAT?
?
HOLY HOT SMOKES! --IF WERE SO CLOSE TO SHORE, WE'D BETTER BEWARE OF MINES!
REMEMBERING AGENT 'X'S CALL FOR MORE MINES, TORCH REALIZES THE CONVOY IS HEADED FOR TROUBLE! HE ADVISES CAPTAIN JIM TO SWERVE -- AND APPROACH FROM A DIFFERENT DIRECTION ...
CHANGE COURSE! MINES!
YES, SIR!
--- BUT ONE OF THE SHIPS IN THE CONVOY ISN'T SO LUCKY... AND HITS A MINE!
LOWER THE BOATS! THOSE BLASTED SEA-LICE MUST'VE MINED THE WHOLE BLOOMIN' OCEAN!
RIGHT!
BOOM!


CAPTAIN JIM'S MEN AND BOATS SOON HAVE ALL HANDS OFF THE DAMAGED SHIP---- AND THEY STAND BY AS IT SLIPS BENEATH THE WAVES! --NO LIVES LOST!
CAP JIM!
GOOD WORK MEN!
YES, TORCH?
ORDER THE CONVOY TO STOP AT ONCE! AGENT "X" HAS THESE WATERS HEAVILY MINED! I HAVE A PLAN! COME ON, TORO!
I WILL, TORCH!
RIGHT!
OFF THEY GO!
"X" MUST HAVE SOME NEARBY BASE---
RIGHT! OTHERWISE HE WOULDN'T HAVE USED A SHORT-RANGE P.T. BOAT!
THE SPOTTED LAND PROVES TO BE THE CONVOY'S DESTINATION--HOWEVER, A STRANGE SIGHT IN ONE OF THE SWAMP-LIKE COVES ATTRACTS HIS ATTENTION ----
LOOK, TORO! THAT STRAIGHT CHANNEL THROUGH THE MARSHY COVE --IT LOOKS MAN-MADE!
YOU'RE RIGHT!
SEE THAT? IT JUST CLOSED UP LIKE A ZIPPER! THAT'S A SECRET ENTRANCE TO A JUNGLE BASE --OR I'LL EAT IT!
WE'LL SOON FIND OUT!
BUT--AS THE FLAME-MASTERS FLASH DOWN ON THE INNOCENT-LOOKING JUNGLE, THEY ARE GREETED BY "ACK-ACK" FIRE!
WOW!
UP, TORO! UP!
ACK!
ACK!
ACK!
THAT JUNGLE IS A JAPANESE HOT-BED! ---LET'S SEE IF IT WILL BURN!
YOU CAN ALWAYS SMOKE OUT A SKUNK!


THE CAMOUFLAGED JUNGLE SPRINGS INTO FLAME --- AND IN THE CONFUSION TORCH AND TORO SWOOP DOWN AND THROUGH IT!
UNDER THE FLAMING, CAREFULLY THATCHED WIRE SCREENING, THEY SEE A COMPLETE JAP BASE!
LET'S TRY THAT BIG SHACK -- "X" SHOULD BE IN THERE!
RIGHT WITH YOU!
THEY SEAR THROUGH THE FLIMSY WALL ---
WELL-WELL! OLD CROSS-BONES HIMSELF!
NEVER MIND THE DOUBLE-TALK, SWEET-HEART! WE'LL DO THE TALKING FROM THIS POINT ON!
HA-HA! LISTEN TO HIM!
YIIIIIEEE!
GRABBING AGENT "X" WITH FLAMES OFF ON THEIR ARMS -- THEY FLASH AWAY WITH HIM -- UP AND OUT OF THE FLAMING JAP BASE!
DON'T BE FRIGHTENED, "X," --- WE WON'T DROP YOU --- YET!
AS THEY LEAVE THE ISLAND, THEY LOOK BACK AT THE RAGING FIRE ---
IT WON'T BE LONG NOW! -- WHEN THE FLAMES HIT THE AMMUNITION ---
POW! THAR SHE BLOWS! THAT FINISHES THAT! NOW WE HAVE A LITTLE JOB FOR YOU, PAL, OR ELSE!
19


TORCH AND TORO LAND ON CAPTAIN JIM'S SHIP WITH THEIR PRISONER!
LET ME AT HIM, TORCH!
NOT THIS TIME, CAP! HE'S GOING TO EARN HIS PASSAGE!
TIE HIM TO THE BOW!
LISTEN CLOSELY, AGENT "X"! YOU WILL DIRECT THIS CONVOY SAFELY THROUGH YOUR MINE FIELDS... OR SUFFER THE FIRST HIT YOURSELF!
FOOLS! YOU HAVEN'T HEARD THE LAST OF AGENT "X"!
AGENT "X," TO SAVE HIS OWN SKIN... DIRECTS THE CONVOY SAFELY INTO PORT!
TURN RIGHT! --RIGHT!... QUICK!
OKAY! TURN RIGHT!
THE CONVOY DOCKS AND IS CHEERED BY THE ALLIED ISLANDERS...
WE MADE IT, CAP!... AND IN ONE PIECE!
HEY! AGENT "X" DIVED INTO THE DRINK! HOW?...
HOORAY!
HIS BONDS MUST'VE LOOSENED! QUICK! TORO TURN ON YOUR FLAME!
YES! "X" IS SWIMMING TOWARD SHORE!
--MADE IT!
HALT!
AGENT "X" WHIRLS AND WITH A BURST OF SPEED AND A LEAP, DIVES ONTO THE MARINE'S SHINING BAYONET!
HE-HEE-HAWWW--!
WHAT---
HE--HE---SAW ME STANDING HERE!
DON'T WORRY!--HE JUST COMMITTED HARI-KARI! THEY ALL DO IT!... JAPS ARE POOR LOSERS!
LET'S GO, TORCH! THERE'S PLENTY TO DO ELSEWHERE!
WATCH FOR THE NEXT BLAZING ACTION-ADVENTURE OF THE
HUMAN TORCH
AND
TORO
IN
MARVEL Comics
ALL WINNERS
and HUMAN TORCH
MAGAZINES!


DON'T DELAY
Another Second!
AMERICA ALWAYS!

BECOME A MEMBER OF CAPTAIN AMERICA'S SENTINELS OF LIBERTY

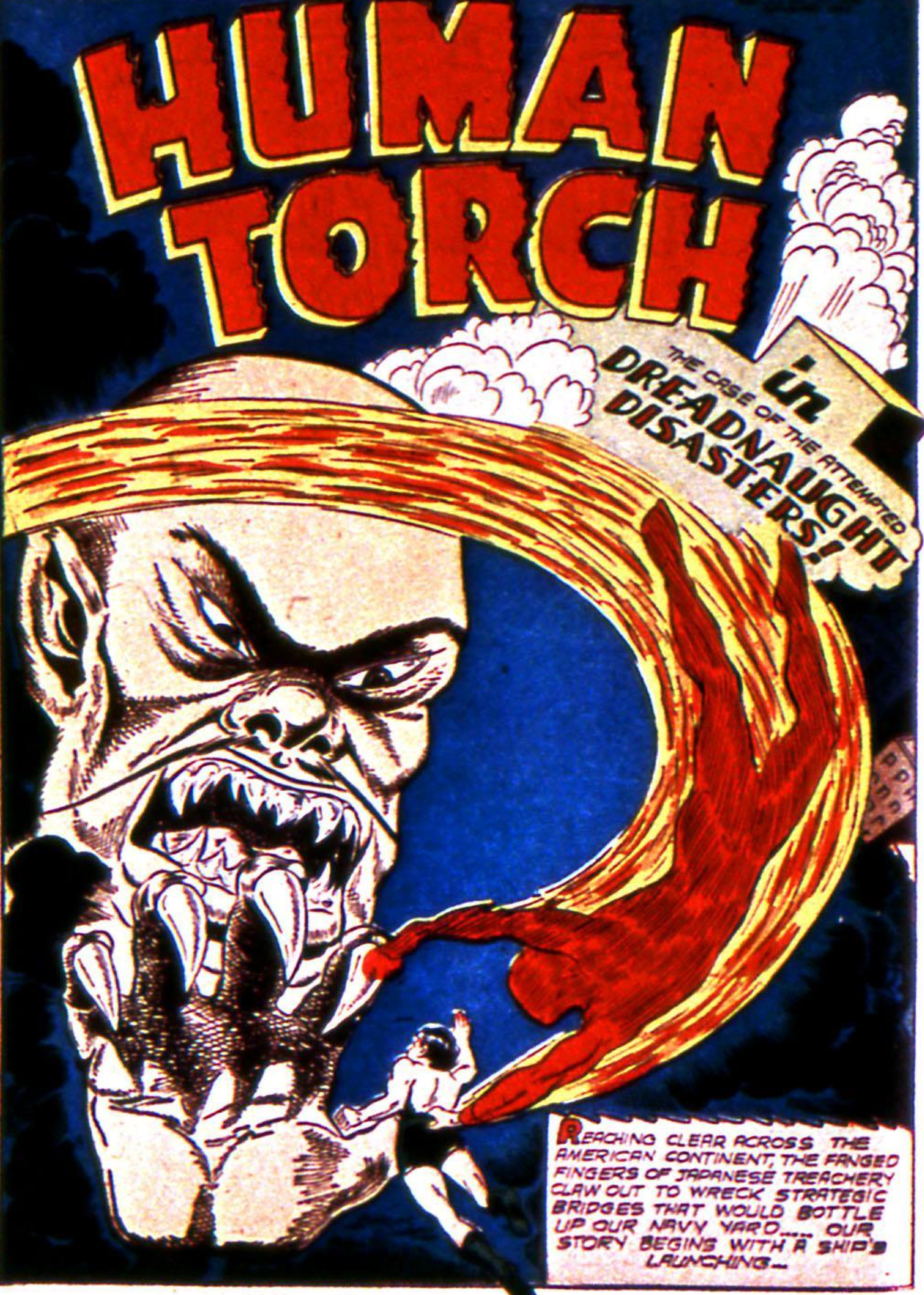
NOW!

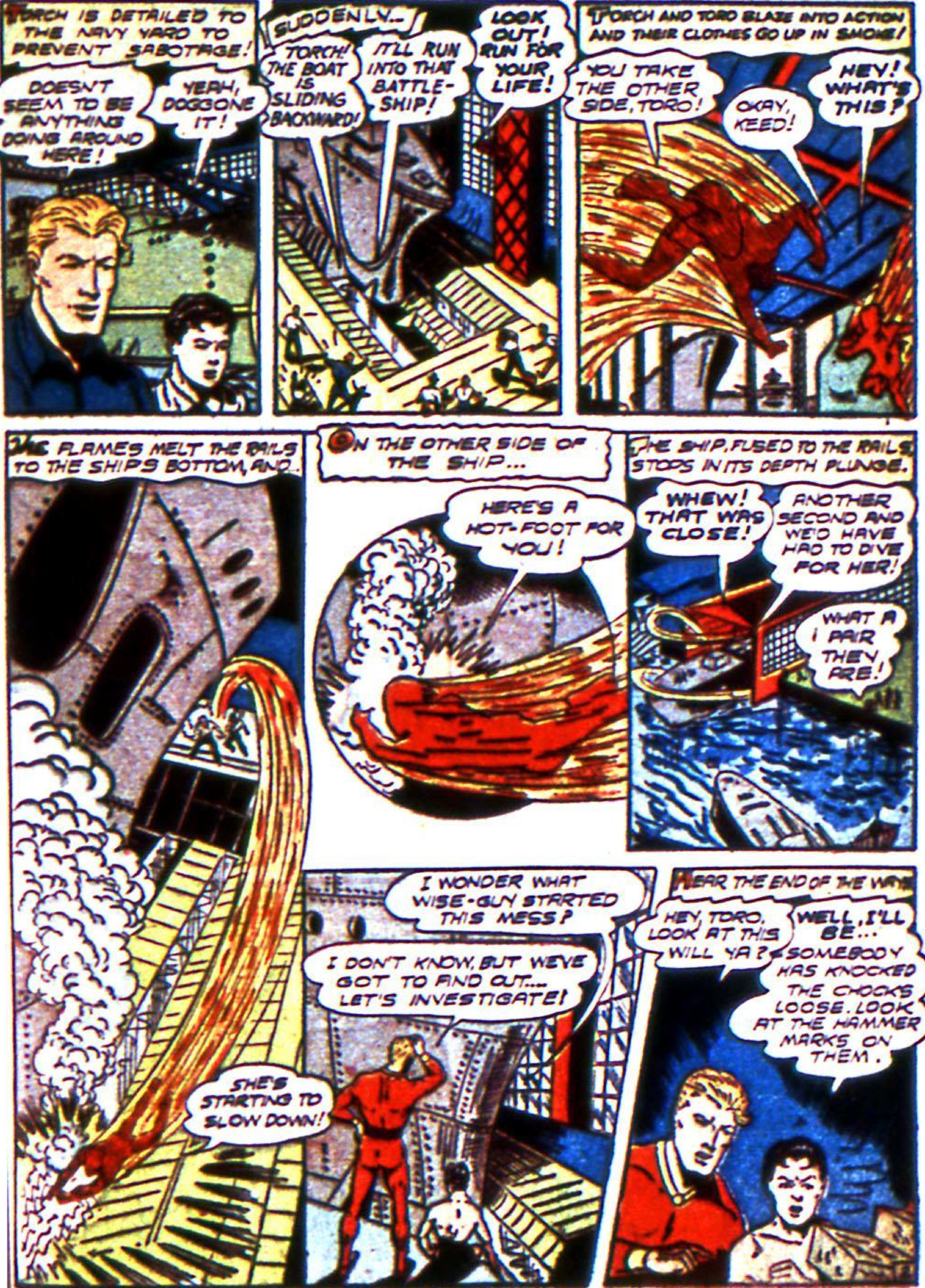
CUT OUT THIS BADGE AND SEND IT, ALONG WITH 10¢, TO CAPTAIN AMERICA'S STAFF HEADQUARTERS. 330 WEST 42 ST., NEW YORK CITY, ROOM 1010. THEN YOU WILL RECEIVE YOUR PERSONAL MEMBERSHIP CARD AND PERSONAL BADGE!

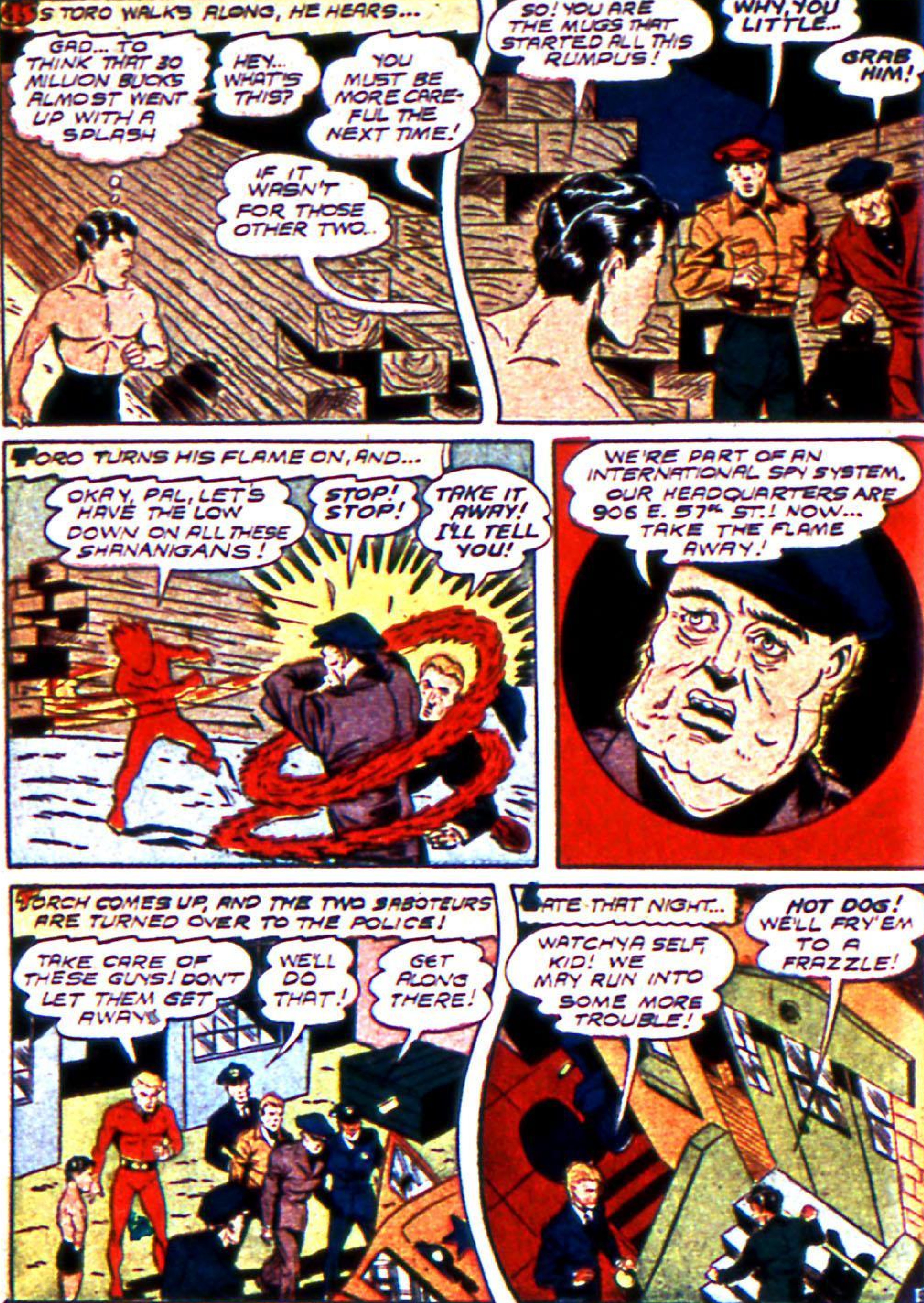
DO IT NOW!

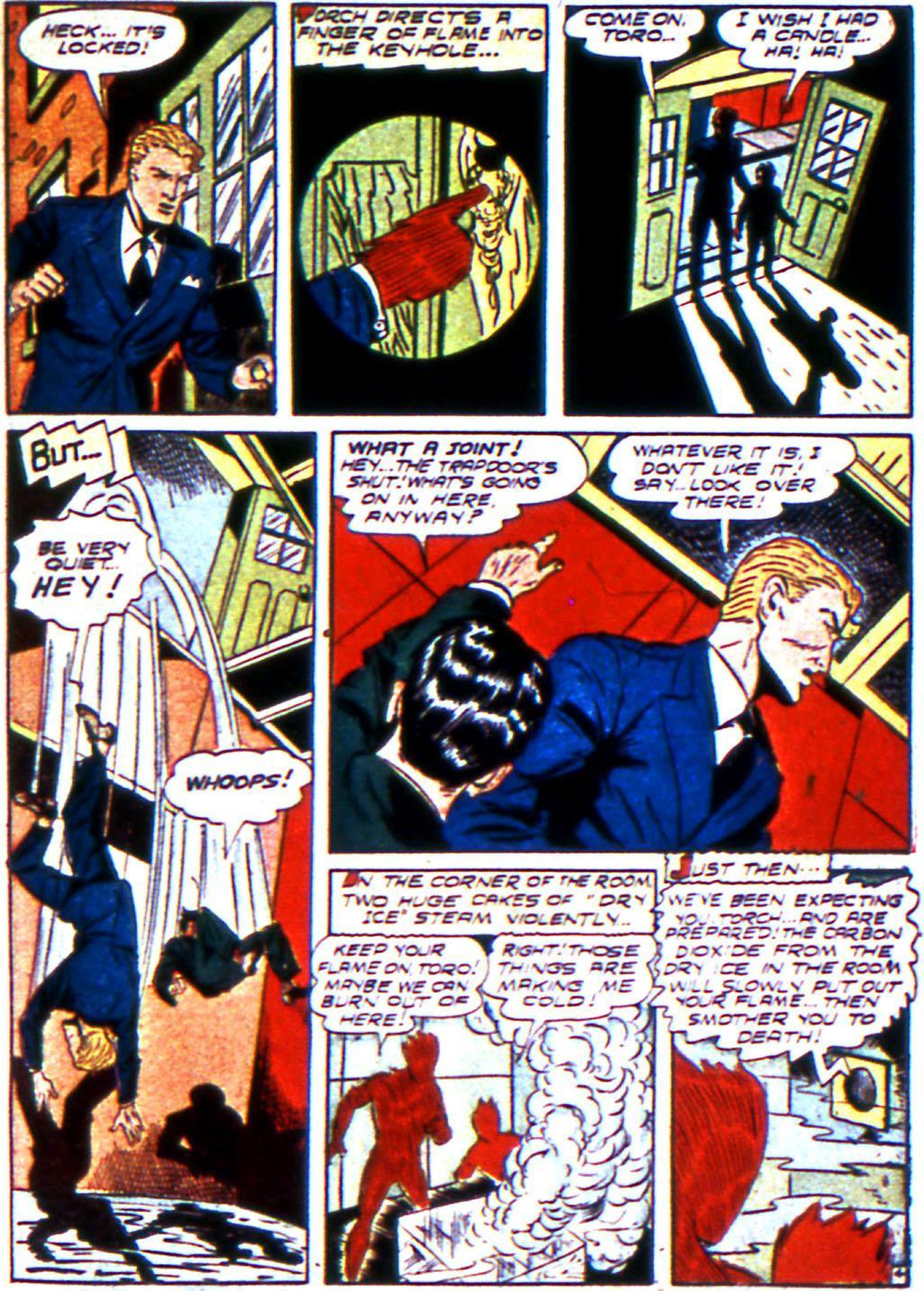
NAME..
ADDRESS..
CITY AND STATE..

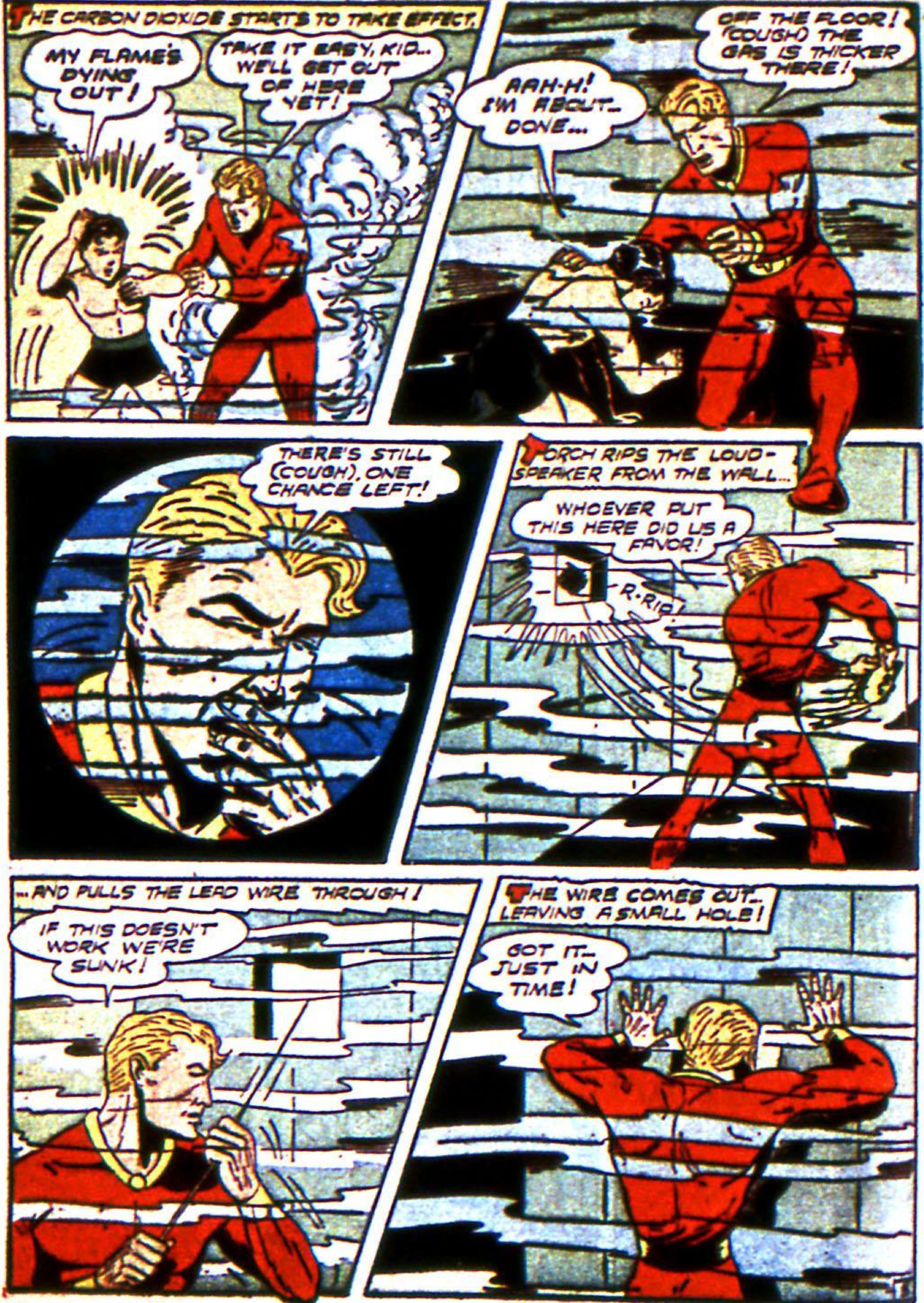
PERSONAL SIGNATURE
....

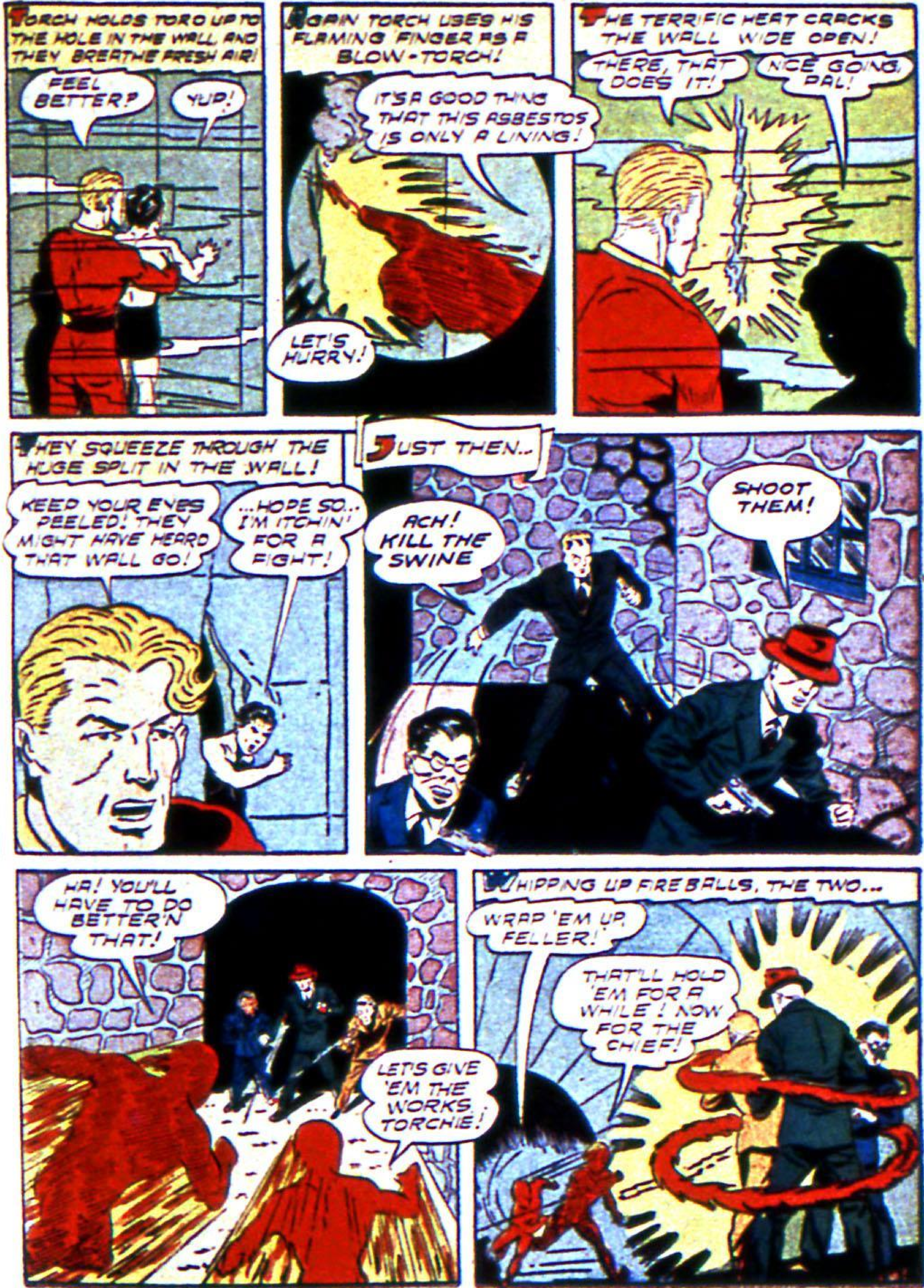

HUMAN TORCH
in
THE CASE OF THE ATTEMPTED
DREADNAUGHT DISASTERS!
REACHING CLEAR ACROSS THE AMERICAN CONTINENT, THE FANGED FINGERS OF JAPANESE TREACHERY CLAW OUT TO WRECK STRATEGIC BRIDGES THAT WOULD BOTTLE UP OUR NAVY YARD.... OUR STORY BEGINS WITH A SHIP'S LAUNCHING--

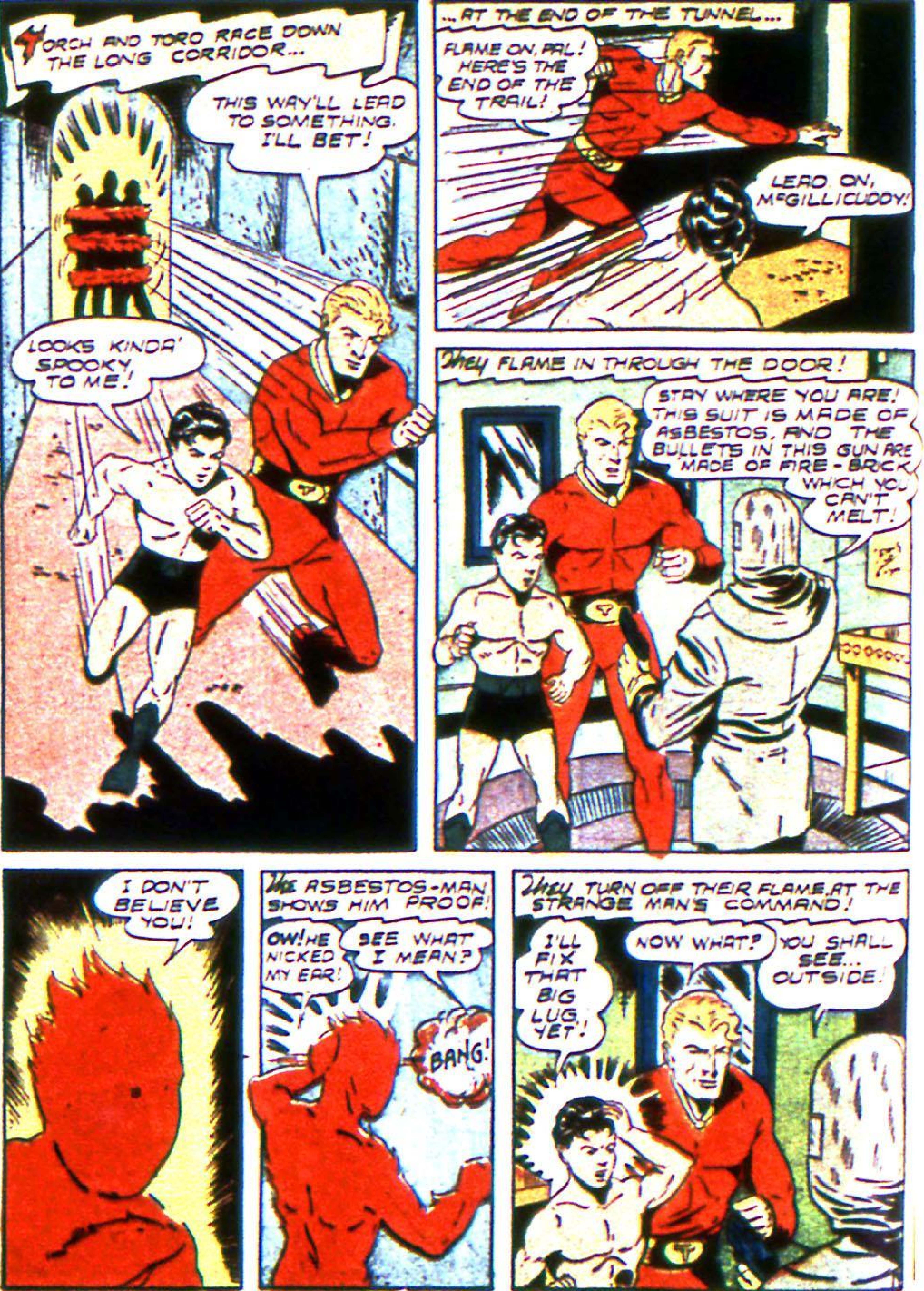

TORCH IS DETAILED TO THE NAVY YARD TO PREVENT SABOTAGE!
DOESN'T SEEM TO BE ANYTHING DOING AROUND HERE!
YEAH, DOGGONE IT!
SUDDENLY...
TORCH! THE BOAT IS SLIDING BACKWARD!
IT'LL RUN INTO THAT BATTLE-SHIP!
LOOK OUT! RUN FOR YOUR LIFE!
TORCH AND TORO BLAZE INTO ACTION AND THEIR CLOTHES GO UP IN SMOKE!
YOU TAKE THE OTHER SIDE, TORO!
OKAY, KEED!
HEY! WHAT'S THIS?
HIS FLAMES MELT THE RAILS TO THE SHIPS BOTTOM, AND...
SHE'S STARTING TO SLOW DOWN!
ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE SHIP...
HERE'S A HOT-FOOT FOR YOU!
THE SHIP, FUSED TO THE RAILS, STOPS IN ITS DEPTH PLUNGE.
WHEW! THAT WAS CLOSE!
ANOTHER SECOND AND WE'D HAVE HAD TO DIVE FOR HER!
WHAT A PAIR THEY ARE!
I WONDER WHAT WISE-GUY STARTED THIS MESS?
I DON'T KNOW, BUT WE'VE GOT TO FIND OUT.... LET'S INVESTIGATE!
NEAR THE END OF THE WAY
HEY, TORO, LOOK AT THIS WILL YA?
WELL, I'LL BE...-SOMEBODY HAS KNOCKED THE CHOCKS LOOSE. LOOK AT THE HAMMER MARKS ON THEM.

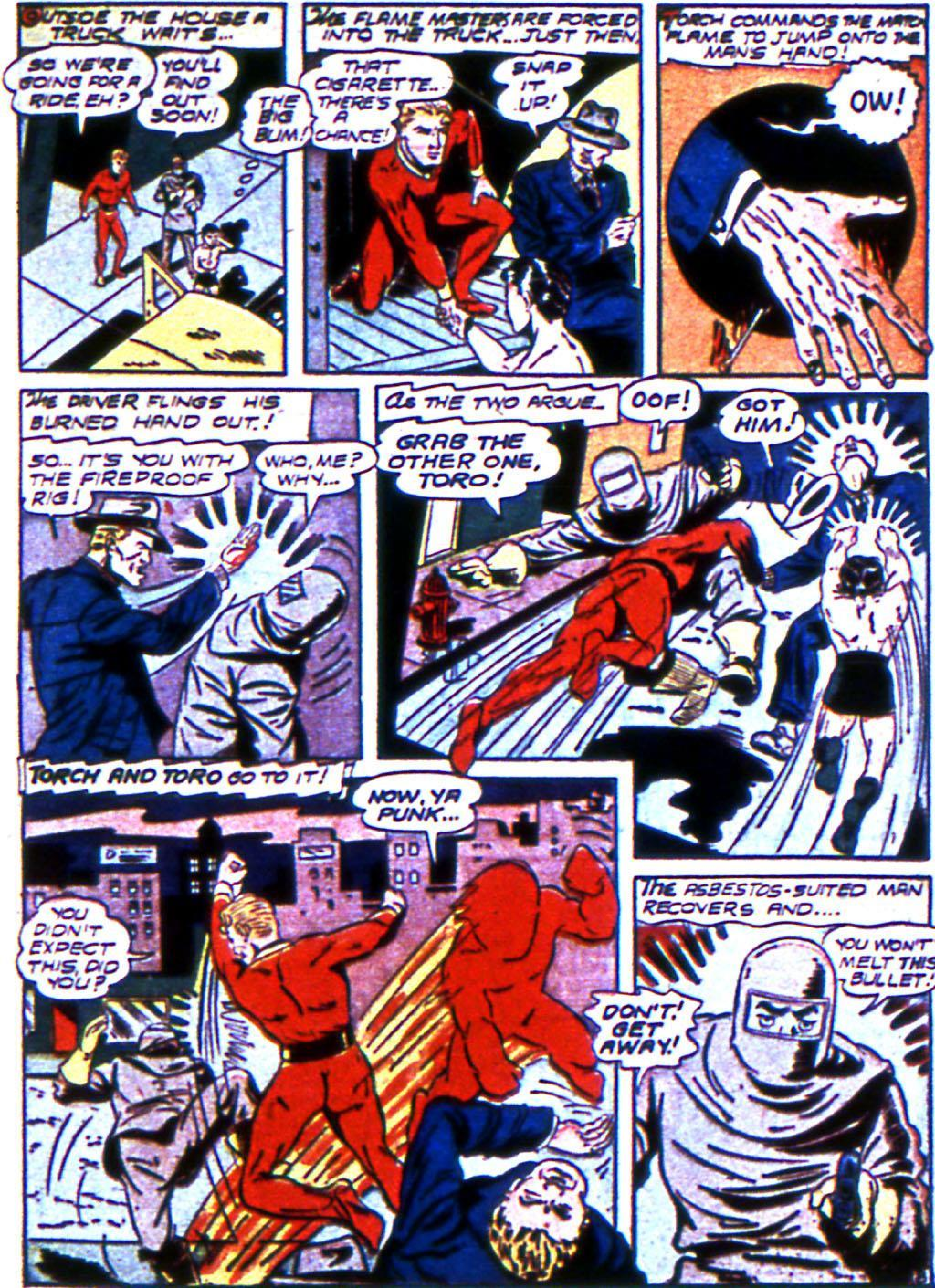

AS TORO WALKS ALONG, HE HEARS...
GAD... TO THINK THAT 30 MILLION BUCKS ALMOST WENT UP WITH A SPLASH
HEY... WHAT'S THIS?
YOU MUST BE MORE CAREFUL THE NEXT TIME!
IF IT WASN'T FOR THOSE OTHER TWO...
SO! YOU ARE THE MUGS THAT STARTED ALL THIS RUMPUS!
WHY, YOU LITTLE...
GRAB HIM!
TORO TURNS HIS FLAME ON, AND...
OKAY, PAL, LET'S HAVE THE LOW DOWN ON ALL THESE SHANANIGANS!
STOP! STOP!
TAKE IT AWAY! I'LL TELL YOU!
WE'RE PART OF AN INTERNATIONAL SPY SYSTEM. OUR HEADQUARTERS ARE 906 E. 57th ST.! NOW... TAKE THE FLAME AWAY!
TORCH COMES UP, AND THE TWO SABOTEURS ARE TURNED OVER TO THE POLICE!
TAKE CARE OF THESE GUYS! DON'T LET THEM GET AWAY!
WE'LL DO THAT!
GET ALONG THERE!
LATE THAT NIGHT...
WATCHYA SELF, KID! WE MAY RUN INTO SOME MORE TROUBLE!
HOT DOG! WE'LL FRY'EM TO A FRAZZLE!

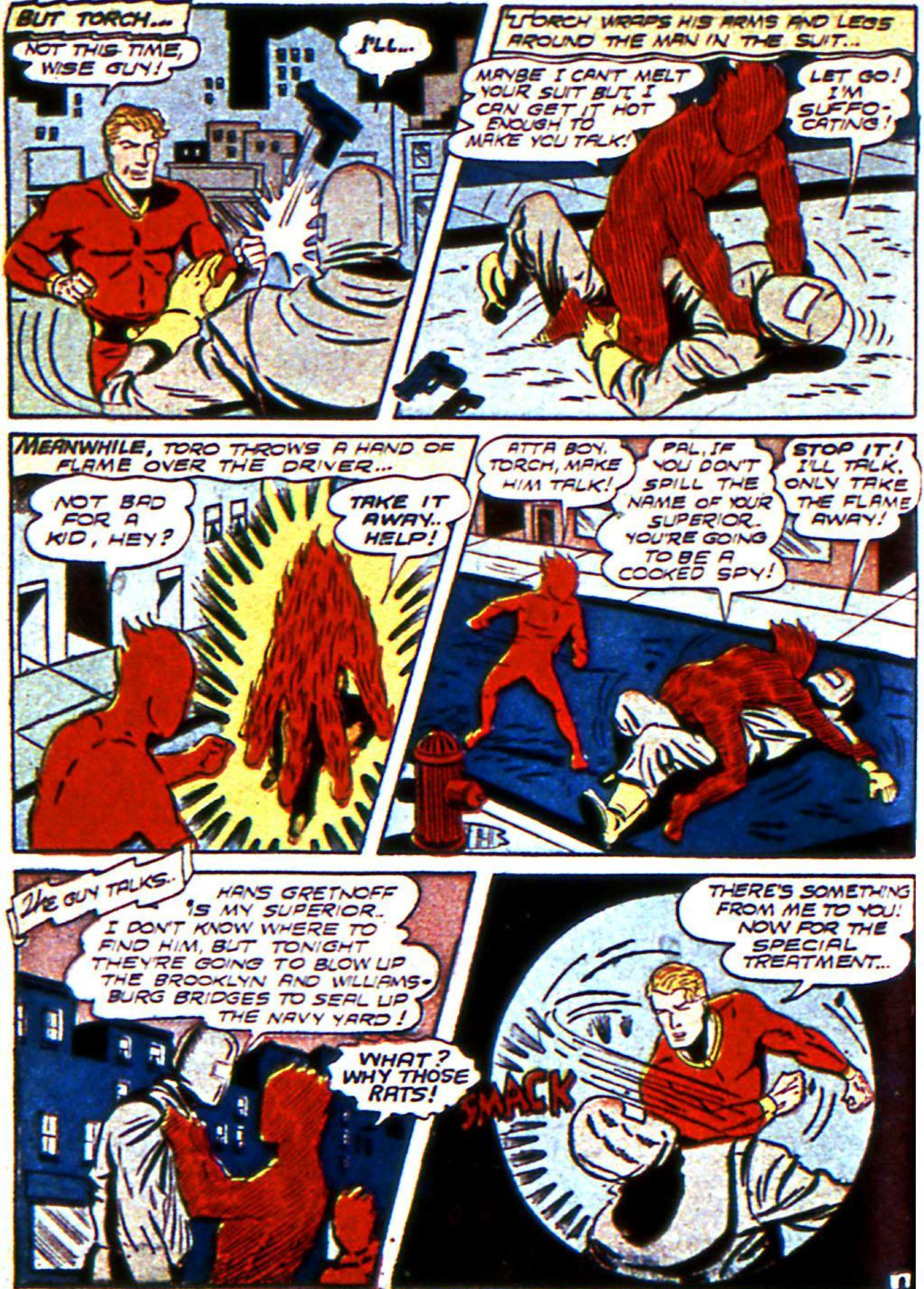

HECK... IT'S LOCKED!
TORCH DIRECTS A FINGER OF FLAME INTO THE KEYHOLE...
COME ON, TORO...
I WISH I HAD A CANDLE... HA! HA!
BUT...
BE VERY QUIET... HEY!
WHOOPS!
WHAT A JOINT! HEY...THE TRAPDOOR'S SHUT! WHAT'S GOING ON IN HERE, ANYWAY?
WHATEVER IT IS, I DON'T LIKE IT! SAY...LOOK OVER THERE!
IN THE CORNER OF THE ROOM TWO HUGE CAKES OF "DRY ICE" STEAM VIOLENTLY...
KEEP YOUR FLAME ON, TORO! MAYBE WE CAN BURN OUT OF HERE!
RIGHT! THOSE THINGS ARE MAKING ME COLD!
JUST THEN...
WE'VE BEEN EXPECTING YOU, TORCH...AND ARE PREPARED! THE CARBON DIOXIDE FROM THE DRY ICE IN THE ROOM WILL SLOWLY PUT OUT YOUR FLAME... THEN SMOTHER YOU TO DEATH!

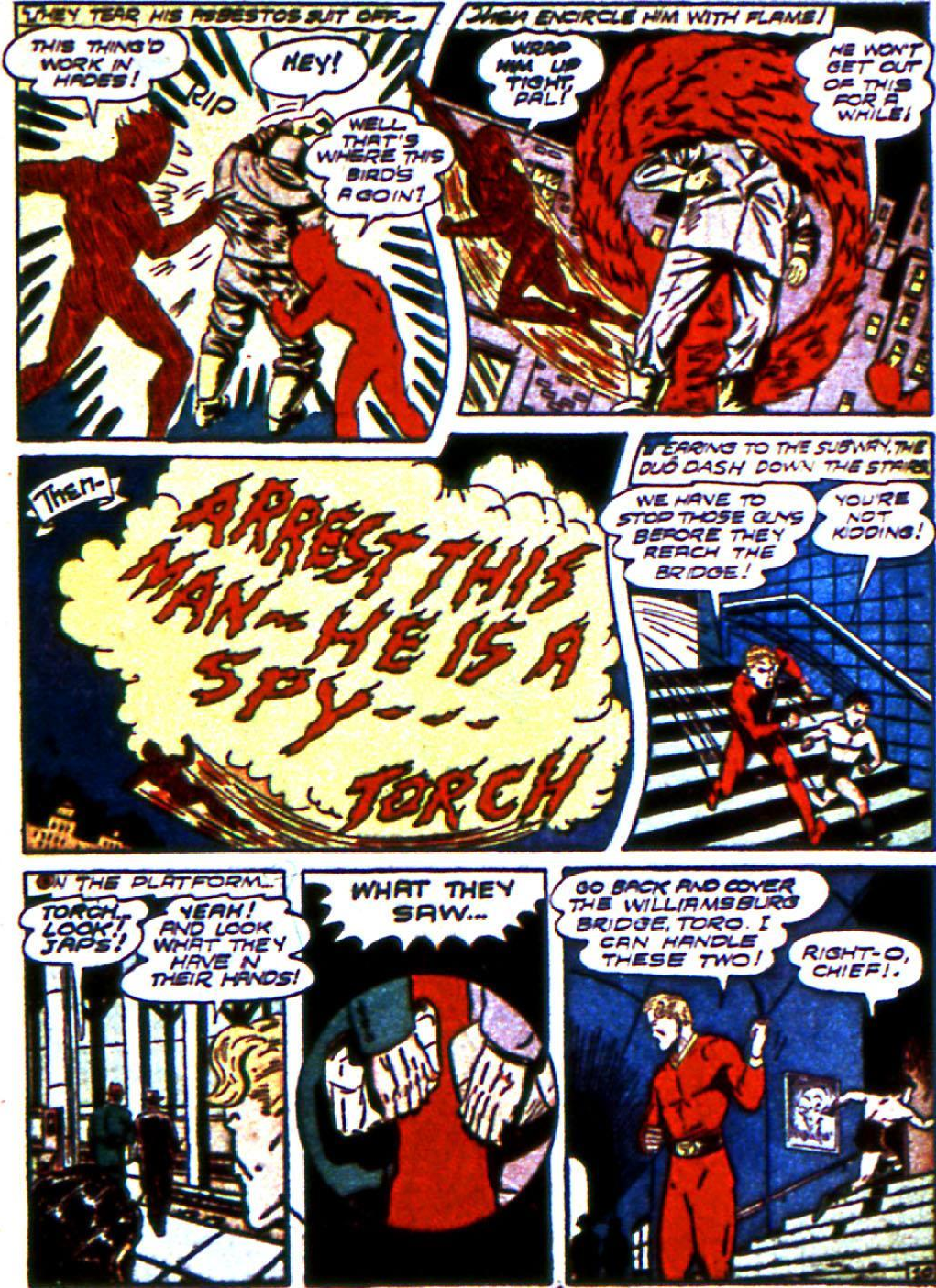

THE CARBON DIOXIDE STARTS TO TAKE EFFECT.
MY FLAME'S DYING OUT!
TAKE IT EASY, KID... WE'LL GET OUT OF HERE YET!
OFF THE FLOOR! (COUGH) THE GAS IS THICKER THERE!
AAH-H! I'M ABOUT... DONE...
THERE'S STILL (COUGH), ONE CHANCE LEFT!
TORCH RIPS THE LOUD-SPEAKER FROM THE WALL...
WHOEVER PUT THIS HERE DID US A FAVOR!
R-RIP!
...AND PULLS THE LEAD WIRE THROUGH!
IF THIS DOESN'T WORK WE'RE SUNK!
THE WIRE COMES OUT... LEAVING A SMALL HOLE!
GOT IT... JUST IN TIME!

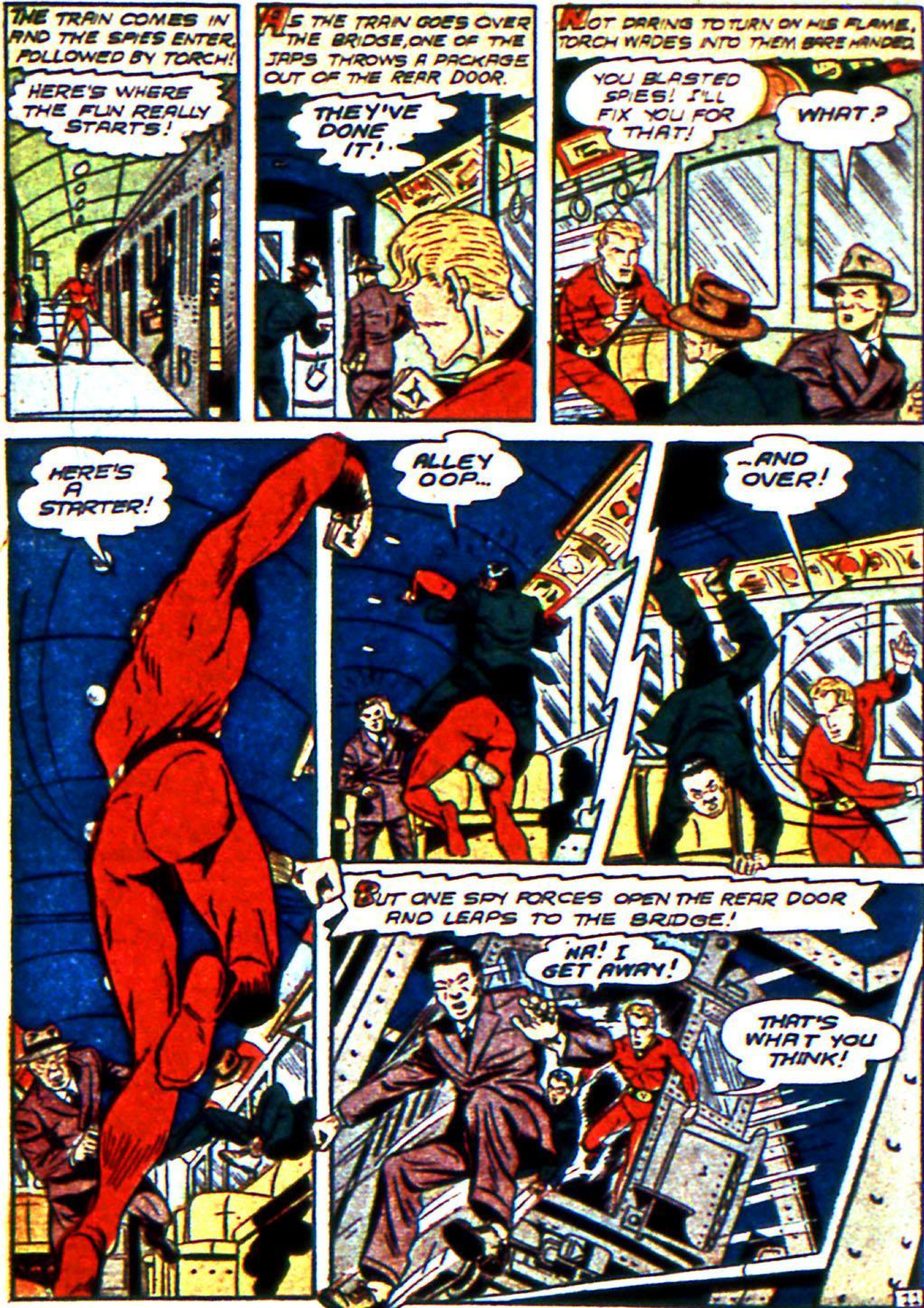

TORCH HOLDS TORO UP TO THE HOLE IN THE WALL AND THEY BREATHE FRESH AIR!
FEEL BETTER?
YUP!
AGAIN TORCH USES HIS FLAMING FINGER AS A BLOW-TORCH!
IT'S A GOOD THING THAT THIS ASBESTOS IS ONLY A LINING!
LET'S HURRY!
THE TERRIFIC HEAT CRACKS THE WALL WIDE OPEN!
THERE, THAT DOES IT!
NICE GOING, PAL!
THEY SQUEEZE THROUGH THE HUGE SPLIT IN THE WALL!
KEEP YOUR EYES PEELED! THEY MIGHT HAVE HEARD THAT WALL GO!
...HOPE SO... I'M ITCHIN' FOR A FIGHT!
JUST THEN..
ACH! KILL THE SWINE
SHOOT THEM!
HA! YOU'LL HAVE TO DO BETTER'N THAT!
LET'S GIVE 'EM THE WORKS, TORCHIE!
WHIPPING UP FIRE BALLS, THE TWO...
WRAP 'EM UP, FELLER!
THAT'LL HOLD 'EM FOR A WHILE! NOW FOR THE CHIEF!

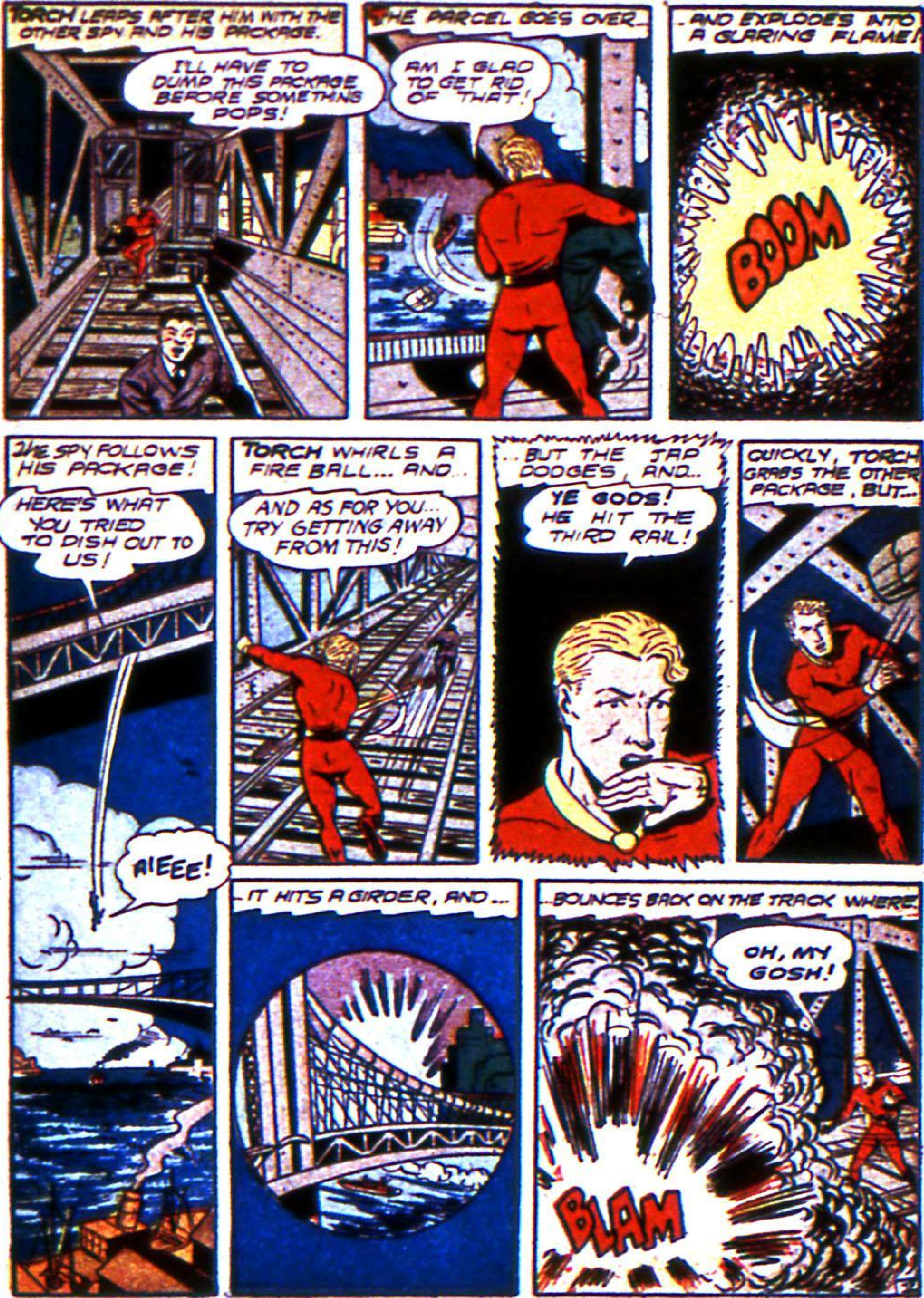

TORCH AND TORO RACE DOWN THE LONG CORRIDOR...
THIS WAY'LL LEAD TO SOMETHING, I'LL BET!
LOOKS KINDA' SPOOKY, TO ME!
...AT THE END OF THE TUNNEL...
FLAME ON, PAL! HERE'S THE END OF THE TRAIL!
LEAD ON, McGILLICUDDY!
THEY FLAME IN THROUGH THE DOOR!
STAY WHERE YOU ARE! THIS SUIT IS MADE OF ASBESTOS, AND THE BULLETS IN THIS GUN ARE MADE OF FIRE-BRICK WHICH YOU CAN'T MELT!
I DON'T BELIEVE YOU!
THE ASBESTOS-MAN SHOWS HIM PROOF!
OW! HE NICKED MY EAR!
SEE WHAT I MEAN?
BANG!
THEY TURN OFF THEIR FLAME AT THE STRANGE MAN'S COMMAND!
I'LL FIX THAT BIG LUG, YET!
NOW WHAT?
YOU SHALL SEE... OUTSIDE!

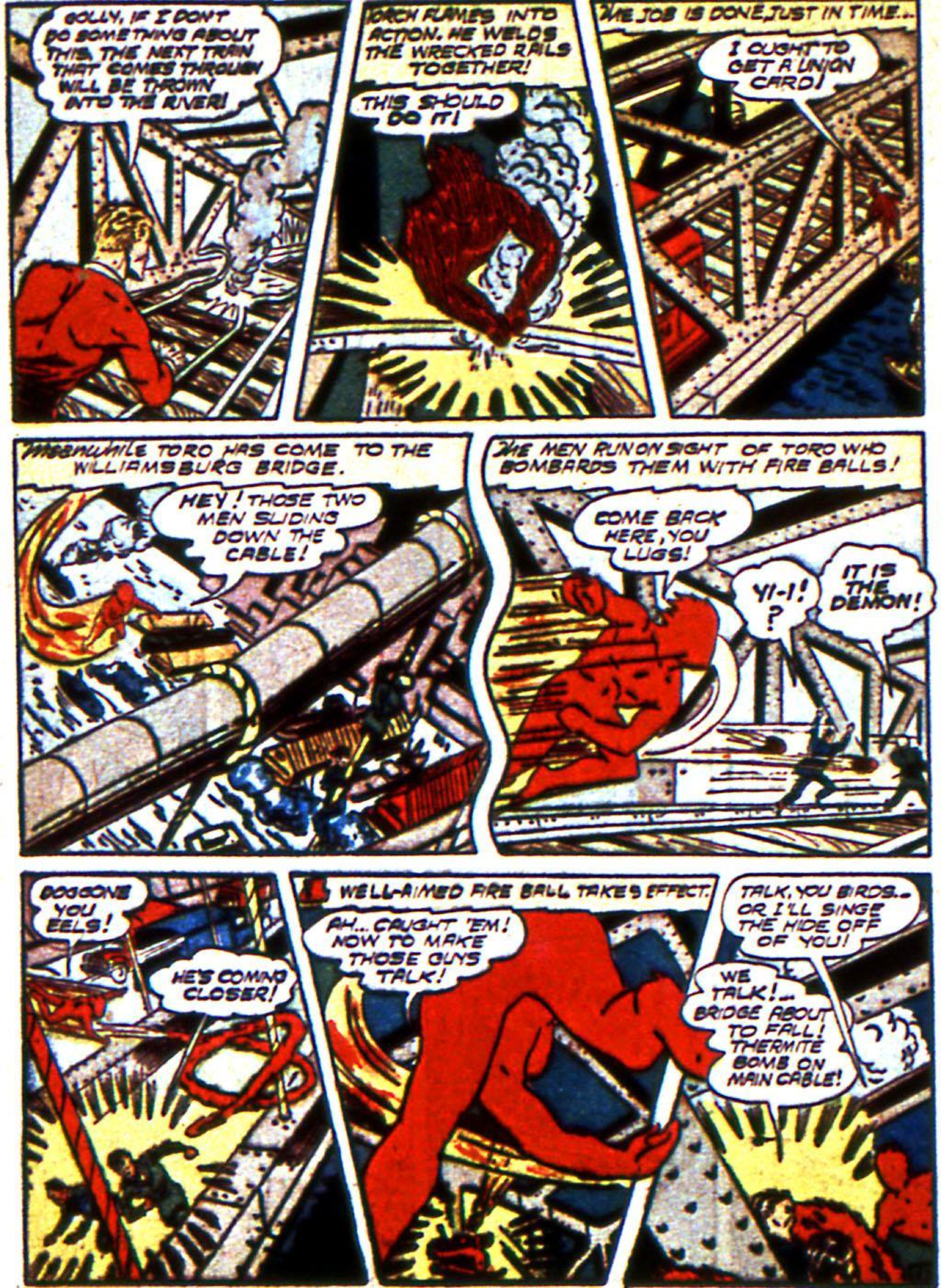

OUTSIDE THE HOUSE A TRUCK WAITS...
SO WE'RE GOING FOR A RIDE, EH?
YOU'LL FIND OUT SOON!
THE FLAME MASTERS ARE FORCED INTO THE TRUCK... JUST THEN,
THAT CIGARETTE.. THERE'S A CHANCE!
SNAP IT UP!
THE BIG BUM!
TORCH COMMANDS THE MATCH FLAME TO JUMP ONTO THE MAN'S HAND!
OW!
THE DRIVER FLINGS HIS BURNED HAND OUT.!
SO... IT'S YOU WITH THE FIREPROOF RIG!
WHO, ME? WHY...
AS THE TWO ARGUE..
OOF!
GRAB THE OTHER ONE, TORO!
GOT HIM!
TORCH AND TORO GO TO IT!
NOW, YA PUNK...
YOU DIDN'T EXPECT THIS, DID YOU?
THE ASBESTOS-SUITED MAN RECOVERS AND....
YOU WON'T MELT THIS BULLET!
DON'T! GET AWAY!

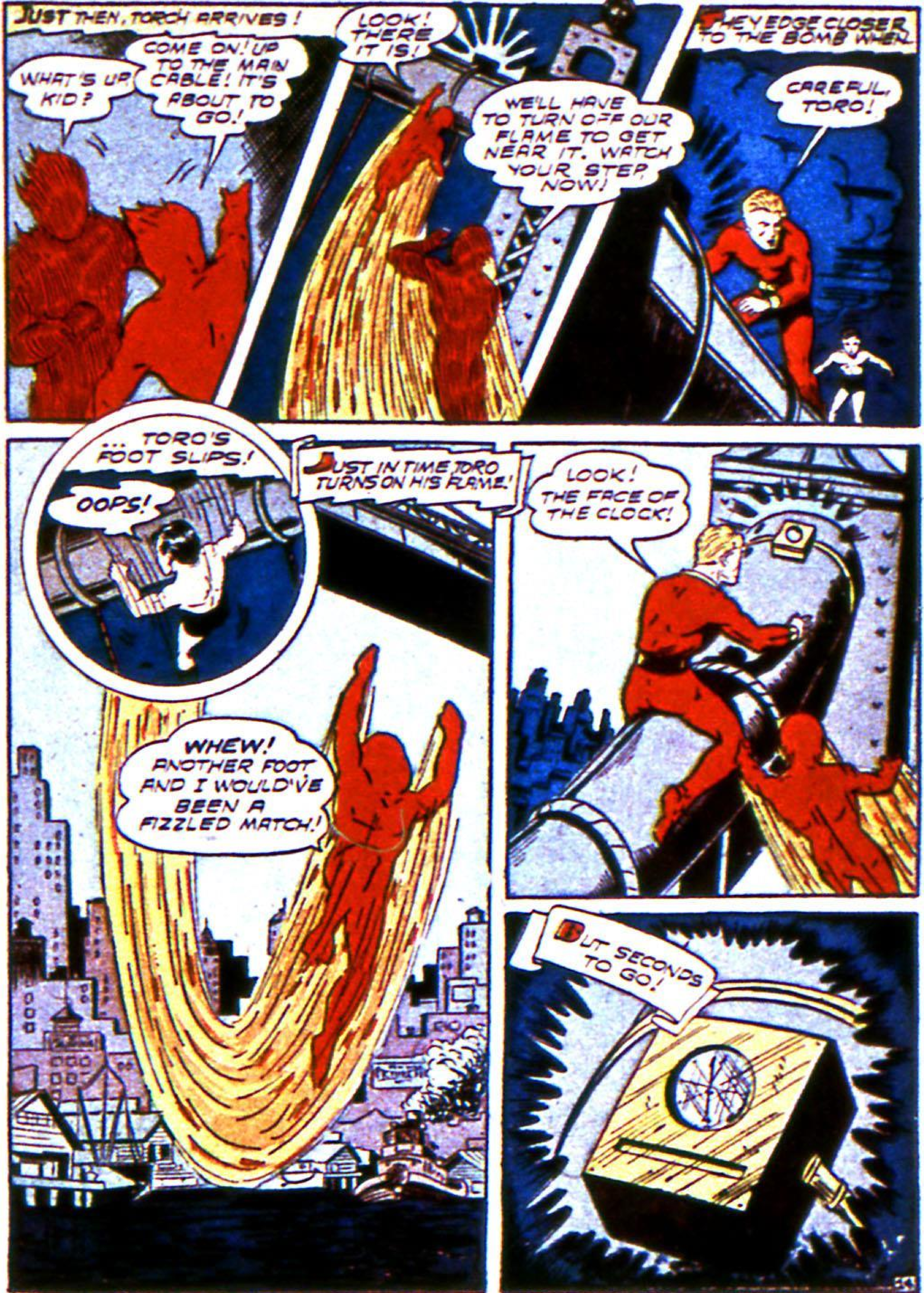

BUT TORCH...
NOT THIS TIME, WISE GUY!
I'LL...
TORCH WRAPS HIS ARMS AND LEGS AROUND THE MAN IN THE SUIT...
MAYBE I CAN'T MELT YOUR SUIT BUT I CAN GET IT HOT ENOUGH TO MAKE YOU TALK!
LET GO! I'M SUFFOCATING!
MEANWHILE, TORO THROWS A HAND OF FLAME OVER THE DRIVER...
NOT BAD FOR A KID, HEY?
TAKE IT AWAY.. HELP!
ATTA BOY. TORCH, MAKE HIM TALK!
PAL, IF YOU DON'T SPILL THE NAME OF YOUR SUPERIOR. YOU'RE GOING TO BE A COOKED SPY!
STOP IT! I'LL TALK. ONLY TAKE THE FLAME AWAY!
The GUY TALKS..
HANS GRETNOFF IS MY SUPERIOR.. I DON'T KNOW WHERE TO FIND HIM, BUT TONIGHT THEY'RE GOING TO BLOW UP THE BROOKLYN AND WILLIAMSBURG BRIDGES TO SEAL UP THE NAVY YARD!
WHAT? WHY THOSE RATS!
SMACK
THERE'S SOMETHING FROM ME TO YOU! NOW FOR THE SPECIAL TREATMENT...

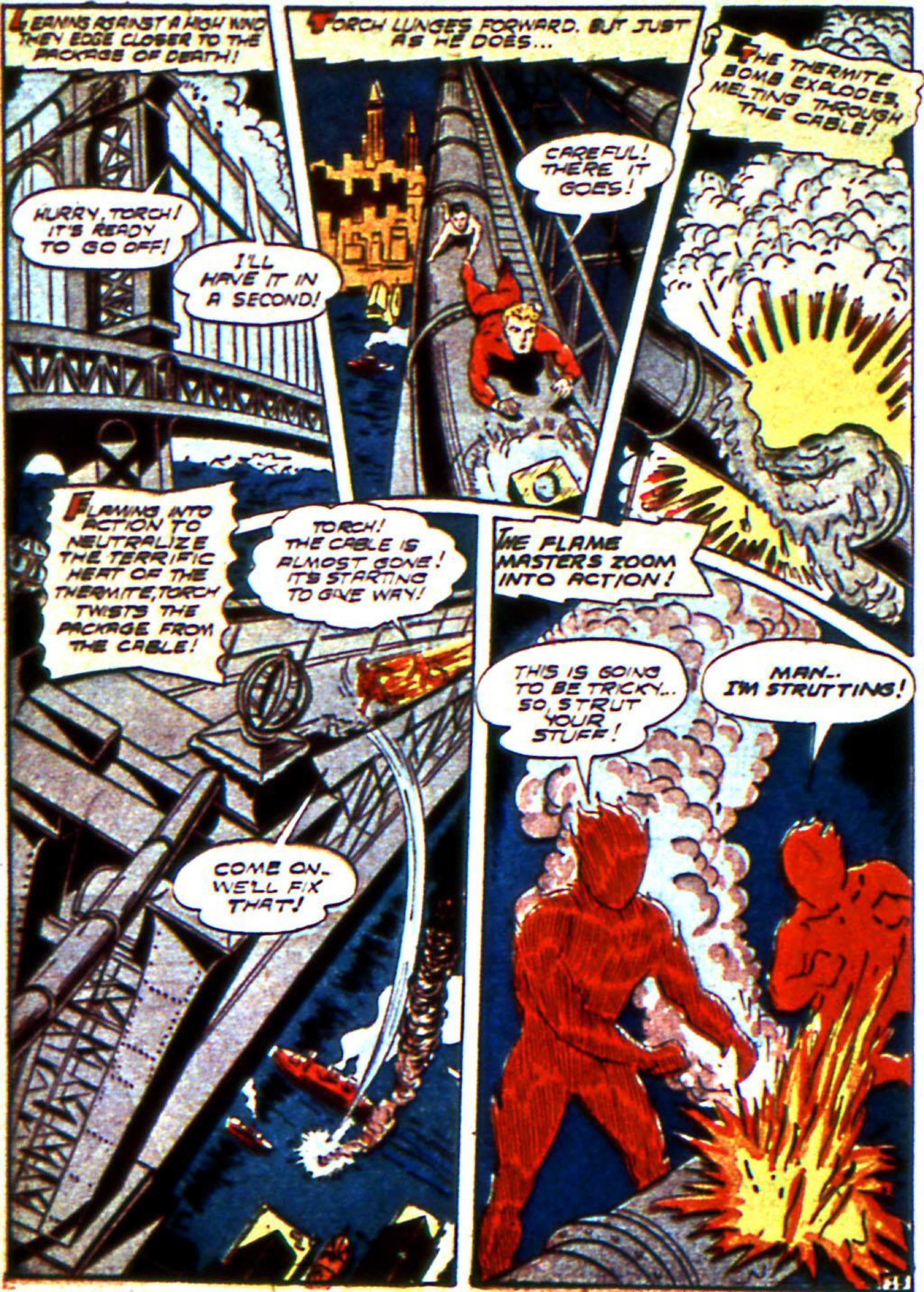

THEY TEAR HIS ASBESTOS SUIT OFF...
THIS THING'D WORK IN HADES!
HEY!
RIP
WELL THAT'S WHERE THIS BIRD'S AGOIN'!
THEN ENCIRCLE HIM WITH FLAME!
WRAP HIM UP TIGHT, PAL!
HE WON'T GET OUT OF THIS FOR A WHILE!
Then-
ARREST THIS MAN- HE IS A SPY---
TORCH
EARING TO THE SUBWAY, THE DUO DASH DOWN THE STAIRS
WE HAVE TO STOP THOSE GUYS BEFORE THEY REACH THE BRIDGE!
YOU'RE NOT KIDDING!
ON THE PLATFORM...
TORCH, LOOK! JAPS!
YEAH! AND LOOK WHAT THEY HAVE N THEIR HANDS!
WHAT THEY SAW...
GO BACK AND COVER THE WILLIAMSBURG BRIDGE, TORO. I CAN HANDLE THESE TWO!
RIGHT-O, CHIEF!.

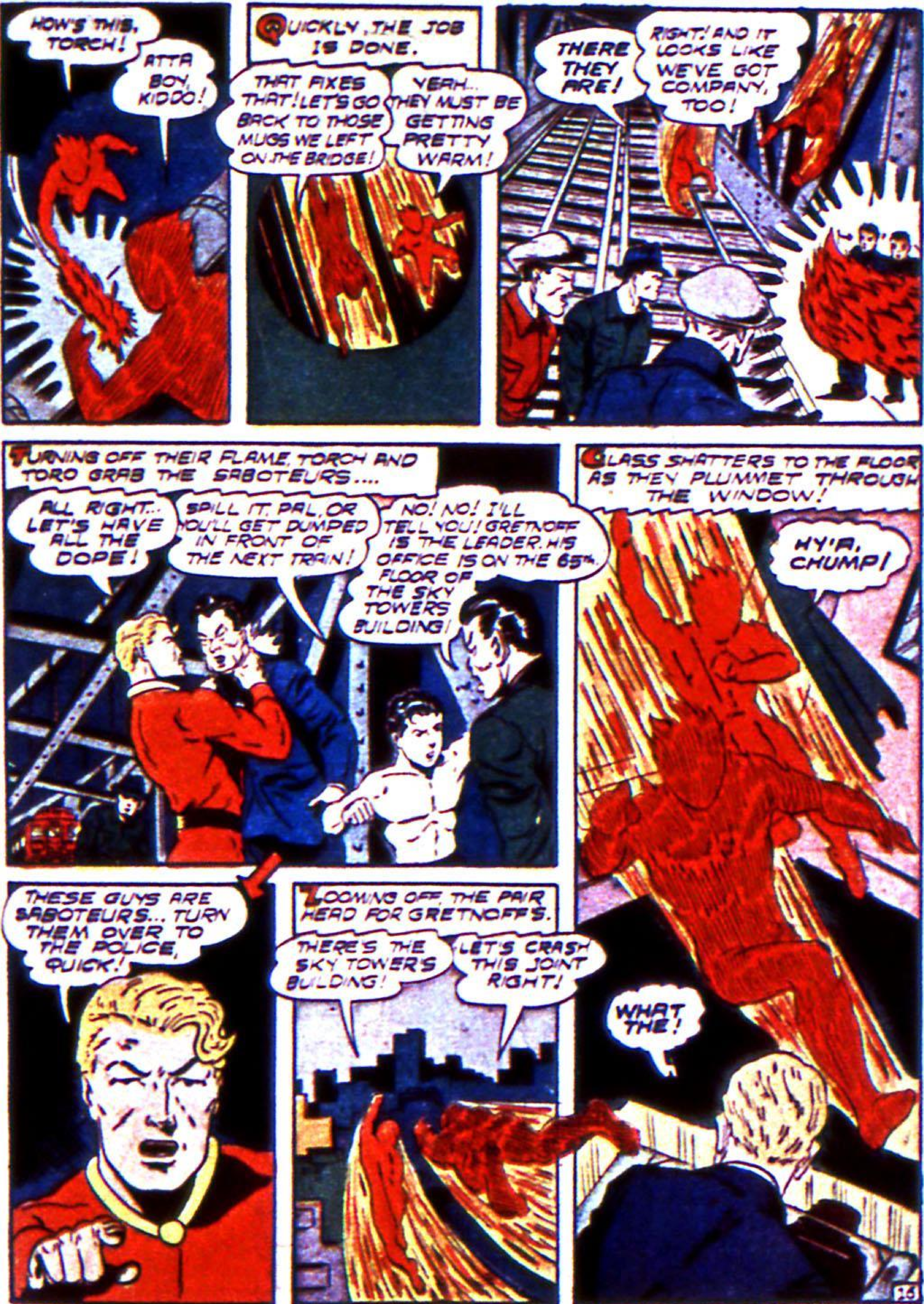

THE TRAIN COMES IN AND THE SPIES ENTER FOLLOWED BY TORCH!
HERE'S WHERE THE FUN REALLY STARTS!
AS THE TRAIN GOES OVER THE BRIDGE, ONE OF THE JAPS THROWS A PACKAGE OUT OF THE REAR DOOR.
THEY'VE DONE IT!
NOT DARING TO TURN ON HIS FLAME, TORCH WADES INTO THEM BARE HANDED.
YOU BLASTED SPIES! I'LL FIX YOU FOR THAT!
WHAT?
HERE'S A STARTER!
ALLEY OOP...
...AND OVER!
BUT ONE SPY FORCES OPEN THE REAR DOOR AND LEAPS TO THE BRIDGE!
HA! I GET AWAY!
THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK!
11

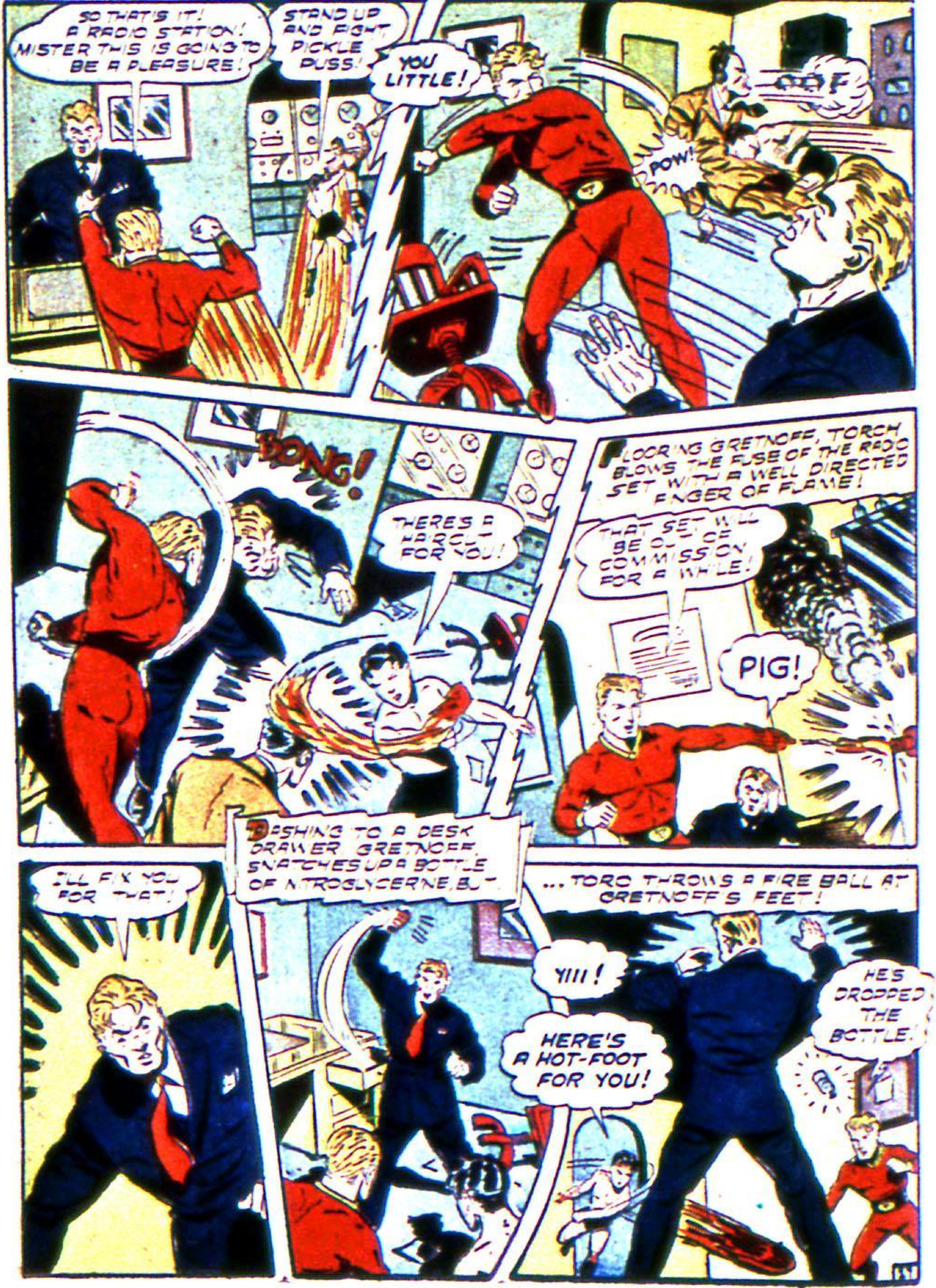

TORCH LEAPS AFTER HIM WITH THE OTHER SPY AND HIS PACKAGE.
I'LL HAVE TO DUMP THIS PACKAGE BEFORE SOMETHING POPS!
THE PARCEL GOES OVER...
AM I GLAD TO GET RID OF THAT!
...AND EXPLODES INTO A GLARING FLAME!
BOOM
THE SPY FOLLOWS HIS PACKAGE!
HERE'S WHAT YOU TRIED TO DISH OUT TO US!
AIEEE!
TORCH WHIRLS A FIRE BALL... AND...
AND AS FOR YOU... TRY GETTING AWAY FROM THIS!
...BUT THE JAP DODGES, AND...
YE GODS! HE HIT THE THIRD RAIL!
QUICKLY, TORCH GRABS THE OTHER PACKAGE, BUT...
...IT HITS A GIRDER, AND...
...BOUNCES BACK ON THE TRACK WHERE...
OH, MY GOSH!
BLAM

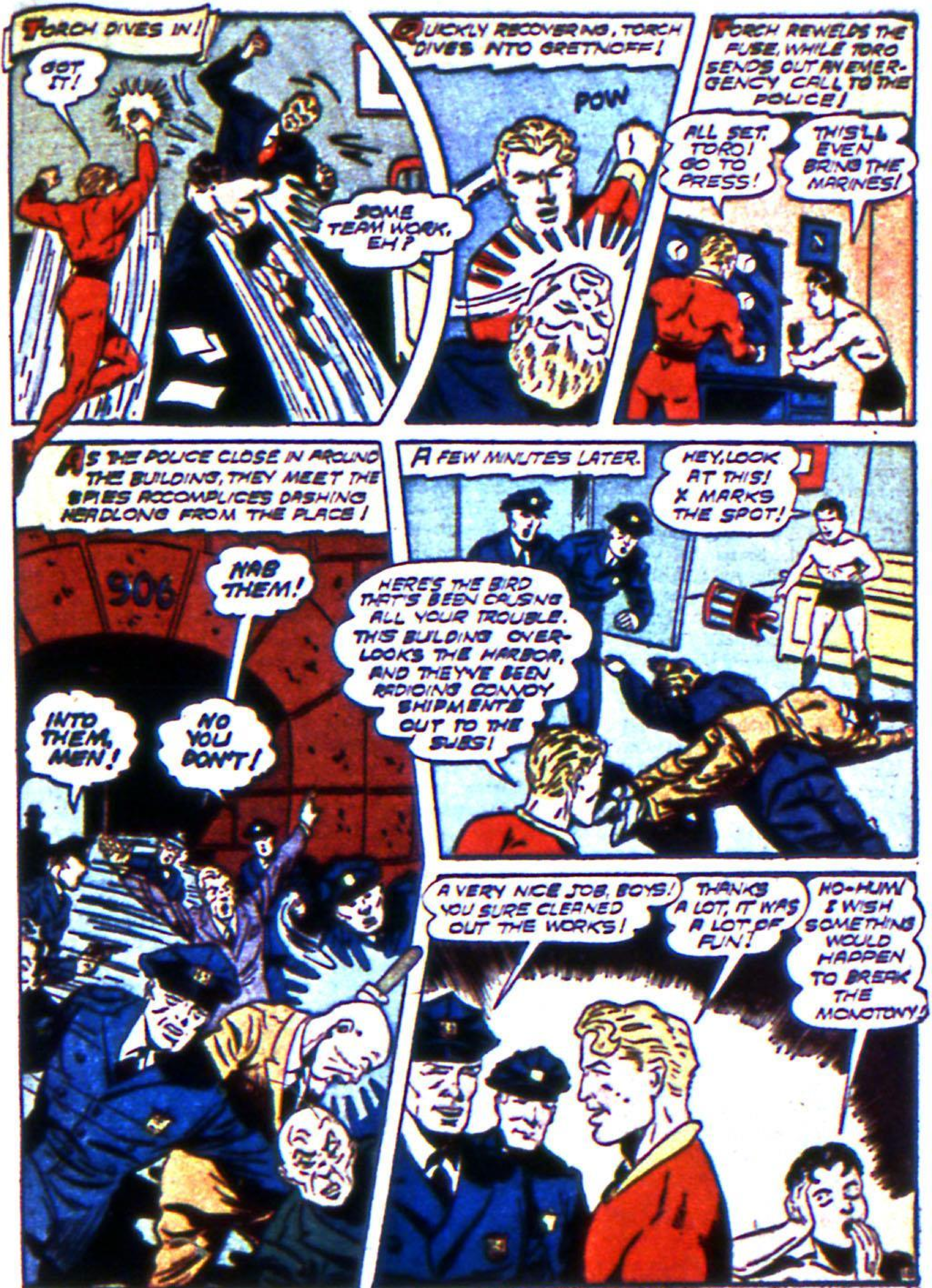

GOLLY, IF I DON'T DO SOMETHING ABOUT THIS, THE NEXT TRAIN THAT COMES THROUGH WILL BE THROWN INTO THE RIVER!
TORCH FLAMES INTO ACTION. HE WELDS THE WRECKED RAILS TOGETHER!
THIS SHOULD DO IT!
THE JOB IS DONE, JUST IN TIME...
I OUGHT TO GET A UNION CARD!
MEANWHILE TORO HAS COME TO THE WILLIAMSBURG BRIDGE.
HEY! THOSE TWO MEN SLIDING DOWN THE CABLE!
THE MEN RUN ON SIGHT OF TORO WHO BOMBARDS THEM WITH FIRE BALLS!
COME BACK HERE, YOU LUGS!
YI-I! ?
IT IS THE DEMON!
DOGGONE YOU EELS!
HE'S COMING CLOSER!
A WELL-AIMED FIRE BALL TAKES EFFECT.
AH... CAUGHT 'EM! NOW TO MAKE THOSE GUYS TALK!
TALK, YOU BIRDS... OR I'LL SINGE THE HIDE OFF OF YOU!
WE TALK!... BRIDGE ABOUT TO FALL! THERMITE BOMB ON MAIN CABLE!


JUST THEN, TORCH ARRIVES!
WHAT'S UP KID?
COME ON! UP TO THE MAIN CABLE! IT'S ABOUT TO GO!
LOOK! THERE IT IS!
WE'LL HAVE TO TURN OFF OUR FLAME TO GET NEAR IT. WATCH YOUR STEP NOW!
THEY EDGE CLOSER TO THE BOMB WHEN...
CAREFUL, TORO!
... TORO'S FOOT SLIPS!
OOPS!
JUST IN TIME TORO TURNS ON HIS FLAME!
WHEW! ANOTHER FOOT AND I WOULD'VE BEEN A FIZZLED MATCH!
LOOK! THE FACE OF THE CLOCK!
BUT SECONDS TO GO!


LEANING AGAINST A HIGH WIND THEY EDGE CLOSER TO THE PACKAGE OF DEATH!
HURRY, TORCH! IT'S READY TO GO OFF!
I'LL HAVE IT IN A SECOND!
TORCH LUNGES FORWARD. BUT JUST AS HE DOES...
CAREFUL! THERE IT GOES!
THE THERMITE BOMB EXPLODES, MELTING THROUGH THE CABLE!
FLAMING INTO ACTION TO NEUTRALIZE THE TERRIFIC HEAT OF THE THERMITE, TORCH TWISTS THE PACKAGE FROM THE CABLE!
TORCH! THE CABLE IS ALMOST GONE! IT'S STARTING TO GIVE WAY!
COME ON. WE'LL FIX THAT!
THE FLAME MASTERS ZOOM INTO ACTION!
THIS IS GOING TO BE TRICKY... SO STRUT YOUR STUFF!
MAN.. I'M STRUTTING!


HOW'S THIS, TORCH!
ATTA BOY, KIDDO!
QUICKLY, THE JOB IS DONE.
THAT FIXES THAT! LET'S GO BACK TO THOSE MUGS WE LEFT ON THE BRIDGE!
YEAH... THEY MUST BE GETTING PRETTY WARM!
THERE THEY ARE!
RIGHT! AND IT LOOKS LIKE WE'VE GOT COMPANY, TOO!
TURNING OFF THEIR FLAME, TORCH AND TORO GRAB THE SABOTEURS....
ALL RIGHT.. LET'S HAVE ALL THE DOPE!
SPILL IT, PAL, OR YOU'LL GET DUMPED IN FRONT OF THE NEXT TRAIN!
NO! NO! I'LL TELL YOU! GRETNOFF IS THE LEADER. HIS OFFICE IS ON THE 65th FLOOR OF THE SKY TOWERS BUILDING!
THESE GUYS ARE SABOTEURS... TURN THEM OVER TO THE POLICE, QUICK!
ZOOMING OFF, THE PAIR HEAD FOR GRETNOFF'S.
THERE'S THE SKY TOWER'S BUILDING!
LET'S CRASH THIS JOINT RIGHT!
GLASS SHATTERS TO THE FLOOR AS THEY PLUMMET THROUGH THE WINDOW!
HY'A, CHUMP!
WHAT THE!


SO THAT'S IT! A RADIO STATION! MISTER THIS IS GOING TO BE A PLEASURE!
STAND UP AND FIGHT, PICKLE PUSS!
YOU LITTLE!
OOF
POW!
BONG!
THERE'S A HAIRCUT FOR YOU!
FLOORING GRETNOFF, TORCH BLOWS THE FUSE OF THE RADIO SET WITH A WELL DIRECTED FINGER OF FLAME!
THAT SET WILL BE OUT OF COMMISSION FOR A WHILE!
PIG!
I'LL FIX YOU FOR THAT!
DASHING TO A DESK DRAWER, GRETNOFF, SNATCHES UP A BOTTLE OF NITROGLYCERINE, BUT-
...TORO THROWS A FIRE BALL AT GRETNOFF'S FEET!
YIII!
HERE'S A HOT-FOOT FOR YOU!
HE'S DROPPED THE BOTTLE!


TORCH DIVES IN!
GOT IT!
SOME TEAM WORK, EH?
QUICKLY RECOVERING, TORCH DIVES INTO GRETNOFF!
POW
TORCH REWELDS THE FUSE, WHILE TORO SENDS OUT AN EMERGENCY CALL TO THE POLICE!
ALL SET, TORO! GO TO PRESS!
THIS'LL EVEN BRING THE MARINES!
AS THE POLICE CLOSE IN AROUND THE BUILDING, THEY MEET THE SPIES ACCOMPLICES DASHING HEADLONG FROM THE PLACE!
906
NAB THEM!
INTO THEM, MEN!
NO YOU DON'T!
A FEW MINUTES LATER.
HEY, LOOK AT THIS! X MARKS THE SPOT!
HERE'S THE BIRD THAT'S BEEN CAUSING ALL YOUR TROUBLE. THIS BUILDING OVERLOOKS THE HARBOR, AND THEY'VE BEEN RADIOING CONVOY SHIPMENTS OUT TO THE SUBS!
A VERY NICE JOB, BOYS! YOU SURE CLEANED OUT THE WORKS!
THANKS A LOT, IT WAS A LOT OF FUN!
HO-HUM! I WISH SOMETHING WOULD HAPPEN TO BREAK THE MONOTONY!

Devil CAT

By MICKEY SPILLANE

SHARPLY, THE CLANG of the steel cage door echoed throughout the big tent. Mark Castel, whip in hand, strode into the emptiness of the barred enclosure. His hand shook. He jumped violently at the noise of the gate shutting on him.

Two months before he had been the most famed of all animal trainers. His daring in the arena was unsurpassed. Fearlessly, he would stride into a cage full of the most vicious animals of the jungle, beasts that were ready to tear him and each other apart at the slightest provocation. But his whip would crack, his chair would poke into the faces of the lions and tigers, forcing them to do his bidding. They snarled and grimaced, but they were afraid of this man. Afraid of his courage, his strength with his meager weapons, and the look in his eye that they could not stare down.

Every time he made his appearance, the crowd would roar. *His was* the feature act. Every person in the stands came to see him, alone, mastering the wild cats of the jungle! Their sleek bodies would come noiselessly down the wooden chute and jump to their positions on the top of their pedestals.

The whip would crack, the chair would go forward, and the tigers and lions would begin their weird routine. Glittering dangerously, the eyes of the animals would fasten on the slim man who commanded their every moment. If for a moment he relaxed his vigilance, there was the sudden snarl of defiance, a roar, and a yellow blur as one of the great cats shot through the air at him.

But the chair would come up, the whip crack across a blunt nose, and the cat would retire, snarling, to the stool. The audience *ate* it up! Even Mark enjoyed his knowledge of superiority over the brutes. Never for a second did he doubt that the cats could best him at this game! Every one of them hated the man, hated him with all their animal instinct. They waited only for the time when the chair could not be brought into play nor the whip crack.

In his belt was a gun. It served only to frighten the tawny beasts, for it had blank cartridges. Never would Mark take the chance of killing anything so valuable. His only protection against the sudden charges was the men outside the cage armed with hoses that were ready to spit a powerful stream of water at the cats if they started to attack him.

* * *

ALL THE PERFORMERS in the circus were ready to admit that Mark's was the most dangerous act of the group. None envied him the chance to match his wits against the fury and cunning of the death that paced silently in the cage. They would watch the daily work-outs before the show started with as much anxiety as did the paid customers, for it was during the actual training that the cats were most dangerous. In the evenings, the spotlights would hit the cage with their beams, blinding the animals into submission. Then, too, they were always held back by the roaring of the many strange voices.

It was during a workout nearly two months ago that it happened. Mark had entered the cage with all the confidence of a king. An attendant handed him the whip and chair, shut the steel door after him, then pulled up the gate of the chute that led to the cages. Swiftly, the soft padding of many feet came down the wooden runway, and eight huge cats entered the great cage.

Rex came first, a giant, dark-maned lion that fairly shouted that he was the leader of the pack. He trotted out, bunched his muscles for a leap, then jumped to the high perch that was his. Keena was next, a young male tiger that snarled at anything in his path. Keena was new to the circus, and hated everything about it.

This day he was *mad*. He braked swiftly when he ran out of the chute, and faced Mark, defiance in his little eyes. The hair on his striped back rose slowly as he measured the distance for a leap at the trainer. Mark brought the whip up. A swift snap, and it lashed across Keena's face. The cat howled, *turned* . . . and jumped up next to Rex.

Immediately the Kings' paw went out and cuffed him sharply. The next instant the cage was a maze of flying fur and the furious growls of the fighters. Without hesitation Mark went in. The chair battered into the cats' faces while the whip whistled through the air, and cracked time after time! A jet of water hit them both, throwing them to the side of the cage.

THAT STOPPED the fight, but the fury was still in Keena's eyes. The tiger's shackles rose every time Mark came near. Then the act began. Responding neatly to every command, the lions jumped over their striped partners. They hopped on barrels and rolled them around the barred arena. Gradually the act went on faster and faster, until it came time for the cats to walk the tight-rope.

They were half way across when the performers outside the cage began to cheer. Mark turned his head to acknowledge the applause . . . *and Keena jumped!* The snarling, spitting demon landed on Mark's back. Claws raked through his shirt and sharp teeth sunk into his shoulder. Bones crunched under the mighty jaws. Before anyone could move, a yellow flash whipped across space, and the body of the king of the pack hit the tiger!

Then the king tore into the other cat. The tiger was young, but he didn't stand a *chance* against the unleashed fury of the lion. Outside, the men manned the powerful water hoses and the fight broke up. The cats retired into the chute. An attendant ran to the cage, picked up the torn body of the trainer and sped him to a hospital.

For two months he laid on his hospital cot, his feverish brain continually brooding over the fateful day. His nerve was *gone*, he was sure of that! When he returned to the lot he quivered at the thought of having to again enter the cage with the cats. Mark hated himself for his cowardice. He realized that if he could only force himself to enter the empty cage, he also would be able to face the cats once more.

So, while everyone slept in the wagons, he crept softly into the Big Top. He nervously carried his whip and chair. Every part of his body shook with fear. Why? The cage was empty! Surely nothing could happen now! He reached the cage door, opened it and stepped inside. The clang made him jump . . . for he had forgotten that it was securely shut now. The lock could only be opened from the outside! Beads of perspiration grew on his wrinkled forehead!

IN HIS CAGE not far away, Keena sniffed the air. His back arched with hate, for he again scented his enemy. The cat was a wary one. He padded to the sliding gate at the end of his cage. For a minute he toyed with it, then a claw went under it and the gate rose. Keena's nose went into it, pushed, and his body squeezed into the chute! Silently, he crawled to the other end.

An inner sense turned Mark around. There, staring at him from the chute at the door which someone had carelessly neglected to close was a pair of green, devilish eyes. Mark froze, his blood ran cold! Then the cat charged! Mark's instinct saved him. The whip split the air and the chair rammed into the tiger. The weight of the cat knocked him over, but Mark scrambled to his feet.

Like a cat himself, he set himself to meet the next rush. Keena crouched, then sprang! Mark ducked under the attack. As the tiger passed over him he rammed the chair into its belly. That hurt. Keena was more cautious this time. He didn't set to jump again . . . instead, he quietly stalked the trainer. With muscles rippling under his coat, the cat circled Mark, coming closer each time.

Mark cracked the whip in front of him, waving the chair about. The four legs confused the cat. He reared up on his hind legs and pawed at them. Mark brought the blunt butt-end of the whip down across Keena's nose. Keena recoiled, spitting his hate. Then Mark became the aggressor. With his flimsy weapons he forced the tiger into a corner.

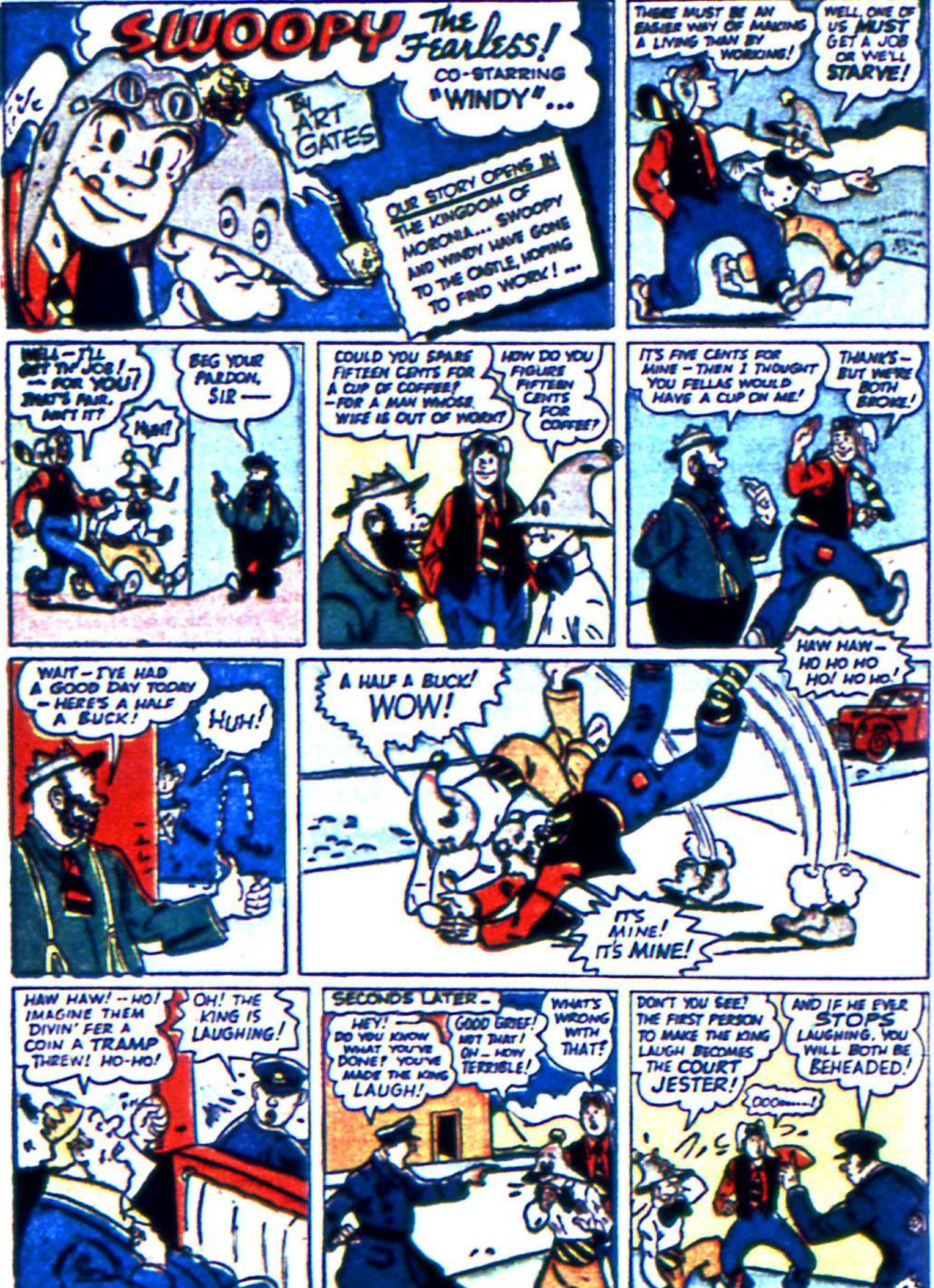
That was a mistake! With a new and sudden fury Keena charged! He hit the chair and knocked Mark over backwards, his claws raking the air desperately. Before Mark could rise, the cat was on him. His fear was forgotten . . . Mark was furious. He kicked out with all his newfound strength and swung a blow at the tiger's head! Keena rolled off.

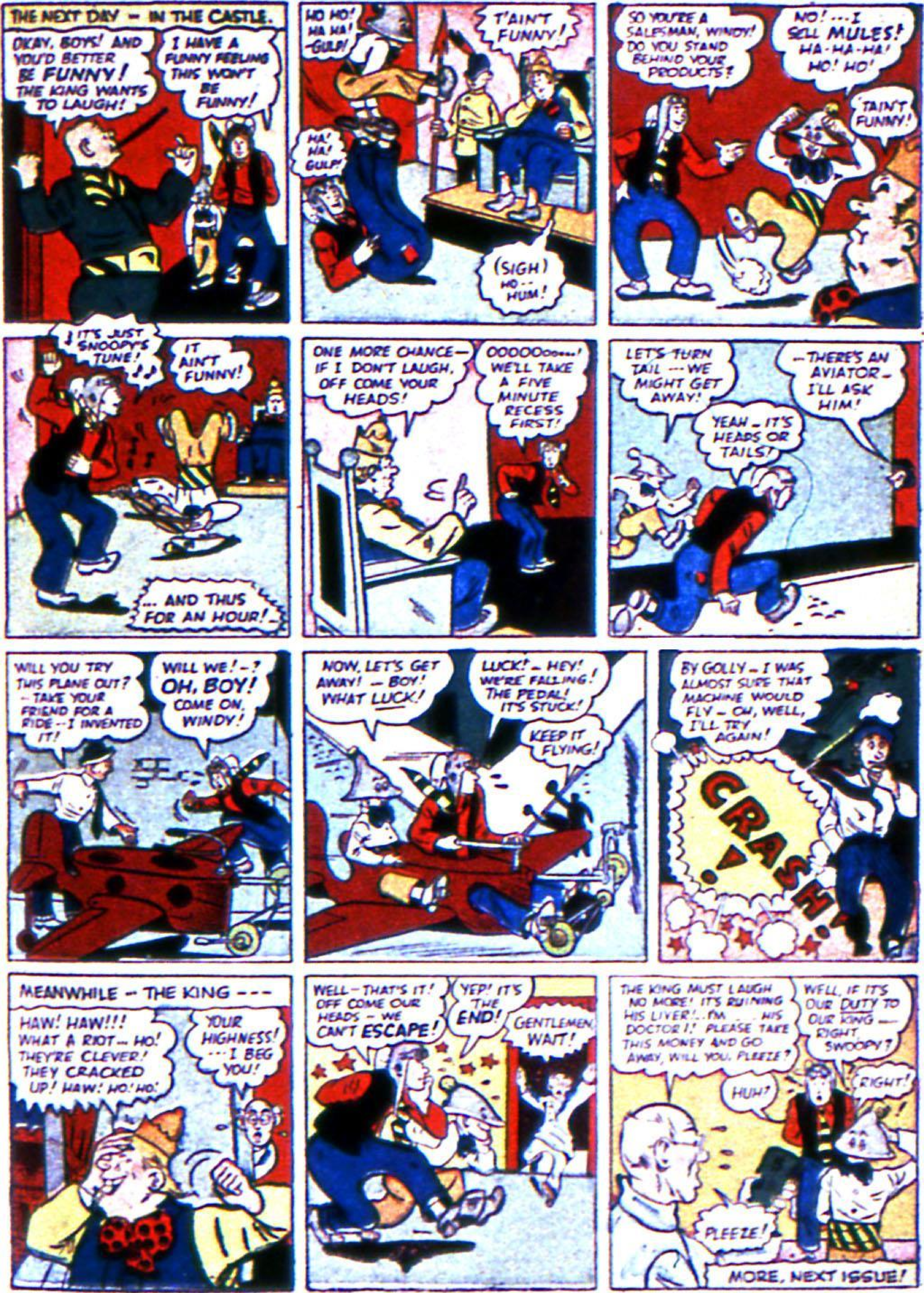
IN AN INSTANT Mark was on his feet, chair and whip forgotten! He went after Keena with his feet and hands. He kicked, and his boot *"thocked"* under Keena's chin. With a sharp snarl, the cat rose on his hind legs and pawed the air, his sharp claws flashing in the dim light from the single bulb overhead. This was nothing new to Mark. He feinted one way, then came in like a boxer with a fist to the exposed underside of the tiger. Keena dropped to his feet and backed off.

Mark had forgotten that minutes before he had shivered with fear when he went to enter an empty cage. Now he faced one of the most dangerous of jungle beasts without a quiver. Again and again he came in on the cat. This was something new to Keena, and the tiger was confused. Keena lashed out at the boot that was tormenting him, but each time Mark ducked the savage claws.

Suddenly the place was a bedlam of shouts. The circus attendants ran into the place expecting to find the mangled remains of the trainer under the teeth of the tiger. They were astounded, for the big cat lay in a corner, scared stiff by the fury of the man. Mark went over to him, ignored the bared teeth, then bent down and cuffed the hairy face with a backhanded slap. This time Mark turned to receive the acclaim of his friends. He nodded his head at their applause, but even though he was the undisputable master once more, he kept the shaking form of the cat well covered out of the corner of his eye!

THE END


SWOOPY The Fearless!
CO-STARRING "WINDY"...
By ART GATES
OUR STORY OPENS IN THE KINGDOM OF MORONIA... SWOOPY AND WINDY HAVE GONE TO THE CASTLE, HOPING TO FIND WORK! ...
THERE MUST BE AN EASIER WAY OF MAKING A LIVING THAN BY WORKING!
WELL, ONE OF US MUST GET A JOB OR WE'LL STARVE!
WELL—I'LL GET TH' JOB! —FOR YOU! THAT'S FAIR, AIN'T IT?
HUH!
BEG YOUR PARDON, SIR —
COULD YOU SPARE FIFTEEN CENTS FOR A CUP OF COFFEE? —FOR A MAN WHOSE WIFE IS OUT OF WORK?
HOW DO YOU FIGURE FIFTEEN CENTS FOR COFFEE?
IT'S FIVE CENTS FOR MINE — THEN I THOUGHT YOU FELLAS WOULD HAVE A CUP ON ME!
THANKS— BUT WE'RE BOTH BROKE!
WAIT— I'VE HAD A GOOD DAY TODAY —HERE'S A HALF A BUCK!
HUH!
A HALF A BUCK! WOW!
HAW HAW— HO HO HO HO! HO HO!
IT'S MINE! IT'S MINE!
HAW HAW! —HO! IMAGINE THEM DIVIN' FER A COIN A TRAMP THREW! HO-HO!
OH! THE KING IS LAUGHING!
SECONDS LATER—
HEY! — DO YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'VE DONE? YOU'VE MADE THE KING LAUGH!
GOOD GRIEF! NOT THAT! OH— HOW TERRIBLE!
WHAT'S WRONG WITH THAT?
DON'T YOU SEE! THE FIRST PERSON TO MAKE THE KING LAUGH BECOMES THE COURT JESTER!
AND IF HE EVER STOPS LAUGHING, YOU WILL BOTH BE BEHEADED!
OOO-----!


THE NEXT DAY — IN THE CASTLE.
OKAY, BOYS! AND YOU'D BETTER BE FUNNY! THE KING WANTS TO LAUGH!
I HAVE A FUNNY FEELING THIS WON'T BE FUNNY!
HO HO! HA HA! GULP!
T'AIN'T FUNNY!
HA! HA! GULP!
(SIGH) HO-- HUM!
SO YOU'RE A SALESMAN, WINDY! DO YOU STAND BEHIND YOUR PRODUCTS?
NO! ... I SELL MULES! HA-HA-HA! HO! HO!
TAIN'T FUNNY!
IT'S JUST SNOOPY'S TUNE!
IT AIN'T FUNNY!
... AND THUS FOR AN HOUR!
ONE MORE CHANCE— IF I DON'T LAUGH, OFF COME YOUR HEADS!
OOOOOOoo...! WE'LL TAKE A FIVE MINUTE RECESS FIRST!
LET'S TURN TAIL --- WE MIGHT GET AWAY!
YEAH - IT'S HEADS OR TAILS!
-- THERE'S AN AVIATOR - I'LL ASK HIM!
WILL YOU TRY THIS PLANE OUT? --TAKE YOUR FRIEND FOR A RIDE -- I INVENTED IT!
WILL WE! -? OH, BOY! COME ON, WINDY!
NOW, LET'S GET AWAY! -- BOY! WHAT LUCK!
LUCK! - HEY! WE'RE FALLING! THE PEDAL! IT'S STUCK!
KEEP IT FLYING!
BY GOLLY - I WAS ALMOST SURE THAT MACHINE WOULD FLY - OH, WELL, I'LL TRY AGAIN!
CRASH!
MEANWHILE -- THE KING ---
HAW! HAW!!! WHAT A RIOT -- HO! THEY'RE CLEVER! THEY CRACKED UP! HAW! HO! HO!
YOUR HIGHNESS! ... I BEG YOU!
WELL - THAT'S IT! OFF COME OUR HEADS - WE CAN'T ESCAPE!
YEP! IT'S THE END!
GENTLEMEN, WAIT!
THE KING MUST LAUGH NO MORE! IT'S RUINING HIS LIVER!..I'M ... HIS DOCTOR!! PLEASE TAKE THIS MONEY AND GO AWAY, WILL YOU. PLEEZE?
WELL, IF IT'S OUR DUTY TO OUR KING — RIGHT, SWOOPY?
HUH?
RIGHT!
PLEEZE!
MORE, NEXT ISSUE!

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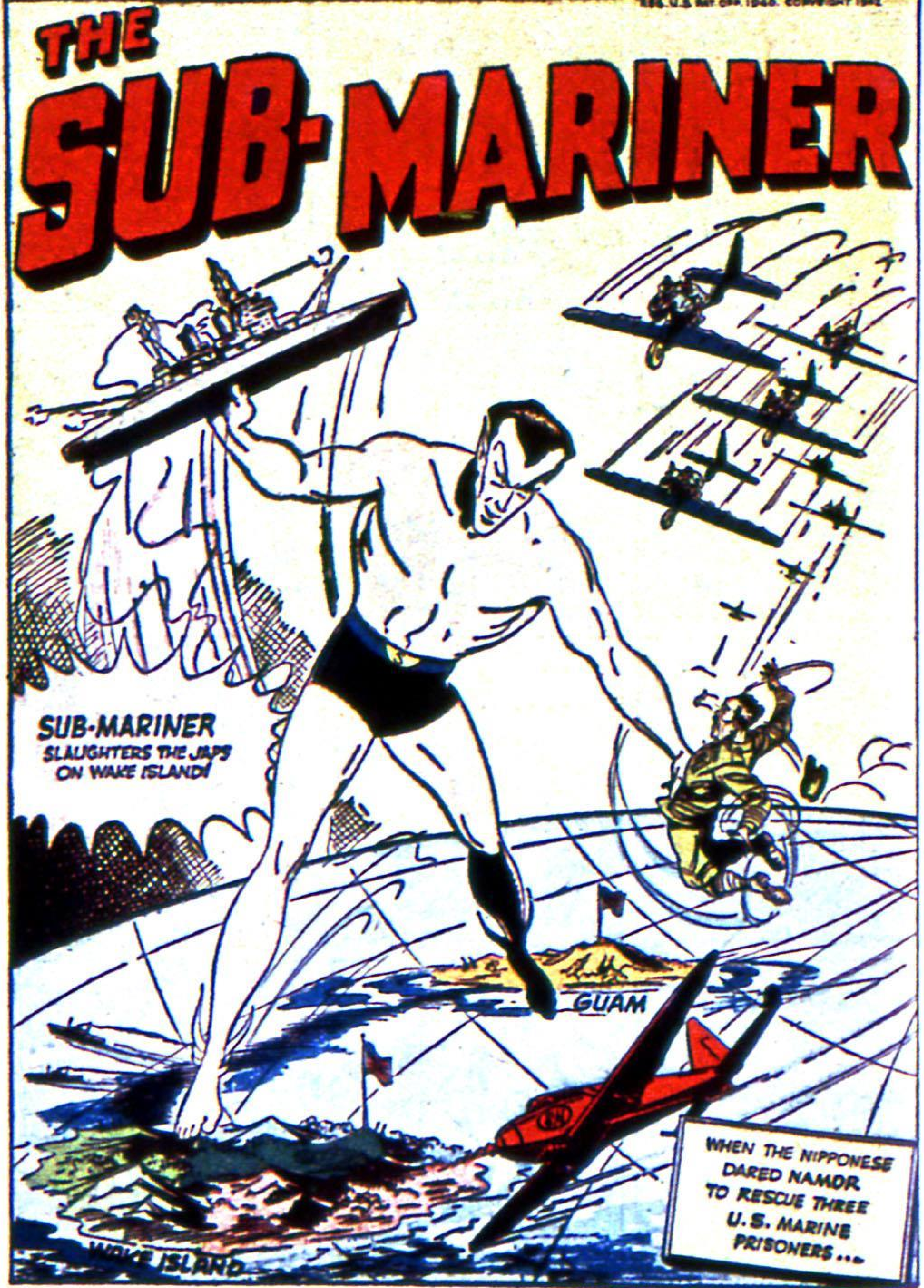
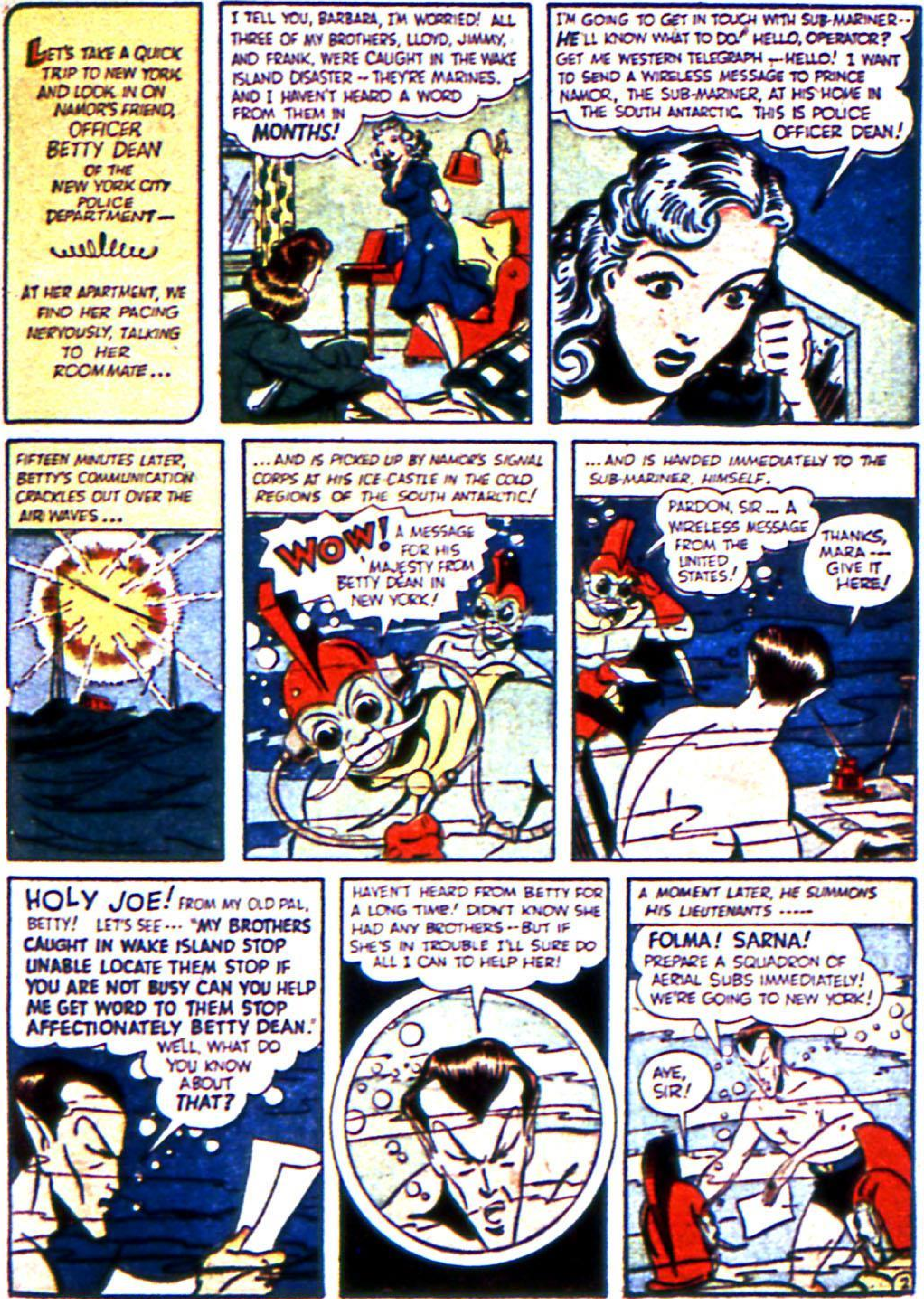
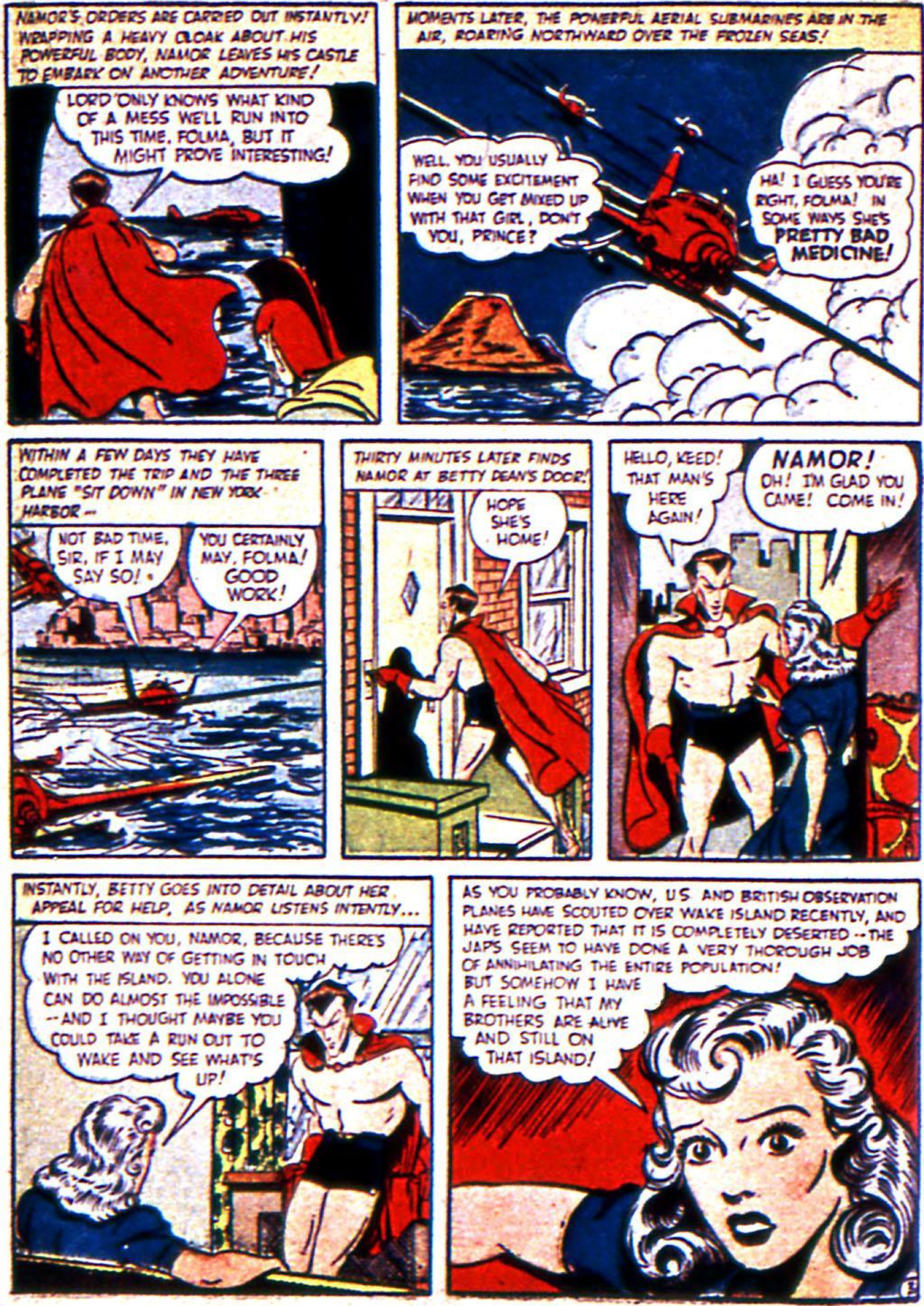
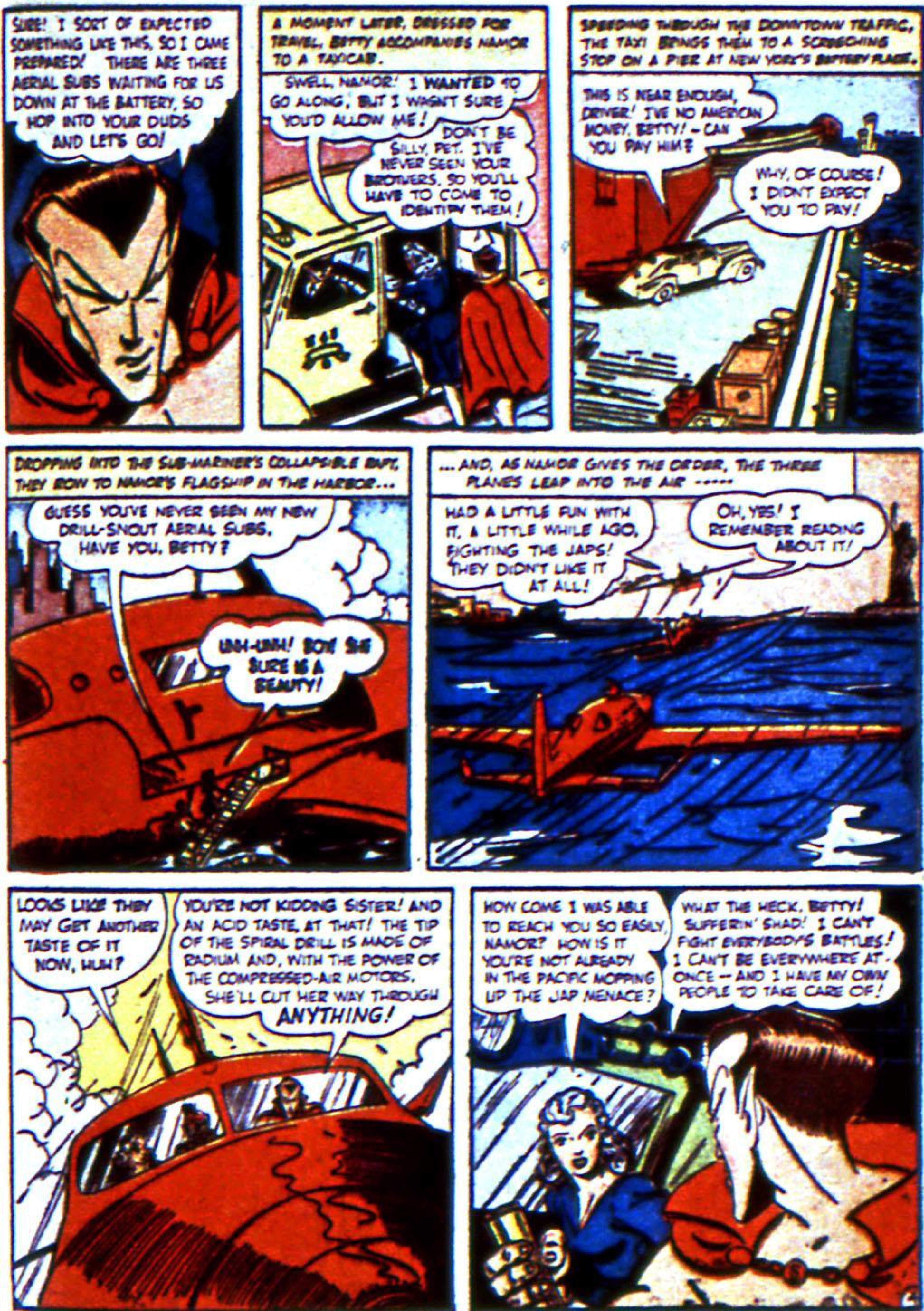
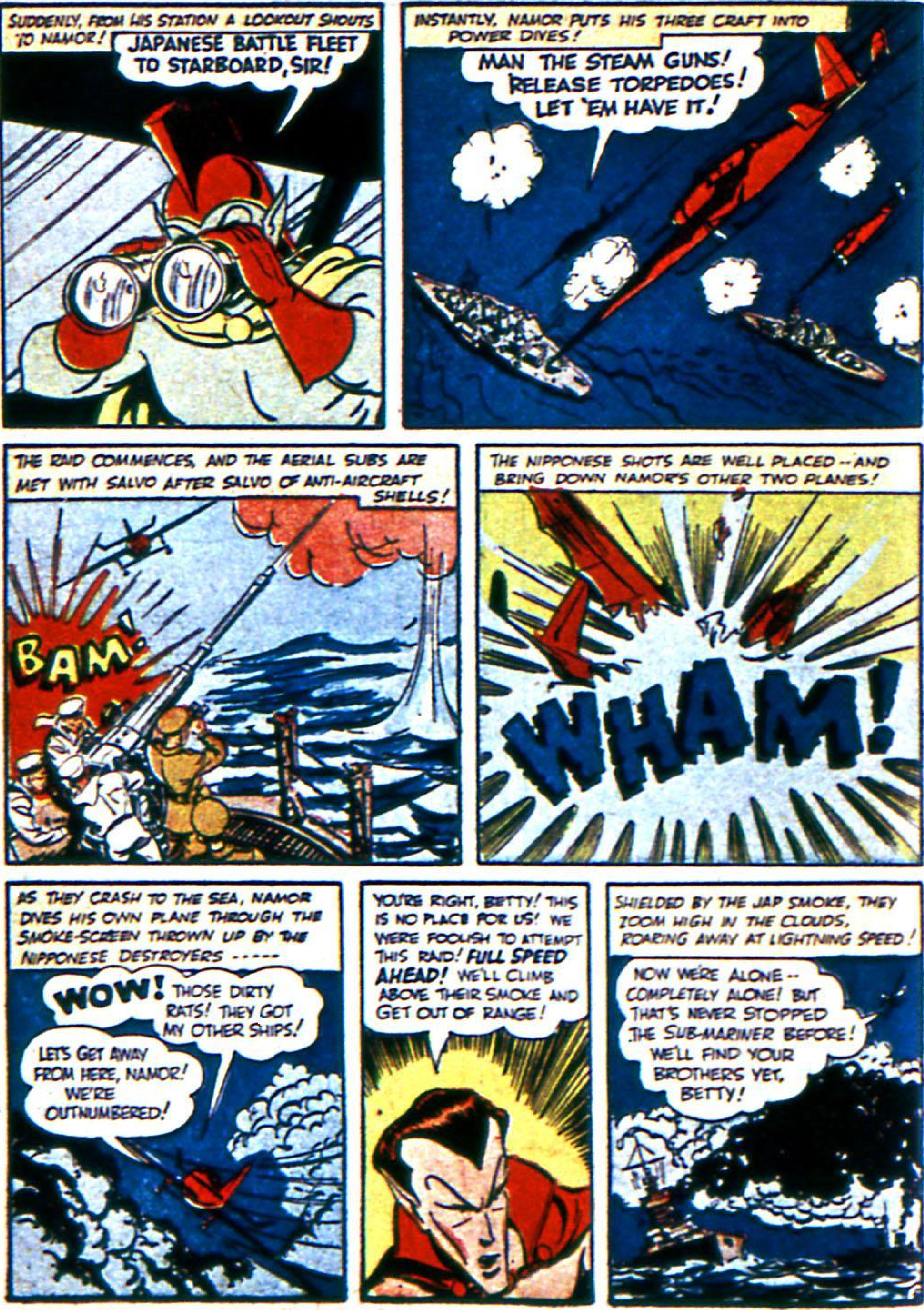
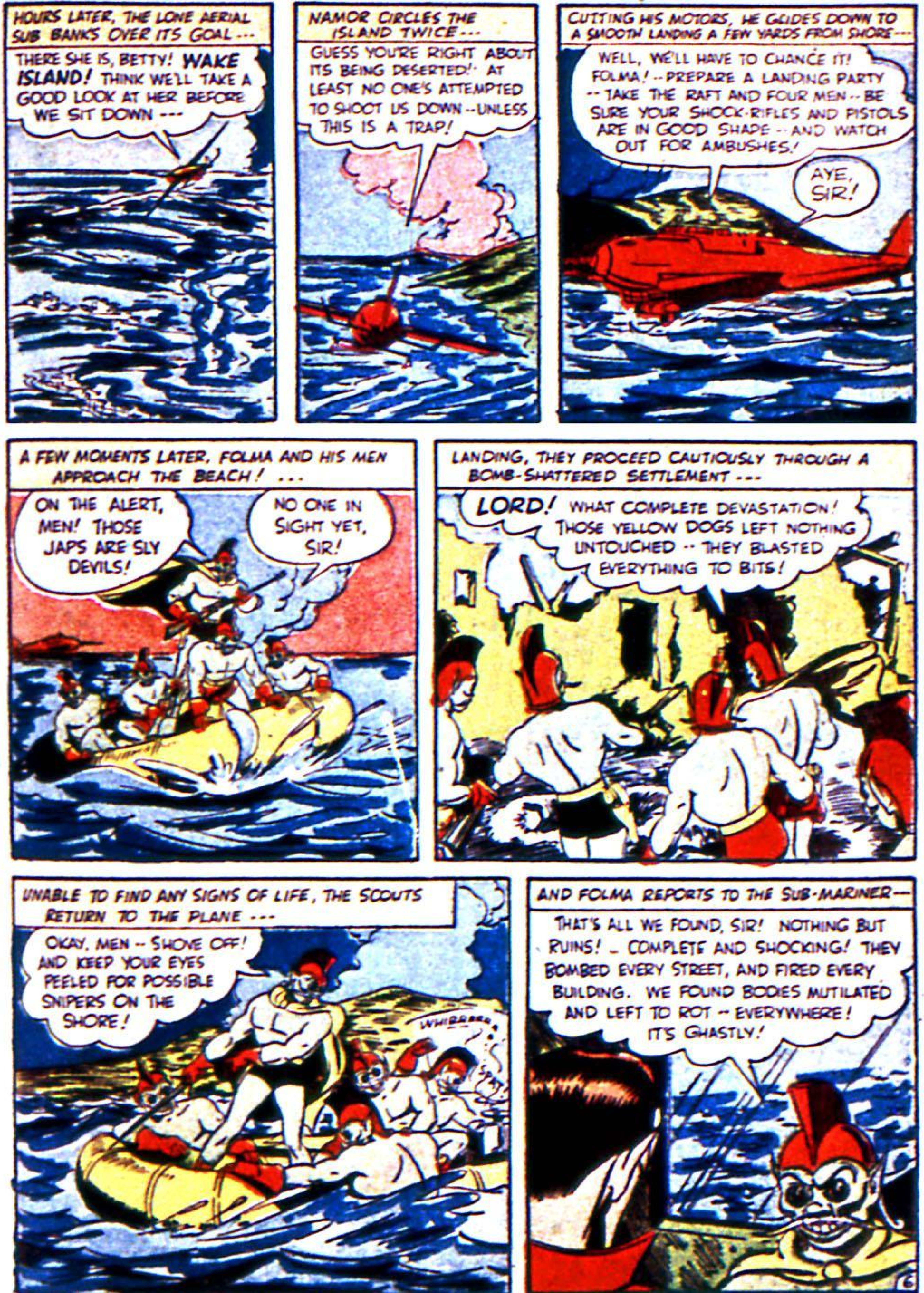

THE SUB-MARINER
SUB-MARINER SLAUGHTERS THE JAPS ON WAKE ISLAND!
GUAM
WAKE ISLAND
WHEN THE NIPPONESE DARED NAMOR TO RESCUE THREE U.S. MARINE PRISONERS...

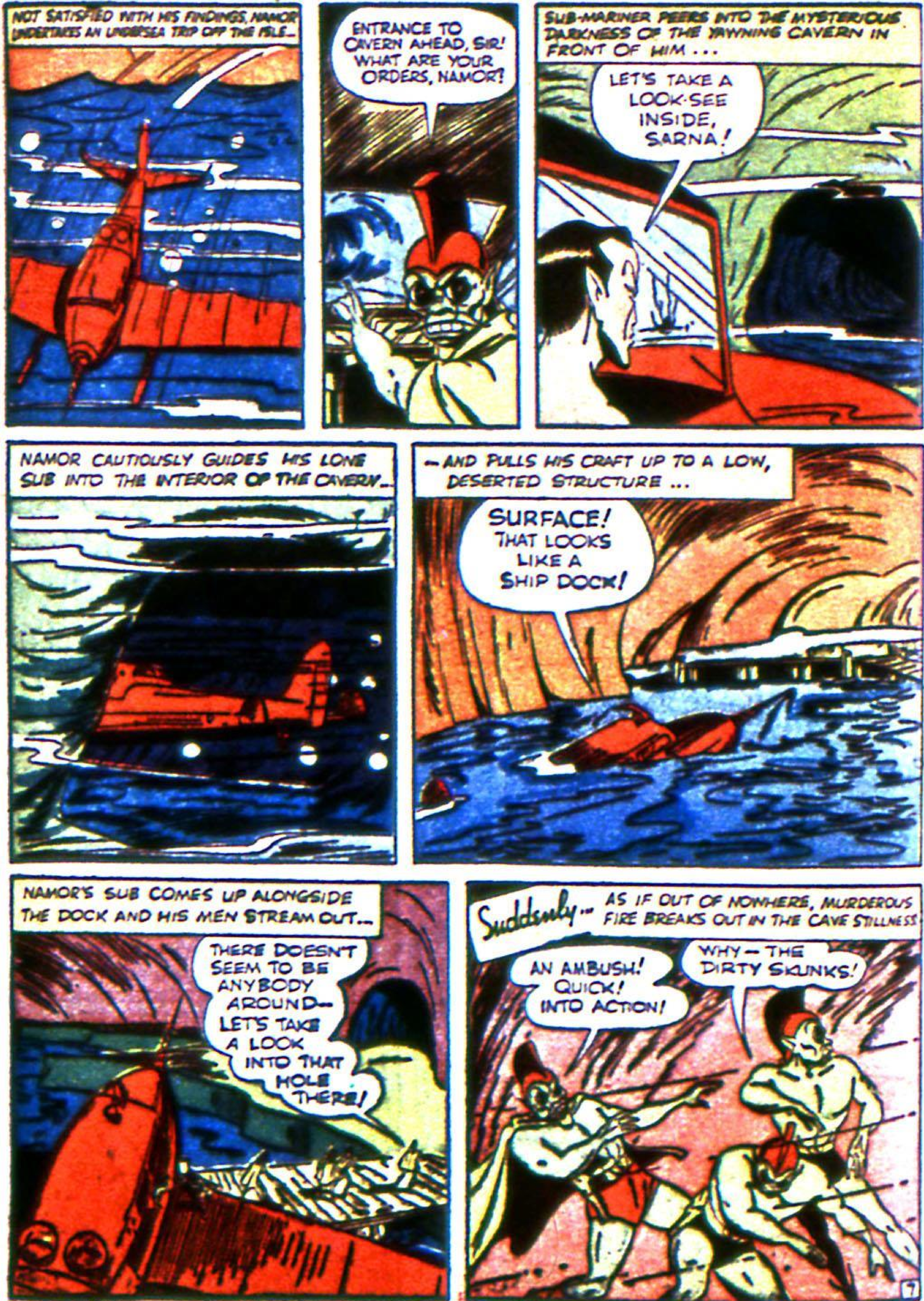

LET'S TAKE A QUICK TRIP TO NEW YORK AND LOOK IN ON NAMOR'S FRIEND, OFFICER BETTY DEAN OF THE NEW YORK CITY POLICE DEPARTMENT—
AT HER APARTMENT, WE FIND HER PACING NERVOUSLY, TALKING TO HER ROOMMATE...
I TELL YOU, BARBARA, I'M WORRIED! ALL THREE OF MY BROTHERS, LLOYD, JIMMY, AND FRANK, WERE CAUGHT IN THE WAKE ISLAND DISASTER -- THEY'RE MARINES. AND I HAVEN'T HEARD A WORD FROM THEM IN MONTHS!
I'M GOING TO GET IN TOUCH WITH SUB-MARINER -- HE'LL KNOW WHAT TO DO! HELLO, OPERATOR? GET ME WESTERN TELEGRAPH -- HELLO! I WANT TO SEND A WIRELESS MESSAGE TO PRINCE NAMOR, THE SUB-MARINER, AT HIS HOME IN THE SOUTH ANTARCTIC. THIS IS POLICE OFFICER DEAN!
FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER, BETTY'S COMMUNICATION CRACKLES OUT OVER THE AIR WAVES...
...AND IS PICKED UP BY NAMOR'S SIGNAL CORPS AT HIS ICE-CASTLE IN THE COLD REGIONS OF THE SOUTH ANTARCTIC!
WOW! A MESSAGE FOR HIS MAJESTY FROM BETTY DEAN IN NEW YORK!
...AND IS HANDED IMMEDIATELY TO THE SUB-MARINER, HIMSELF.
PARDON, SIR ... A WIRELESS MESSAGE FROM THE UNITED STATES!
THANKS, MARA --- GIVE IT HERE!
HOLY JOE! FROM MY OLD PAL, BETTY! LET'S SEE --- "MY BROTHERS CAUGHT IN WAKE ISLAND STOP UNABLE LOCATE THEM STOP IF YOU ARE NOT BUSY CAN YOU HELP ME GET WORD TO THEM STOP AFFECTIONATELY BETTY DEAN." WELL, WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THAT?
HAVEN'T HEARD FROM BETTY FOR A LONG TIME! DIDN'T KNOW SHE HAD ANY BROTHERS -- BUT IF SHE'S IN TROUBLE I'LL SURE DO ALL I CAN TO HELP HER!
A MOMENT LATER, HE SUMMONS HIS LIEUTENANTS -----
FOLMA! SARNA! PREPARE A SQUADRON OF AERIAL SUBS IMMEDIATELY! WE'RE GOING TO NEW YORK!
AYE, SIR!

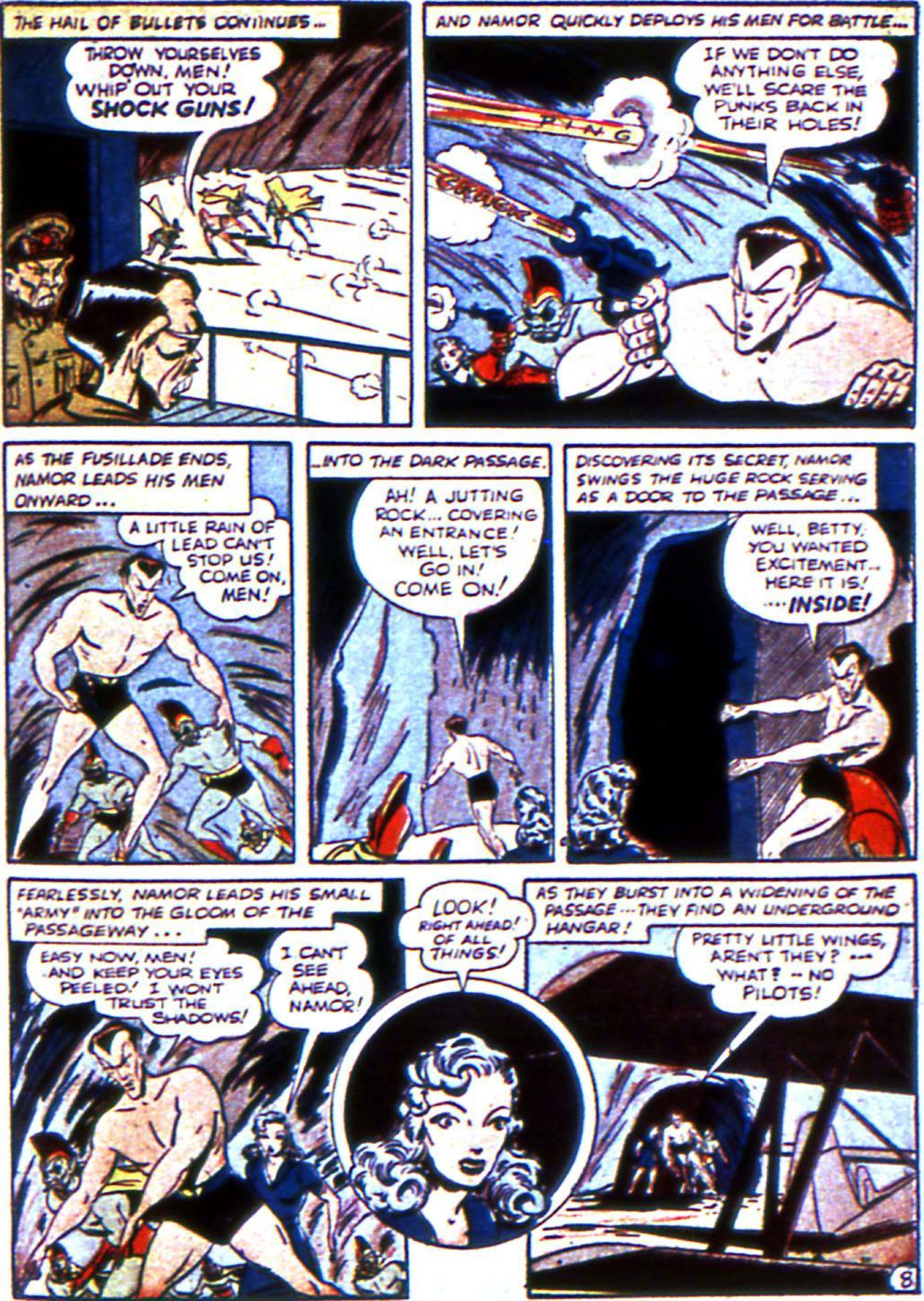

NAMOR'S ORDERS ARE CARRIED OUT INSTANTLY! WRAPPING A HEAVY CLOAK ABOUT HIS POWERFUL BODY, NAMOR LEAVES HIS CASTLE TO EMBARK ON ANOTHER ADVENTURE!
LORD ONLY KNOWS WHAT KIND OF A MESS WE'LL RUN INTO THIS TIME, FOLMA, BUT IT MIGHT PROVE INTERESTING!
MOMENTS LATER, THE POWERFUL AERIAL SUBMARINES ARE IN THE AIR, ROARING NORTHWARD OVER THE FROZEN SEAS!
WELL, YOU USUALLY FIND SOME EXCITEMENT WHEN YOU GET MIXED UP WITH THAT GIRL, DON'T YOU, PRINCE?
HA! I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT, FOLMA! IN SOME WAYS SHE'S **PRETTY BAD MEDICINE!**
WITHIN A FEW DAYS THEY HAVE COMPLETED THE TRIP AND THE THREE PLANE "SIT DOWN" IN NEW YORK HARBOR --
NOT BAD TIME, SIR, IF I MAY SAY SO!
YOU CERTAINLY MAY, FOLMA! GOOD WORK!
THIRTY MINUTES LATER FINDS NAMOR AT BETTY DEAN'S DOOR!
HOPE SHE'S HOME!
HELLO, KEED! THAT MAN'S HERE AGAIN!
NAMOR! OH! I'M GLAD YOU CAME! COME IN!
INSTANTLY, BETTY GOES INTO DETAIL ABOUT HER APPEAL FOR HELP, AS NAMOR LISTENS INTENTLY...
I CALLED ON YOU, NAMOR, BECAUSE THERE'S NO OTHER WAY OF GETTING IN TOUCH WITH THE ISLAND. YOU ALONE CAN DO ALMOST THE IMPOSSIBLE --AND I THOUGHT MAYBE YOU COULD TAKE A RUN OUT TO WAKE AND SEE WHAT'S UP!
AS YOU PROBABLY KNOW, U.S. AND BRITISH OBSERVATION PLANES HAVE SCOUTED OVER WAKE ISLAND RECENTLY, AND HAVE REPORTED THAT IT IS COMPLETELY DESERTED -- THE JAPS SEEM TO HAVE DONE A VERY THOROUGH JOB OF ANNIHILATING THE ENTIRE POPULATION! BUT SOMEHOW I HAVE A FEELING THAT MY BROTHERS ARE ALIVE AND STILL ON THAT ISLAND!
3

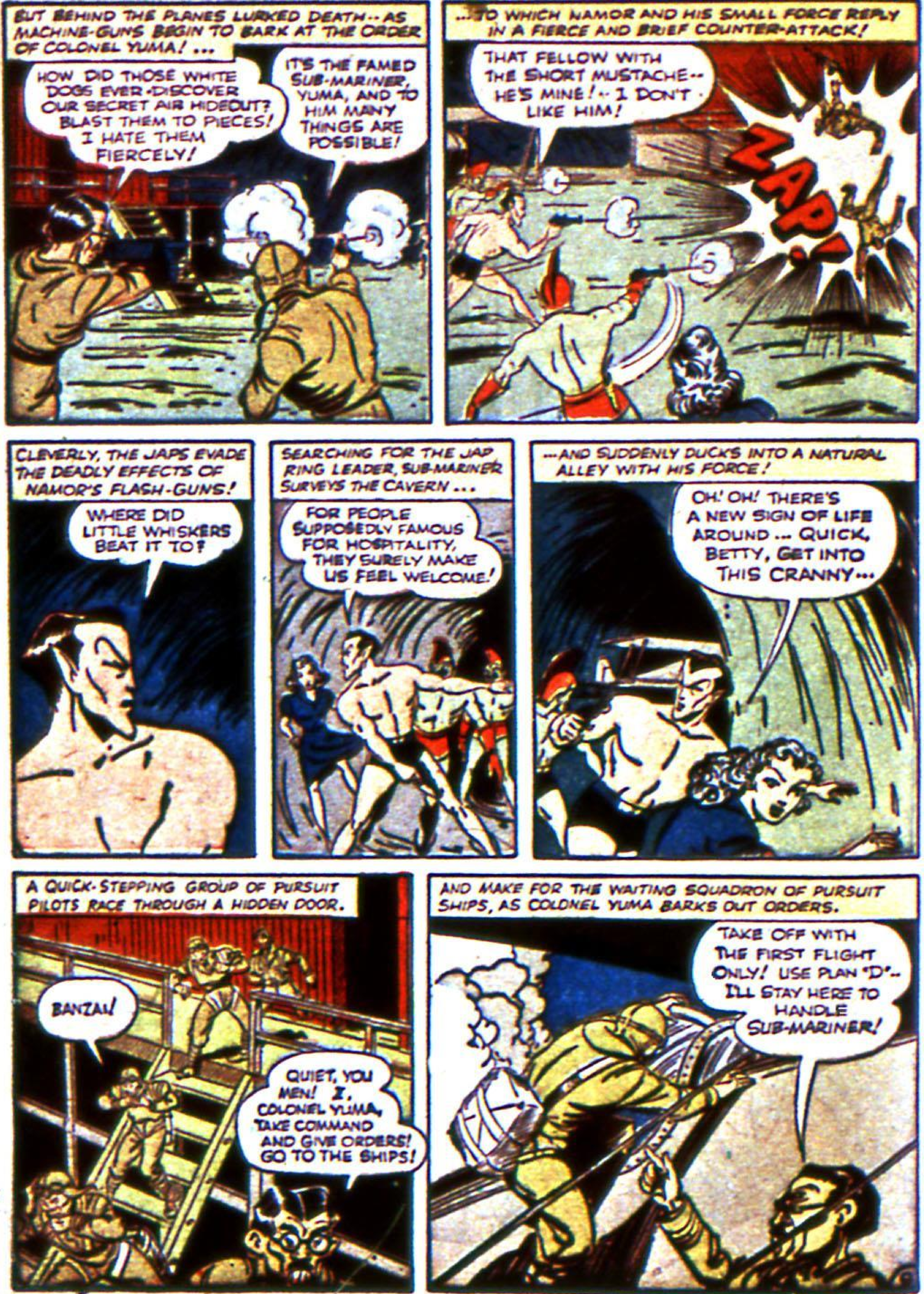

SURE! I SORT OF EXPECTED SOMETHING LIKE THIS, SO I CAME PREPARED! THERE ARE THREE AERIAL SUBS WAITING FOR US DOWN AT THE BATTERY, SO HOP INTO YOUR DUDS AND LET'S GO!
A MOMENT LATER, DRESSED FOR TRAVEL, BETTY ACCOMPANIES NAMOR TO A TAXICAB.
SWELL, NAMOR! I WANTED TO GO ALONG, BUT I WASN'T SURE YOU'D ALLOW ME!
DON'T BE SILLY, PET. I'VE NEVER SEEN YOUR BROTHERS, SO YOU'LL HAVE TO COME TO IDENTIFY THEM!
SPEEDING THROUGH THE DOWNTOWN TRAFFIC, THE TAXI BRINGS THEM TO A SCREECHING STOP ON A PIER AT NEW YORK'S BATTERY PLACE.
THIS IS NEAR ENOUGH, DRIVER! I'VE NO AMERICAN MONEY, BETTY! - CAN YOU PAY HIM?
WHY, OF COURSE! I DIDN'T EXPECT YOU TO PAY!
DROPPING INTO THE SUB-MARINER'S COLLAPSIBLE RAFT, THEY ROW TO NAMOR'S FLAGSHIP IN THE HARBOR...
GUESS YOU'VE NEVER SEEN MY NEW DRILL-SNOUT AERIAL SUBS, HAVE YOU, BETTY?
UNH-UNH! BOY! SHE SURE IS A BEAUTY!
... AND, AS NAMOR GIVES THE ORDER, THE THREE PLANES LEAP INTO THE AIR -----
HAD A LITTLE FUN WITH IT, A LITTLE WHILE AGO, FIGHTING THE JAPS! THEY DIDN'T LIKE IT AT ALL!
OH, YES! I REMEMBER READING ABOUT IT!
LOOKS LIKE THEY MAY GET ANOTHER TASTE OF IT NOW, HUH?
YOU'RE NOT KIDDING SISTER! AND AN ACID TASTE, AT THAT! THE TIP OF THE SPIRAL DRILL IS MADE OF RADIUM AND, WITH THE POWER OF THE COMPRESSED-AIR MOTORS, SHE'LL CUT HER WAY THROUGH ANYTHING!
HOW COME I WAS ABLE TO REACH YOU SO EASILY, NAMOR? HOW IS IT YOU'RE NOT ALREADY IN THE PACIFIC MOPPING UP THE JAP MENACE?
WHAT THE HECK, BETTY! SUFFERIN' SHAD! I CAN'T FIGHT EVERYBODY'S BATTLES! I CAN'T BE EVERYWHERE AT ONCE -- AND I HAVE MY OWN PEOPLE TO TAKE CARE OF!

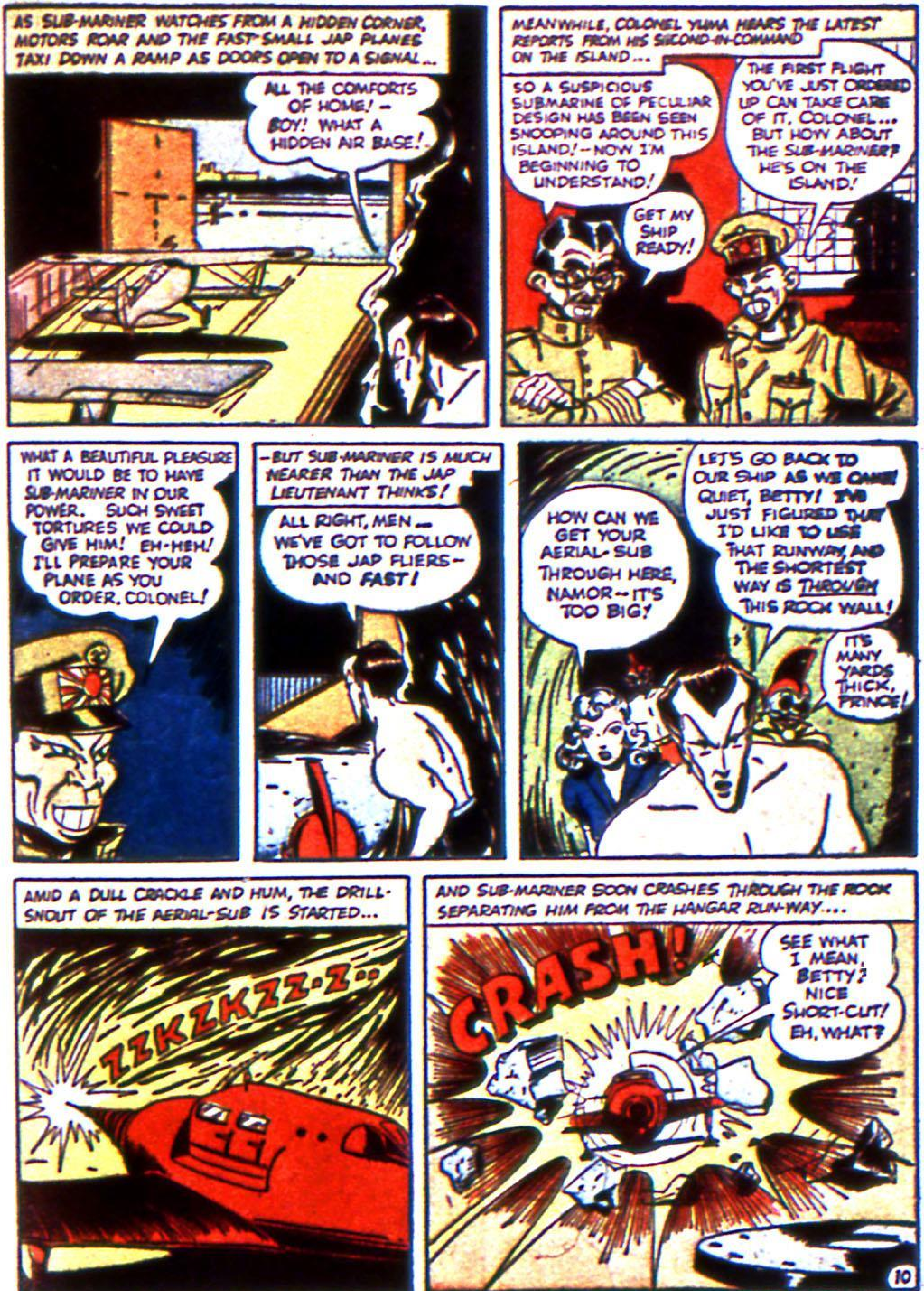

SUDDENLY, FROM HIS STATION A LOOKOUT SHOUTS TO NAMOR!
JAPANESE BATTLE FLEET TO STARBOARD, SIR!
INSTANTLY, NAMOR PUTS HIS THREE CRAFT INTO POWER DIVES!
MAN THE STEAM GUNS! RELEASE TORPEDOES! LET 'EM HAVE IT!
THE RAID COMMENCES, AND THE AERIAL SUBS ARE MET WITH SALVO AFTER SALVO OF ANTI-AIRCRAFT SHELLS!
BAM!
THE NIPPONESE SHOTS ARE WELL PLACED -- AND BRING DOWN NAMOR'S OTHER TWO PLANES!
WHAM!
AS THEY CRASH TO THE SEA, NAMOR DIVES HIS OWN PLANE THROUGH THE SMOKE-SCREEN THROWN UP BY THE NIPPONESE DESTROYERS -----
WOW! THOSE DIRTY RATS! THEY GOT MY OTHER SHIPS!
LET'S GET AWAY FROM HERE, NAMOR! WE'RE OUTNUMBERED!
YOU'RE RIGHT, BETTY! THIS IS NO PLACE FOR US! WE WERE FOOLISH TO ATTEMPT THIS RAID! FULL SPEED AHEAD! WE'LL CLIMB ABOVE THEIR SMOKE AND GET OUT OF RANGE!
SHIELDED BY THE JAP SMOKE, THEY ZOOM HIGH IN THE CLOUDS, ROARING AWAY AT LIGHTNING SPEED!
NOW WE'RE ALONE -- COMPLETELY ALONE! BUT THAT'S NEVER STOPPED THE SUB-MARINER BEFORE! WE'LL FIND YOUR BROTHERS YET, BETTY!

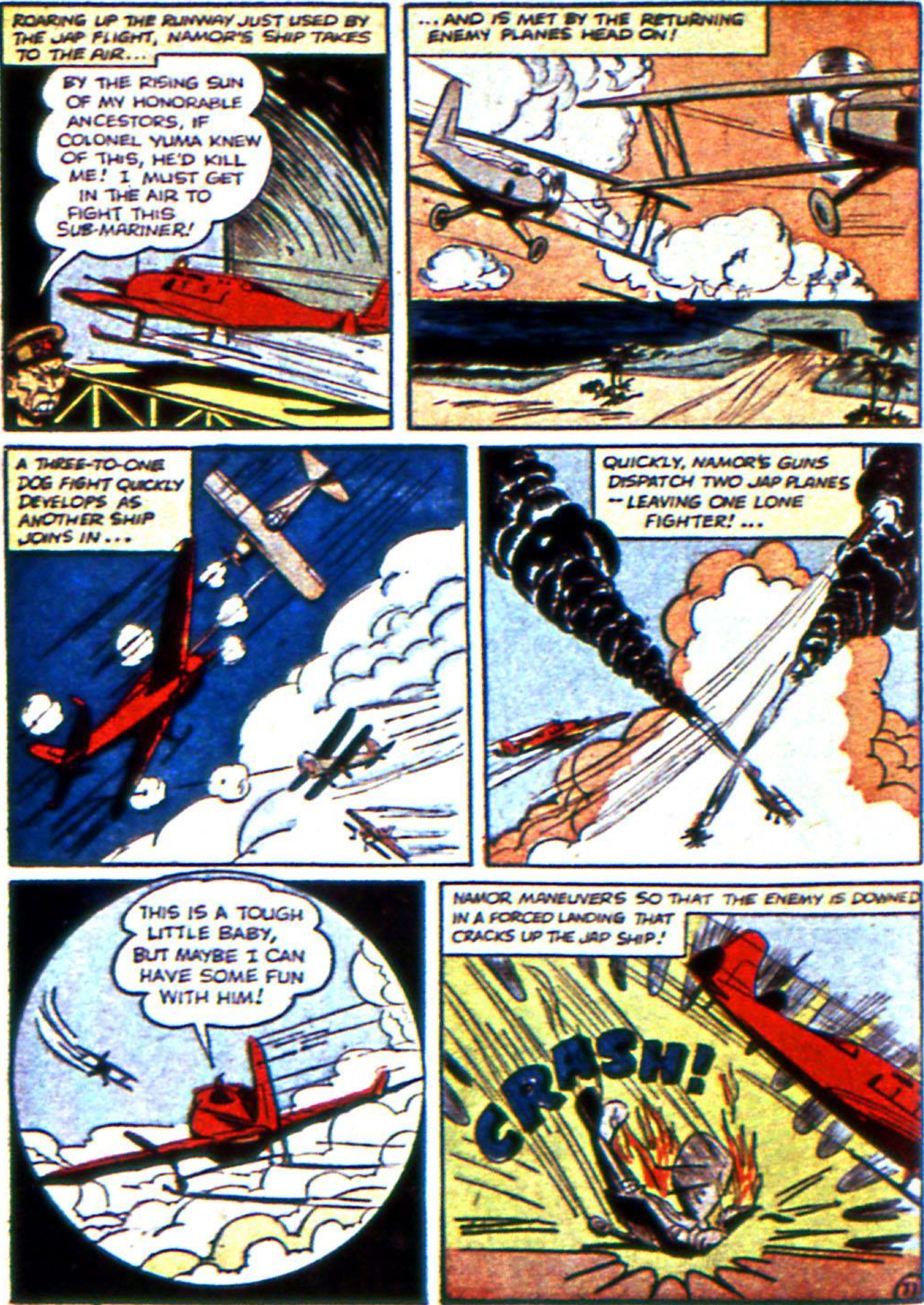

HOURS LATER, THE LONE AERIAL SUB BANKS OVER ITS GOAL ---
THERE SHE IS, BETTY! WAKE ISLAND! THINK WE'LL TAKE A GOOD LOOK AT HER BEFORE WE SIT DOWN ---
NAMOR CIRCLES THE ISLAND TWICE ---
GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT ABOUT ITS BEING DESERTED! AT LEAST NO ONE'S ATTEMPTED TO SHOOT US DOWN -- UNLESS THIS IS A TRAP!
CUTTING HIS MOTORS, HE GLIDES DOWN TO A SMOOTH LANDING A FEW YARDS FROM SHORE ---
WELL, WE'LL HAVE TO CHANCE IT! FOLMA! -- PREPARE A LANDING PARTY -- TAKE THE RAFT AND FOUR MEN -- BE SURE YOUR SHOCK-RIFLES AND PISTOLS ARE IN GOOD SHAPE -- AND WATCH OUT FOR AMBUSHES!
AYE, SIR!
A FEW MOMENTS LATER, FOLMA AND HIS MEN APPROACH THE BEACH! ...
ON THE ALERT, MEN! THOSE JAPS ARE SLY DEVILS!
NO ONE IN SIGHT YET, SIR!
LANDING, THEY PROCEED CAUTIOUSLY THROUGH A BOMB-SHATTERED SETTLEMENT ---
LORD! WHAT COMPLETE DEVASTATION! THOSE YELLOW DOGS LEFT NOTHING UNTOUCHED -- THEY BLASTED EVERYTHING TO BITS!
UNABLE TO FIND ANY SIGNS OF LIFE, THE SCOUTS RETURN TO THE PLANE ---
OKAY, MEN -- SHOVE OFF! AND KEEP YOUR EYES PEELED FOR POSSIBLE SNIPERS ON THE SHORE!
WHIRRRRR
SPLASH
AND FOLMA REPORTS TO THE SUB-MARINER---
THAT'S ALL WE FOUND, SIR! NOTHING BUT RUINS! -- COMPLETE AND SHOCKING! THEY BOMBED EVERY STREET, AND FIRED EVERY BUILDING. WE FOUND BODIES MUTILATED AND LEFT TO ROT -- EVERYWHERE! IT'S GHASTLY!

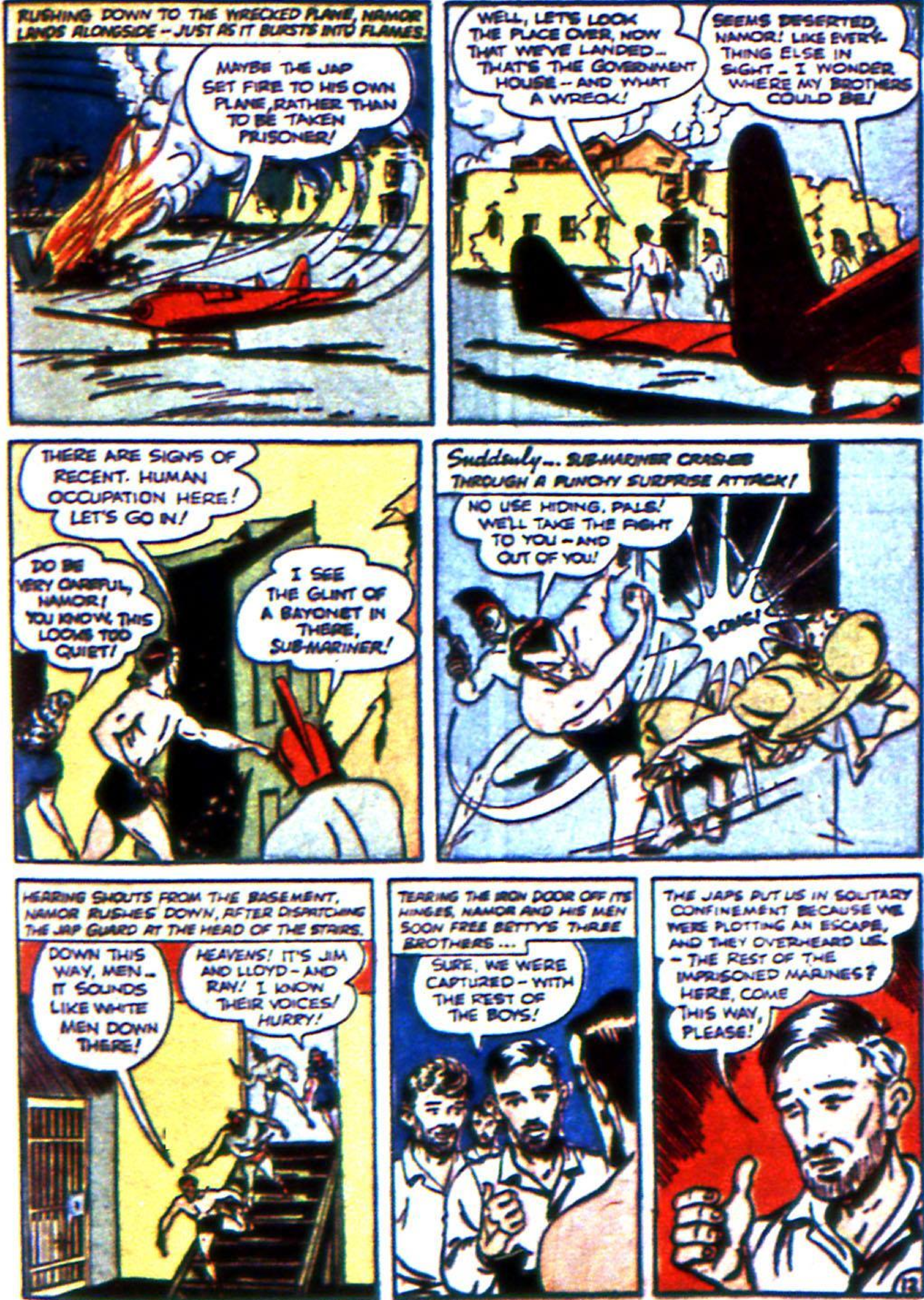

NOT SATISFIED WITH HIS FINDINGS, NAMOR UNDERTAKES AN UNDERSEA TRIP OFF THE ISLE...
ENTRANCE TO CAVERN AHEAD, SIR! WHAT ARE YOUR ORDERS, NAMOR!
SUB-MARINER PEERS INTO THE MYSTERIOUS DARKNESS OF THE YAWNING CAVERN IN FRONT OF HIM . . .
LET'S TAKE A LOOK-SEE INSIDE, SARNA!
NAMOR CAUTIOUSLY GUIDES HIS LONE SUB INTO THE INTERIOR OF THE CAVERN...
—AND PULLS HIS CRAFT UP TO A LOW, DESERTED STRUCTURE . . .
SURFACE! THAT LOOKS LIKE A SHIP DOCK!
NAMOR'S SUB COMES UP ALONGSIDE THE DOCK AND HIS MEN STREAM OUT...
THERE DOESN'T SEEM TO BE ANYBODY AROUND— LET'S TAKE A LOOK INTO THAT HOLE THERE!
Suddenly.. AS IF OUT OF NOWHERE, MURDEROUS FIRE BREAKS OUT IN THE CAVE STILLNESS
AN AMBUSH! QUICK! INTO ACTION!
WHY— THE DIRTY SKUNKS!

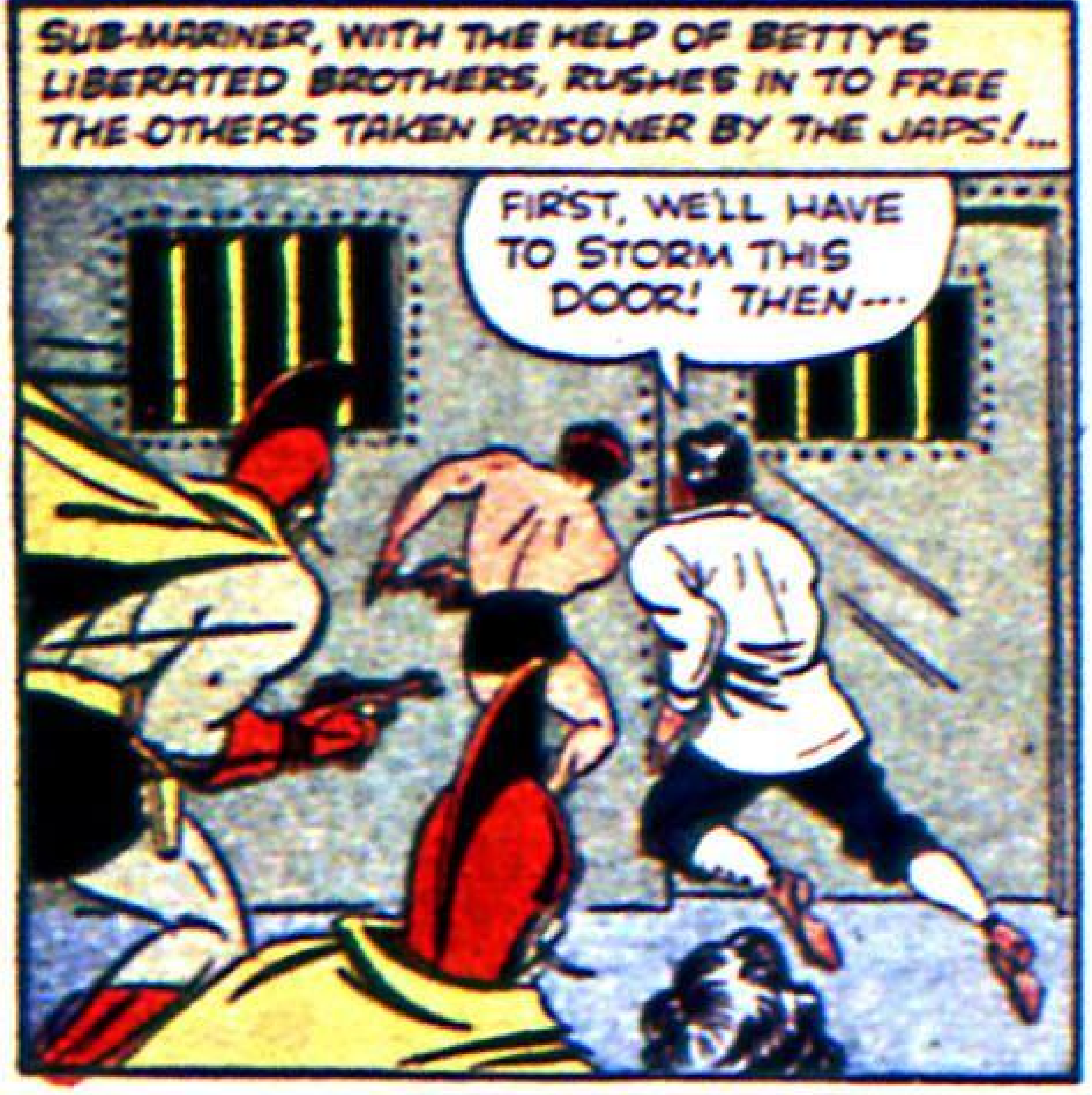

THE HAIL OF BULLETS CONTINUES...
THROW YOURSELVES DOWN, MEN! WHIP OUT YOUR SHOCK GUNS!
AND NAMOR QUICKLY DEPLOYS HIS MEN FOR BATTLE...
IF WE DON'T DO ANYTHING ELSE, WE'LL SCARE THE PUNKS BACK IN THEIR HOLES!
PING
CRACK
AS THE FUSILLADE ENDS, NAMOR LEADS HIS MEN ONWARD...
A LITTLE RAIN OF LEAD CAN'T STOP US! COME ON, MEN!
...INTO THE DARK PASSAGE.
AH! A JUTTING ROCK... COVERING AN ENTRANCE! WELL, LET'S GO IN! COME ON!
DISCOVERING ITS SECRET, NAMOR SWINGS THE HUGE ROCK SERVING AS A DOOR TO THE PASSAGE...
WELL, BETTY, YOU WANTED EXCITEMENT... HERE IT IS! ...INSIDE!
FEARLESSLY, NAMOR LEADS HIS SMALL "ARMY" INTO THE GLOOM OF THE PASSAGEWAY...
EASY NOW, MEN! AND KEEP YOUR EYES PEELED! I WON'T TRUST THE SHADOWS!
I CAN'T SEE AHEAD, NAMOR!
LOOK! RIGHT AHEAD! OF ALL THINGS!
AS THEY BURST INTO A WIDENING OF THE PASSAGE... THEY FIND AN UNDERGROUND HANGAR!
PRETTY LITTLE WINGS, AREN'T THEY? ... WHAT? -- NO PILOTS!

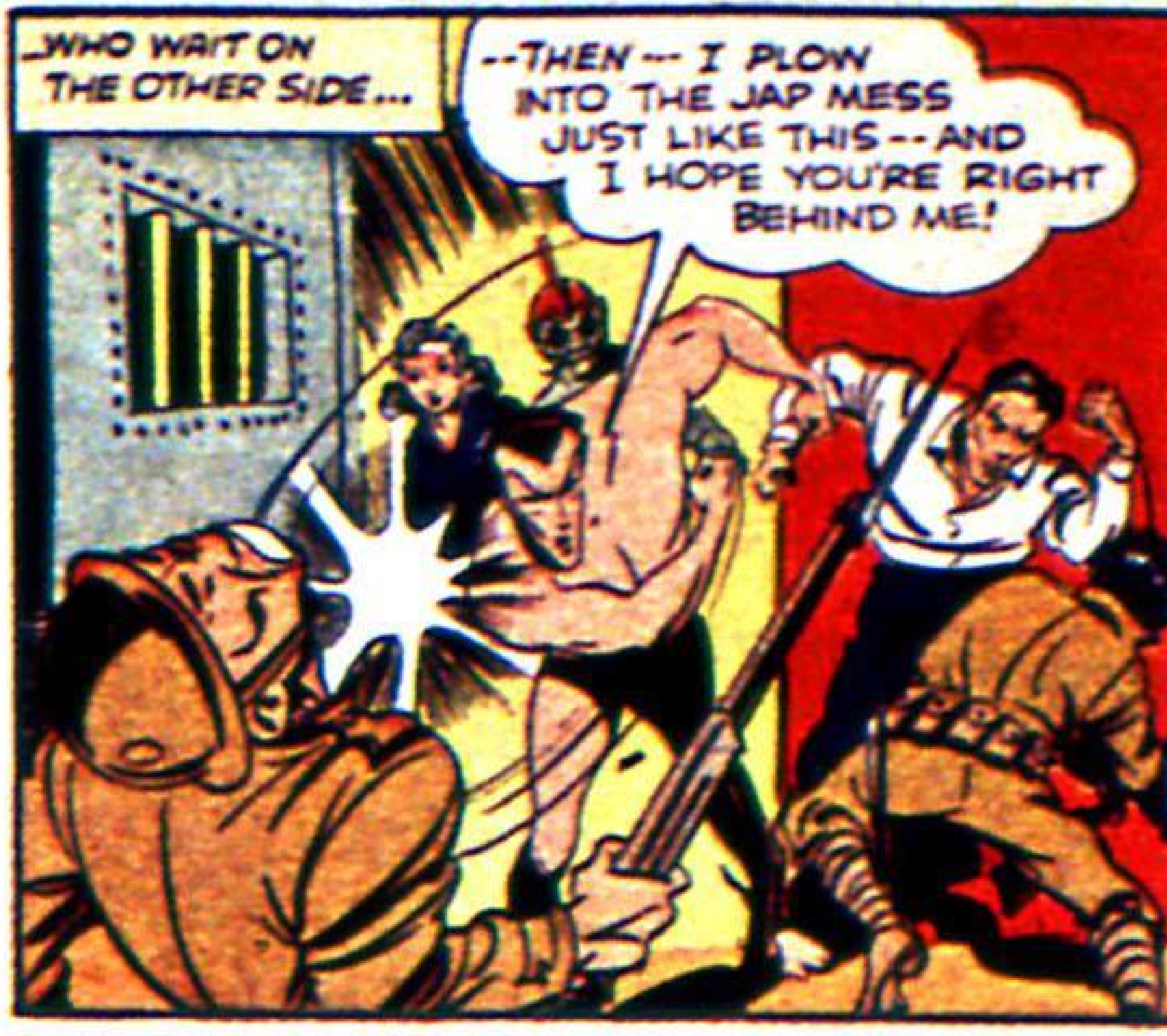

BUT BEHIND THE PLANES LURKED DEATH -- AS MACHINE-GUNS BEGIN TO BARK AT THE ORDER OF COLONEL YUMA! ...
HOW DID THOSE WHITE DOGS EVER DISCOVER OUR SECRET AIR HIDEOUT? BLAST THEM TO PIECES! I HATE THEM FIERCELY!
IT'S THE FAMED SUB-MARINER, YUMA, AND TO HIM MANY THINGS ARE POSSIBLE!
... TO WHICH NAMOR AND HIS SMALL FORCE REPLY IN A FIERCE AND BRIEF COUNTER-ATTACK!
THAT FELLOW WITH THE SHORT MUSTACHE -- HE'S MINE! -- I DON'T LIKE HIM!
ZAP!
CLEVERLY, THE JAPS EVADE THE DEADLY EFFECTS OF NAMOR'S FLASH-GUNS!
WHERE DID LITTLE WHISKERS BEAT IT TO?
SEARCHING FOR THE JAP RING LEADER, SUB-MARINER SURVEYS THE CAVERN ...
FOR PEOPLE SUPPOSEDLY FAMOUS FOR HOSPITALITY, THEY SURELY MAKE US FEEL WELCOME!
--AND SUDDENLY DUCKS INTO A NATURAL ALLEY WITH HIS FORCE!
OH! OH! THERE'S A NEW SIGN OF LIFE AROUND ... QUICK, BETTY, GET INTO THIS CRANNY...
A QUICK-STEPPING GROUP OF PURSUIT PILOTS RACE THROUGH A HIDDEN DOOR.
BANZAI!
QUIET, YOU MEN! I, COLONEL YUMA, TAKE COMMAND AND GIVE ORDERS! GO TO THE SHIPS!
AND MAKE FOR THE WAITING SQUADRON OF PURSUIT SHIPS, AS COLONEL YUMA BARKS OUT ORDERS.
TAKE OFF WITH THE FIRST FLIGHT ONLY! USE PLAN "D" -- I'LL STAY HERE TO HANDLE SUB-MARINER!

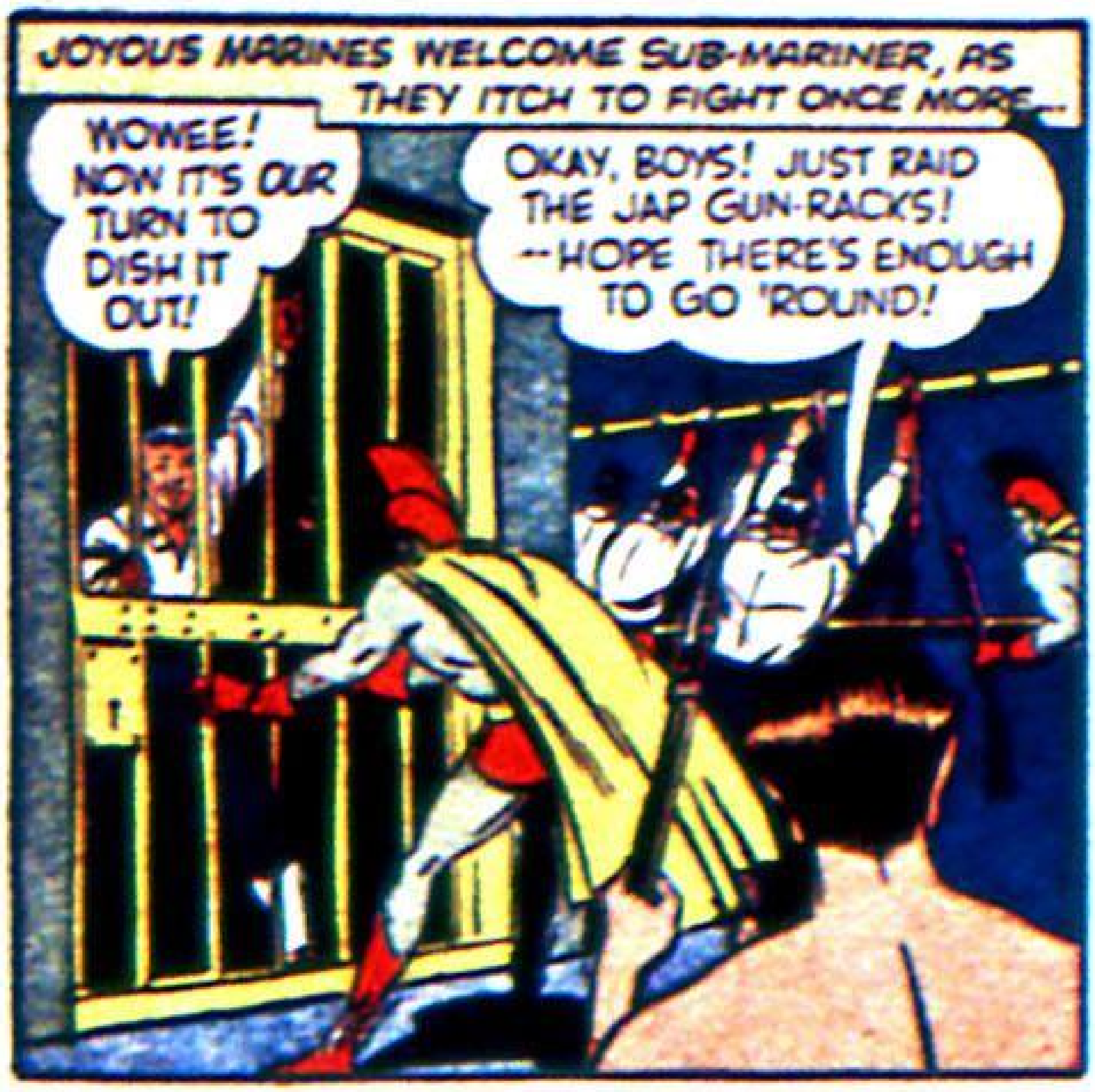

AS SUB-MARINER WATCHES FROM A HIDDEN CORNER, MOTORS ROAR AND THE FAST SMALL JAP PLANES TAXI DOWN A RAMP AS DOORS OPEN TO A SIGNAL...
ALL THE COMFORTS OF HOME! — BOY! WHAT A HIDDEN AIR BASE!
MEANWHILE, COLONEL YUMA HEARS THE LATEST REPORTS FROM HIS SECOND-IN-COMMAND ON THE ISLAND...
SO A SUSPICIOUS SUBMARINE OF PECULIAR DESIGN HAS BEEN SEEN SNOOPING AROUND THIS ISLAND! — NOW I'M BEGINNING TO UNDERSTAND!
THE FIRST FLIGHT YOU'VE JUST ORDERED UP CAN TAKE CARE OF IT, COLONEL... BUT HOW ABOUT THE SUB-MARINER? HE'S ON THE ISLAND!
GET MY SHIP READY!
WHAT A BEAUTIFUL PLEASURE IT WOULD BE TO HAVE SUB-MARINER IN OUR POWER. SUCH SWEET TORTURES WE COULD GIVE HIM! EH-HEH! I'LL PREPARE YOUR PLANE AS YOU ORDER, COLONEL!
—BUT SUB-MARINER IS MUCH NEARER THAN THE JAP LIEUTENANT THINKS!
ALL RIGHT, MEN... WE'VE GOT TO FOLLOW THOSE JAP FLIERS— AND FAST!
HOW CAN WE GET YOUR AERIAL-SUB THROUGH HERE, NAMOR— IT'S TOO BIG!
LET'S GO BACK TO OUR SHIP AS WE CAME! QUIET, BETTY! I'VE JUST FIGURED THAT I'D LIKE TO USE THAT RUNWAY, AND THE SHORTEST WAY IS THROUGH THIS ROCK WALL!
IT'S MANY YARDS THICK, PRINCE!
AMID A DULL CRACKLE AND HUM, THE DRILL-SNOUT OF THE AERIAL-SUB IS STARTED...
ZZKZKZZZ-Z..
AND SUB-MARINER SOON CRASHES THROUGH THE ROCK SEPARATING HIM FROM THE HANGAR RUN-WAY....
CRASH!
SEE WHAT I MEAN, BETTY? NICE SHORT-CUT! EH, WHAT?

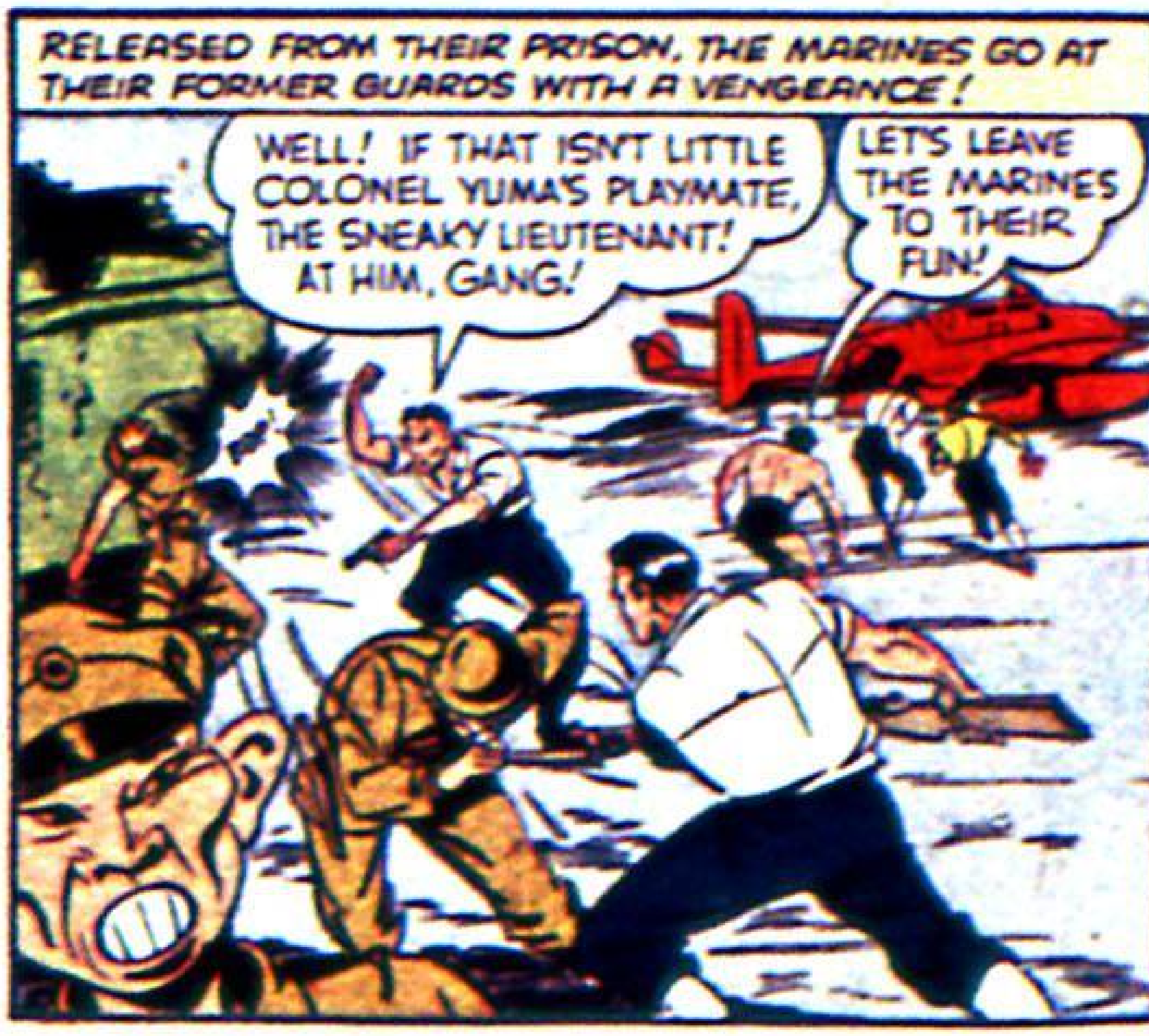

ROARING UP THE RUNWAY JUST USED BY THE JAP FLIGHT, NAMOR'S SHIP TAKES TO THE AIR...
BY THE RISING SUN OF MY HONORABLE ANCESTORS, IF COLONEL YUMA KNEW OF THIS, HE'D KILL ME! I MUST GET IN THE AIR TO FIGHT THIS SUB-MARINER!
...AND IS MET BY THE RETURNING ENEMY PLANES HEAD ON!
A THREE-TO-ONE DOG FIGHT QUICKLY DEVELOPS AS ANOTHER SHIP JOINS IN...
QUICKLY, NAMOR'S GUNS DISPATCH TWO JAP PLANES --LEAVING ONE LONE FIGHTER! ...
THIS IS A TOUGH LITTLE BABY, BUT MAYBE I CAN HAVE SOME FUN WITH HIM!
NAMOR MANEUVERS SO THAT THE ENEMY IS DOWNED IN A FORCED LANDING THAT CRACKS UP THE JAP SHIP!
CRASH!

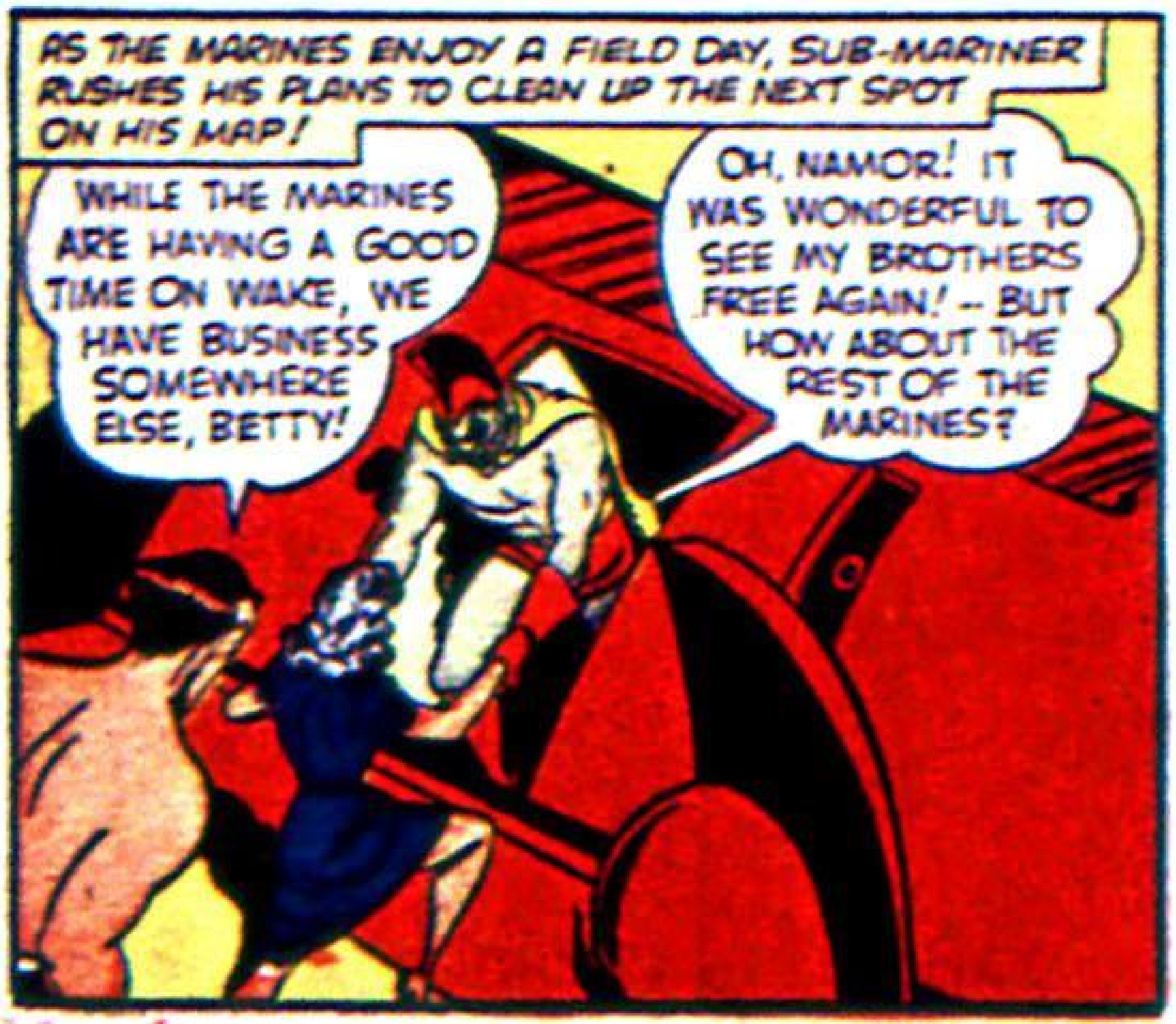

RUSHING DOWN TO THE WRECKED PLANE, NAMOR LANDS ALONGSIDE – JUST AS IT BURSTS INTO FLAMES.
MAYBE THE JAP SET FIRE TO HIS OWN PLANE, RATHER THAN TO BE TAKEN PRISONER!
WELL, LET'S LOOK THE PLACE OVER, NOW THAT WE'VE LANDED... THAT'S THE GOVERNMENT HOUSE -- AND WHAT A WRECK!
SEEMS DESERTED, NAMOR! LIKE EVERYTHING ELSE IN SIGHT – I WONDER WHERE MY BROTHERS COULD BE!
THERE ARE SIGNS OF RECENT. HUMAN OCCUPATION HERE! LET'S GO IN!
DO BE VERY CAREFUL, NAMOR! YOU KNOW, THIS LOOKS TOO QUIET!
I SEE THE GLINT OF A BAYONET IN THERE, SUB-MARINER!
Suddenly... SUB-MARINER CRASHES THROUGH A PUNCHY SURPRISE ATTACK!
NO USE HIDING, PALS! WE'LL TAKE THE FIGHT TO YOU – AND OUT OF YOU!
BONG!
HEARING SHOUTS FROM THE BASEMENT, NAMOR RUSHES DOWN, AFTER DISPATCHING THE JAP GUARD AT THE HEAD OF THE STAIRS.
DOWN THIS WAY, MEN – IT SOUNDS LIKE WHITE MEN DOWN THERE!
HEAVENS! IT'S JIM AND LLOYD – AND RAY! I KNOW THEIR VOICES! HURRY!
TEARING THE IRON DOOR OFF ITS HINGES, NAMOR AND HIS MEN SOON FREE BETTY'S THREE BROTHERS...
SURE, WE WERE CAPTURED – WITH THE REST OF THE BOYS!
THE JAPS PUT US IN SOLITARY CONFINEMENT BECAUSE WE WERE PLOTTING AN ESCAPE, AND THEY OVERHEARD US. – THE REST OF THE IMPRISONED MARINES? HERE, COME THIS WAY, PLEASE!

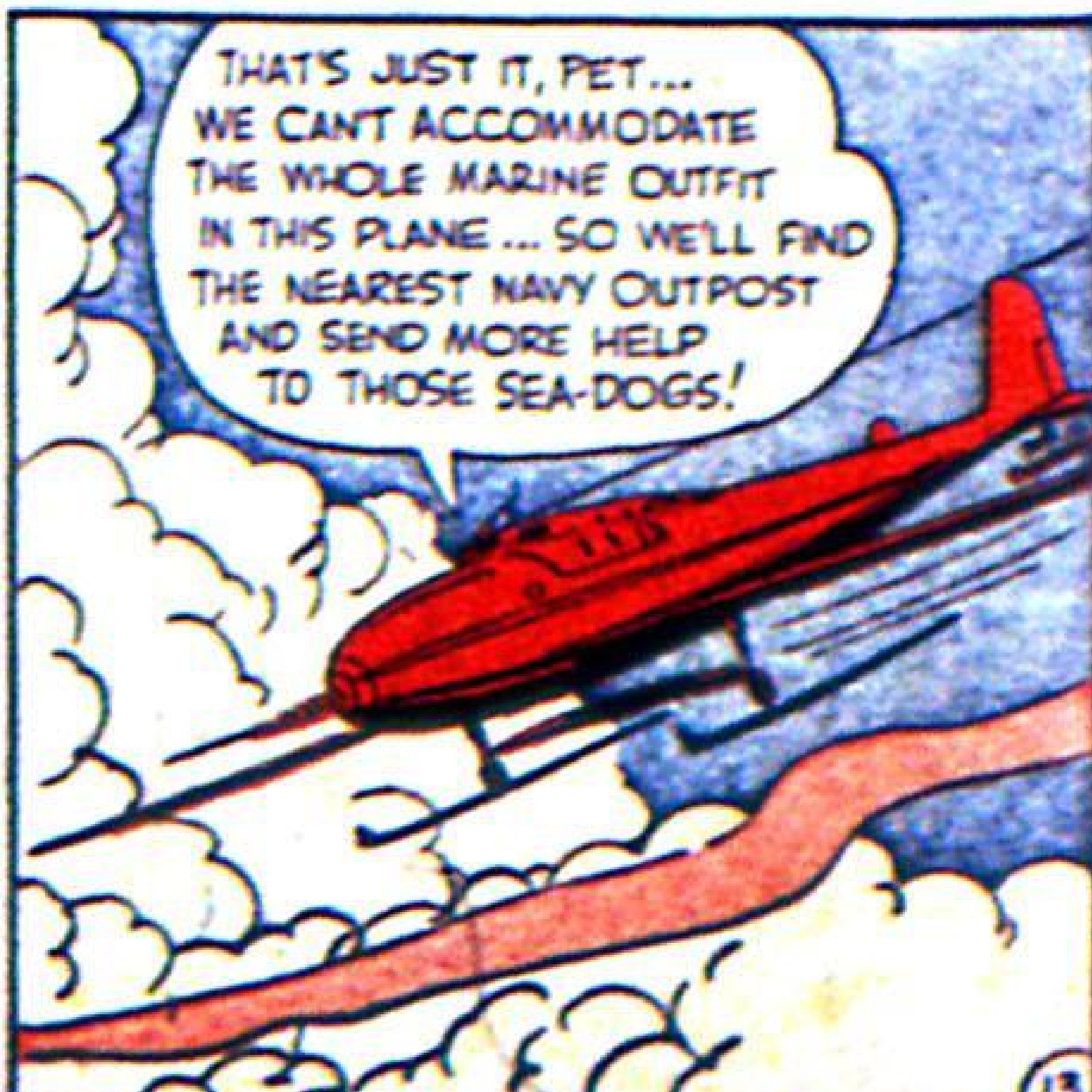

SUB-MARINER, WITH THE HELP OF BETTY'S LIBERATED BROTHERS, RUSHES IN TO FREE THE OTHERS TAKEN PRISONER BY THE JAPS!...
FIRST, WE'LL HAVE TO STORM THIS DOOR! THEN---

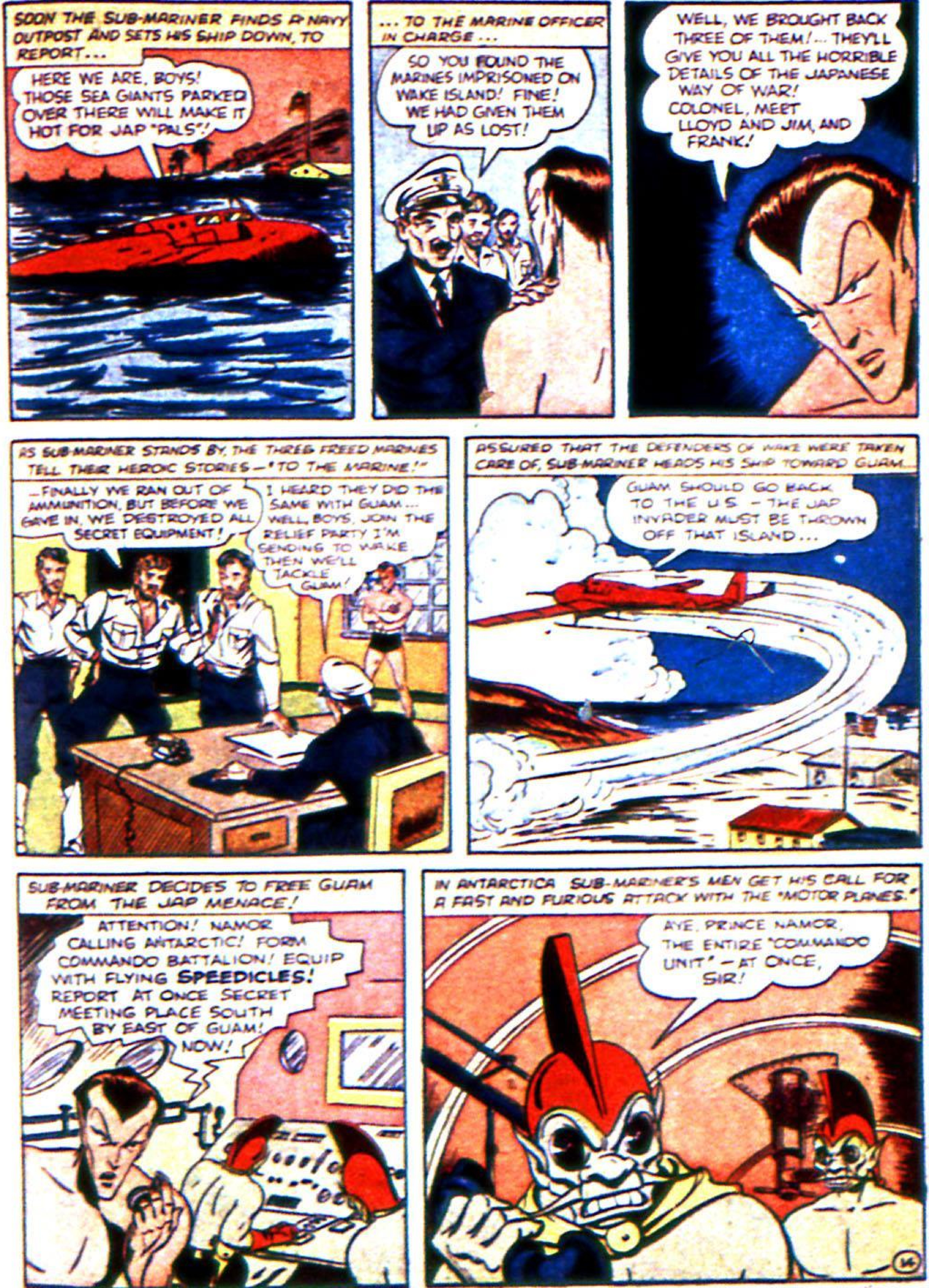

...WHO WAIT ON THE OTHER SIDE...
--THEN -- I PLOW INTO THE JAP MESS JUST LIKE THIS -- AND I HOPE YOU'RE RIGHT BEHIND ME!

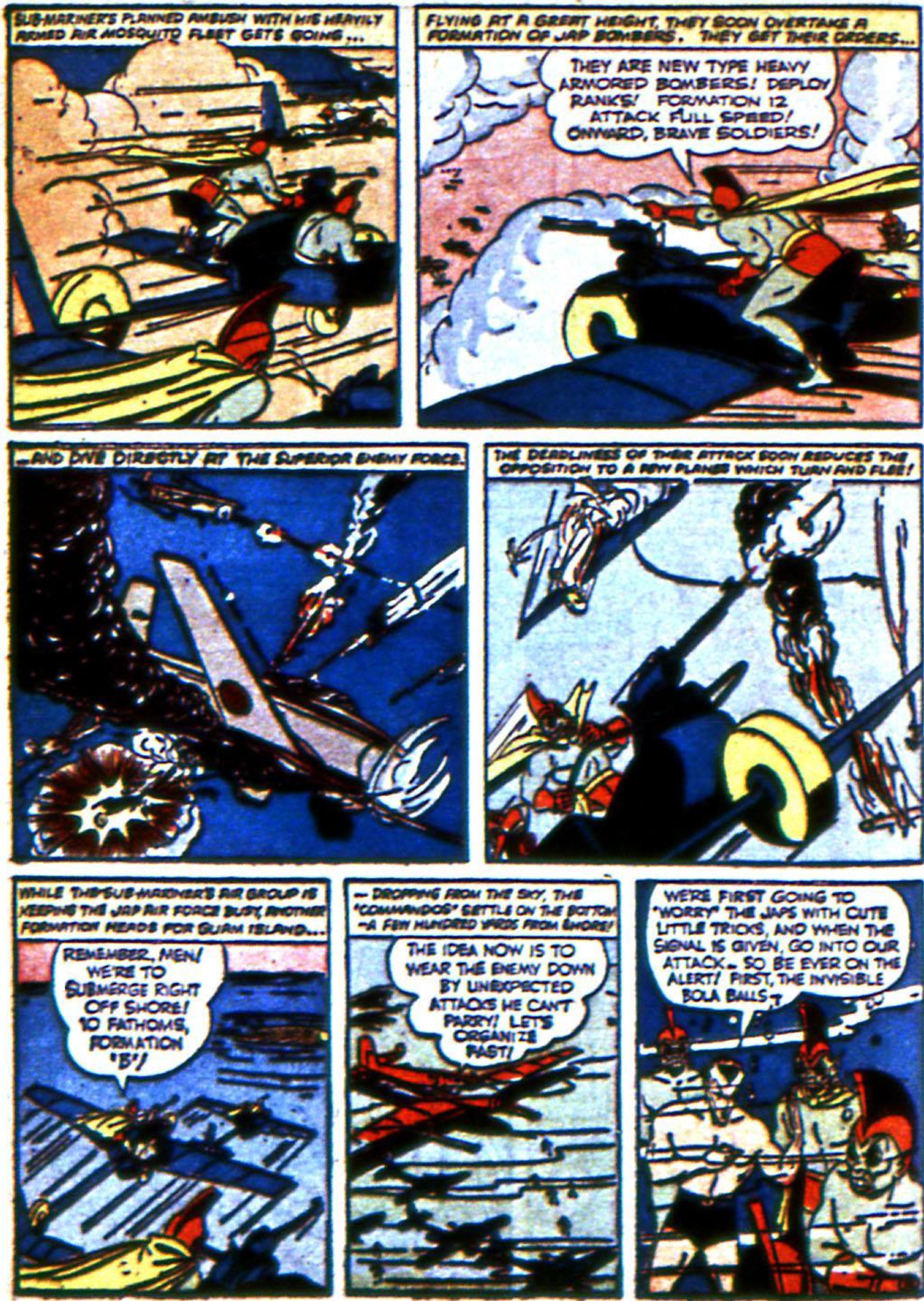

JOYOUS MARINES WELCOME SUB-MARINER, AS THEY ITCH TO FIGHT ONCE MORE...
WOWEE! NOW IT'S OUR TURN TO DISH IT OUT!
OKAY, BOYS! JUST RAID THE JAP GUN-RACKS! --HOPE THERE'S ENOUGH TO GO 'ROUND!

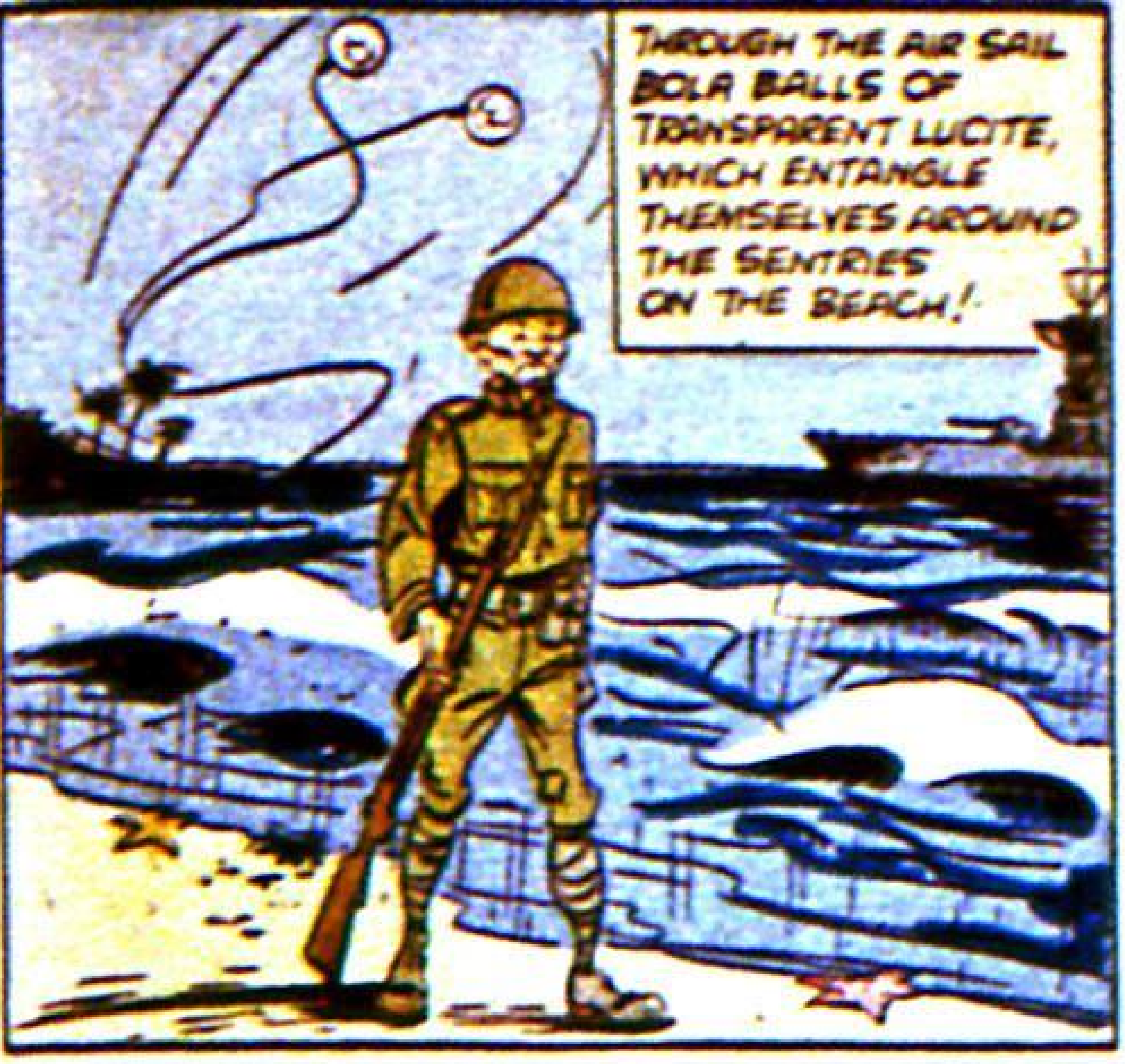

RELEASED FROM THEIR PRISON, THE MARINES GO AT THEIR FORMER GUARDS WITH A VENGEANCE!
WELL! IF THAT ISN'T LITTLE COLONEL YUMA'S PLAYMATE, THE SNEAKY LIEUTENANT! AT HIM, GANG!
LET'S LEAVE THE MARINES TO THEIR FUN!

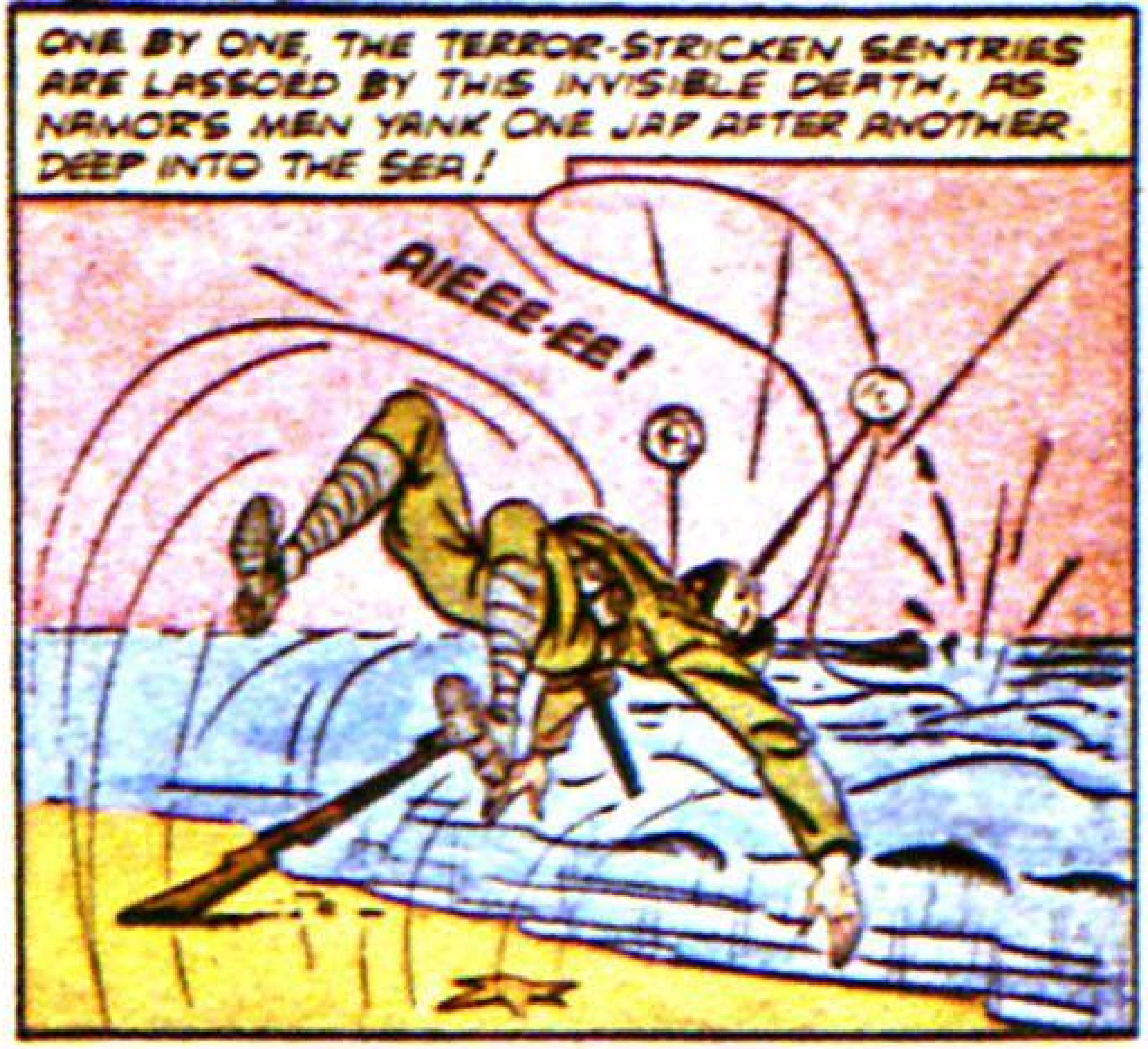

AS THE MARINES ENJOY A FIELD DAY, SUB-MARINER RUSHES HIS PLANS TO CLEAN UP THE NEXT SPOT ON HIS MAP!
WHILE THE MARINES ARE HAVING A GOOD TIME ON WAKE, WE HAVE BUSINESS SOMEWHERE ELSE, BETTY!
OH, NAMOR! IT WAS WONDERFUL TO SEE MY BROTHERS FREE AGAIN! -- BUT HOW ABOUT THE REST OF THE MARINES?

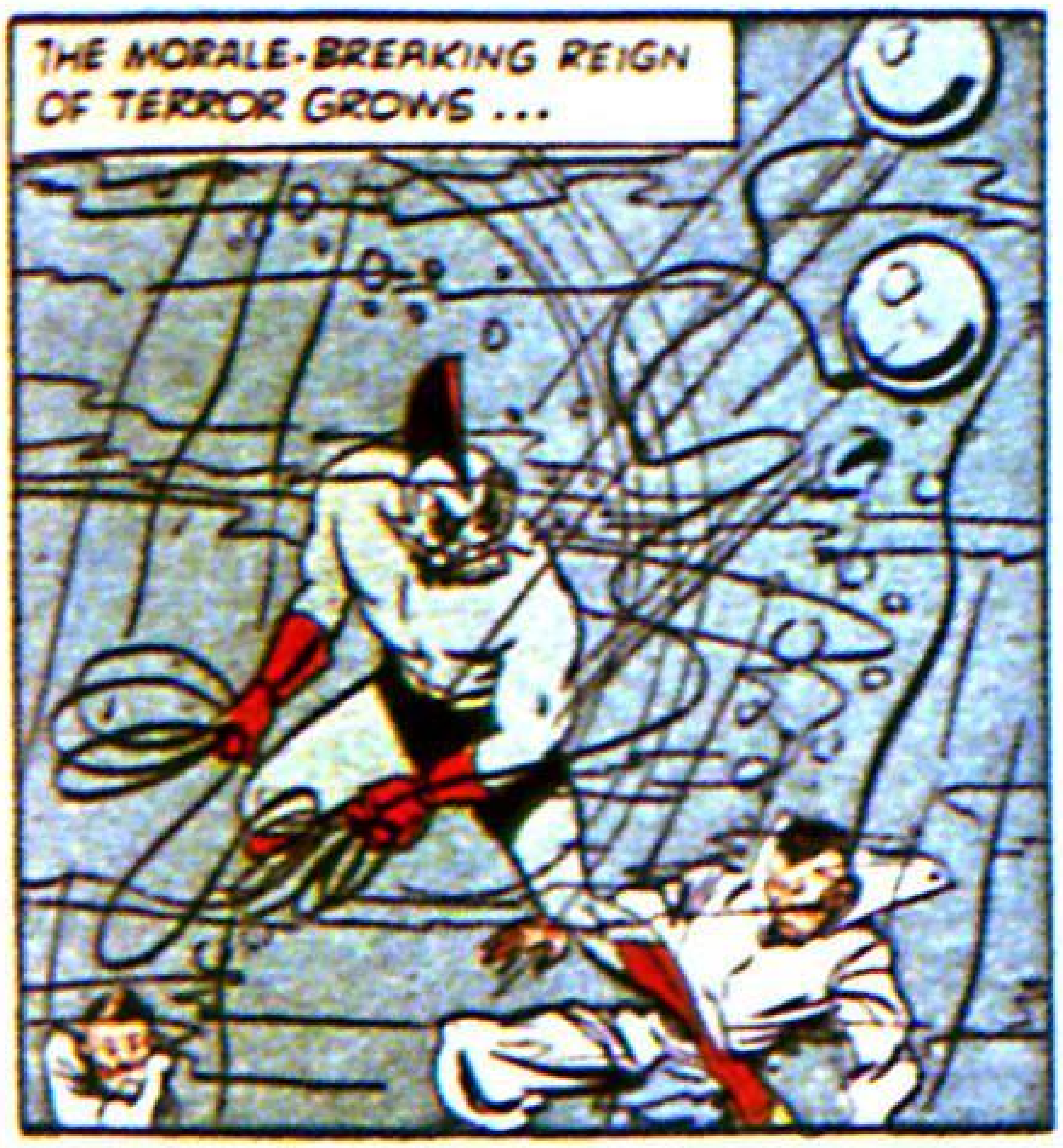

THAT'S JUST IT, PET... WE CAN'T ACCOMMODATE THE WHOLE MARINE OUTFIT IN THIS PLANE ... SO WE'LL FIND THE NEAREST NAVY OUTPOST AND SEND MORE HELP TO THOSE SEA-DOGS!

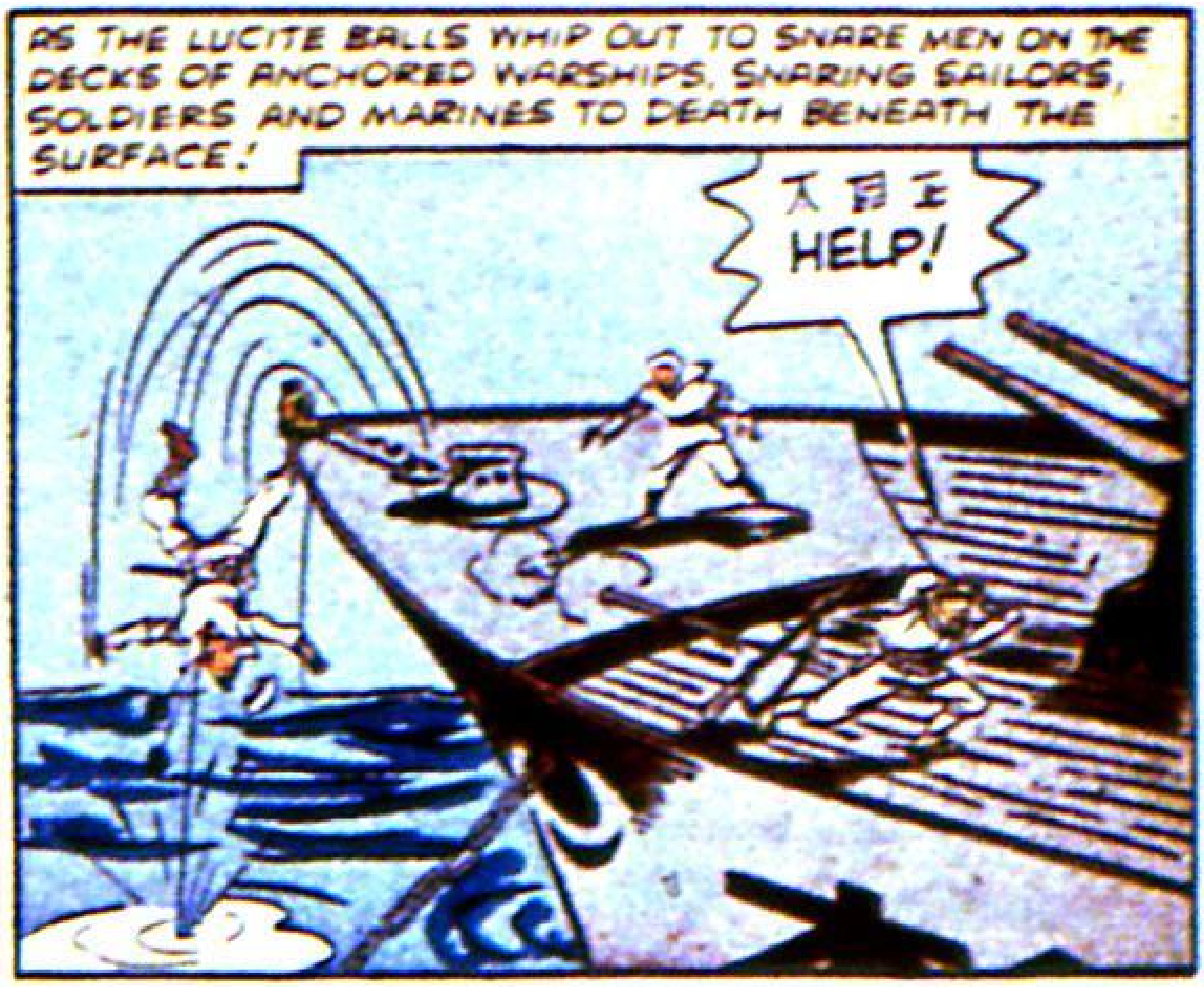

SOON THE SUB-MARINER FINDS A NAVY OUTPOST AND SETS HIS SHIP DOWN, TO REPORT...
HERE WE ARE, BOYS! THOSE SEA GIANTS PARKED OVER THERE WILL MAKE IT HOT FOR JAP "PALS"!
... TO THE MARINE OFFICER IN CHARGE...
SO YOU FOUND THE MARINES IMPRISONED ON WAKE ISLAND! FINE! WE HAD GIVEN THEM UP AS LOST!
WELL, WE BROUGHT BACK THREE OF THEM!... THEY'LL GIVE YOU ALL THE HORRIBLE DETAILS OF THE JAPANESE WAY OF WAR! COLONEL, MEET LLOYD AND JIM, AND FRANK!
AS SUB-MARINER STANDS BY, THE THREE FREED MARINES TELL THEIR HEROIC STORIES — "TO THE MARINE!"
—FINALLY WE RAN OUT OF AMMUNITION, BUT BEFORE WE GAVE IN, WE DESTROYED ALL SECRET EQUIPMENT!
I HEARD THEY DID THE SAME WITH GUAM... WELL, BOYS, JOIN THE RELIEF PARTY I'M SENDING TO WAKE. THEN WE'LL TACKLE GUAM!
ASSURED THAT THE DEFENDERS OF WAKE WERE TAKEN CARE OF, SUB-MARINER HEADS HIS SHIP TOWARD GUAM...
GUAM SHOULD GO BACK TO THE U.S. — THE JAP INVADER MUST BE THROWN OFF THAT ISLAND...
SUB-MARINER DECIDES TO FREE GUAM FROM THE JAP MENACE!
ATTENTION! NAMOR CALLING ANTARCTIC! FORM COMMANDO BATTALION! EQUIP WITH FLYING SPEEDICLES! REPORT AT ONCE SECRET MEETING PLACE SOUTH BY EAST OF GUAM! NOW!
IN ANTARCTICA SUB-MARINER'S MEN GET HIS CALL FOR A FAST AND FURIOUS ATTACK WITH THE "MOTOR PLANES."
AYE, PRINCE NAMOR, THE ENTIRE "COMMANDO UNIT" — AT ONCE, SIR!

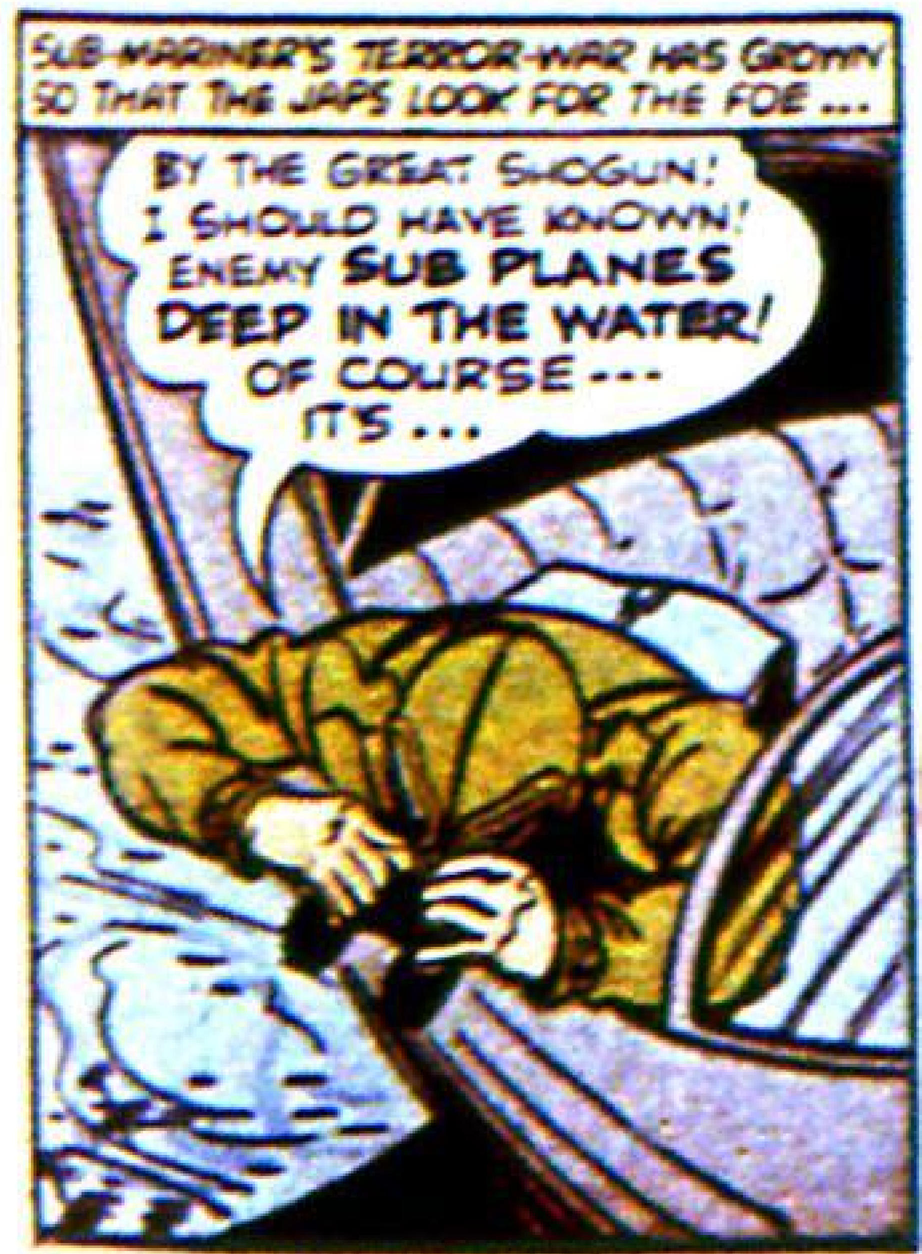

SUB-MARINER'S PLANNED AMBUSH WITH HIS HEAVILY ARMED AIR MOSQUITO FLEET GETS GOING...
FLYING AT A GREAT HEIGHT, THEY SOON OVERTAKE A FORMATION OF JAP BOMBERS. THEY GET THEIR ORDERS...
THEY ARE NEW TYPE HEAVY ARMORED BOMBERS! DEPLOY RANKS! FORMATION 12 ATTACK FULL SPEED! ONWARD, BRAVE SOLDIERS!
...AND DIVE DIRECTLY AT THE SUPERIOR ENEMY FORCE.
THE DEADLINESS OF THEIR ATTACK SOON REDUCES THE OPPOSITION TO A FEW PLANES WHICH TURN AND FLEE!
WHILE THE SUB-MARINER'S AIR GROUP IS KEEPING THE JAP AIR FORCE BUSY, ANOTHER FORMATION HEADS FOR GUAM ISLAND...
REMEMBER, MEN! WE'RE TO SUBMERGE RIGHT OFF SHORE! 10 FATHOMS, FORMATION "B"!
-- DROPPING FROM THE SKY, THE "COMMANDOS" SETTLE ON THE BOTTOM -A FEW HUNDRED YARDS FROM SHORE!
THE IDEA NOW IS TO WEAR THE ENEMY DOWN BY UNEXPECTED ATTACKS HE CAN'T PARRY! LET'S ORGANIZE FAST!
WE'RE FIRST GOING TO "WORRY" THE JAPS WITH CUTE LITTLE TRICKS, AND WHEN THE SIGNAL IS GIVEN, GO INTO OUR ATTACK... SO BE EVER ON THE ALERT! FIRST, THE INVISIBLE BOLA BALLS...

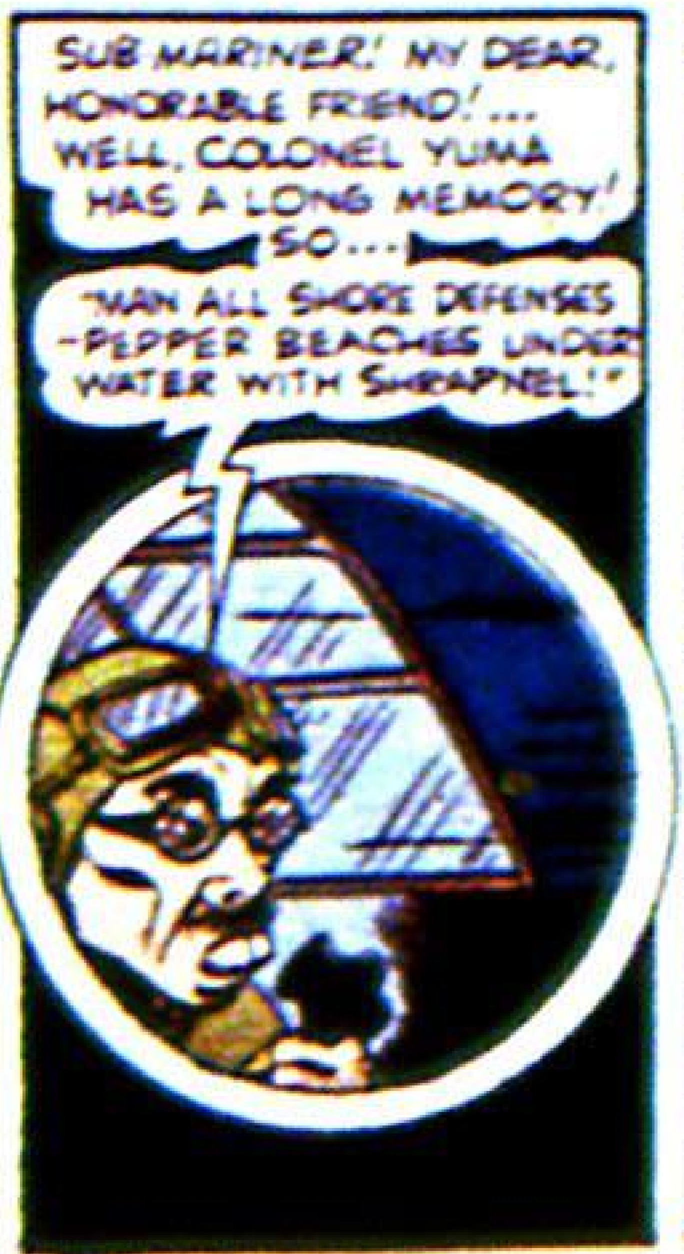

THROUGH THE AIR SAIL BOLA BALLS OF TRANSPARENT LUCITE, WHICH ENTANGLE THEMSELVES AROUND THE SENTRIES ON THE BEACH!

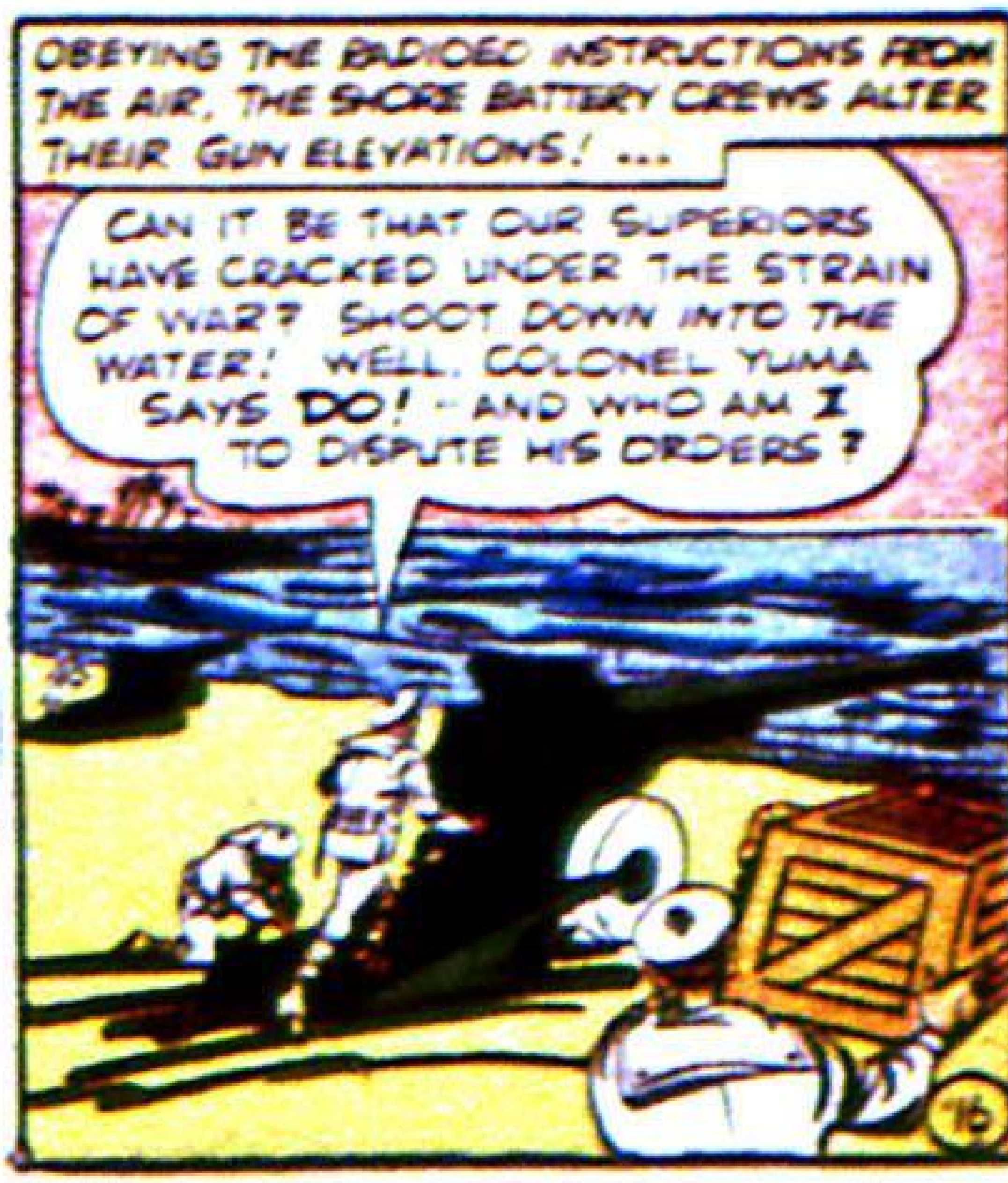

ONE BY ONE, THE TERROR-STRICKEN SENTRIES ARE LASSOED BY THIS INVISIBLE DEATH, AS NAMOR'S MEN YANK ONE JAP AFTER ANOTHER DEEP INTO THE SEA!
AIEEE-EE!

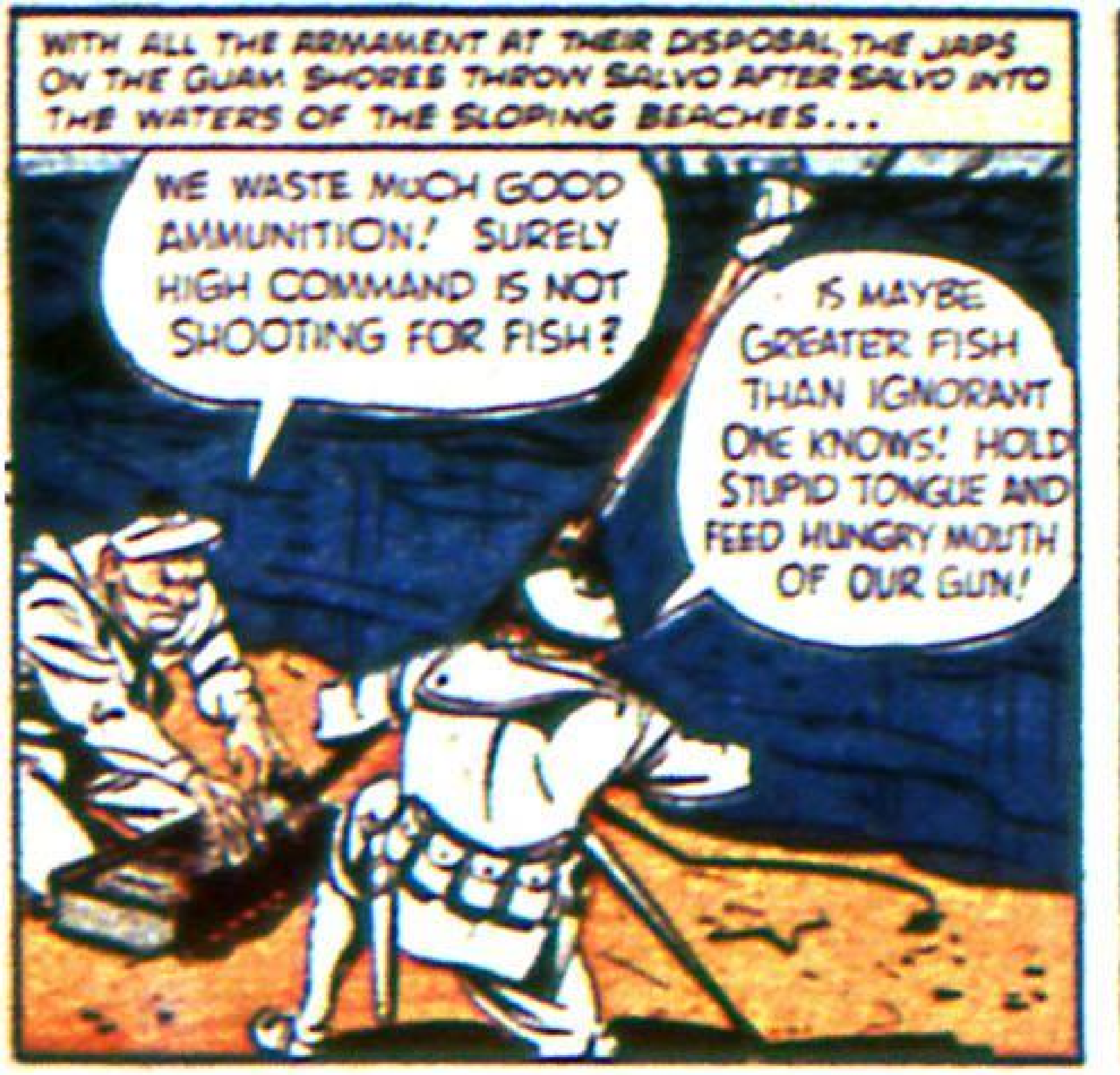

THE MORALE-BREAKING REIGN OF TERROR GROWS ...

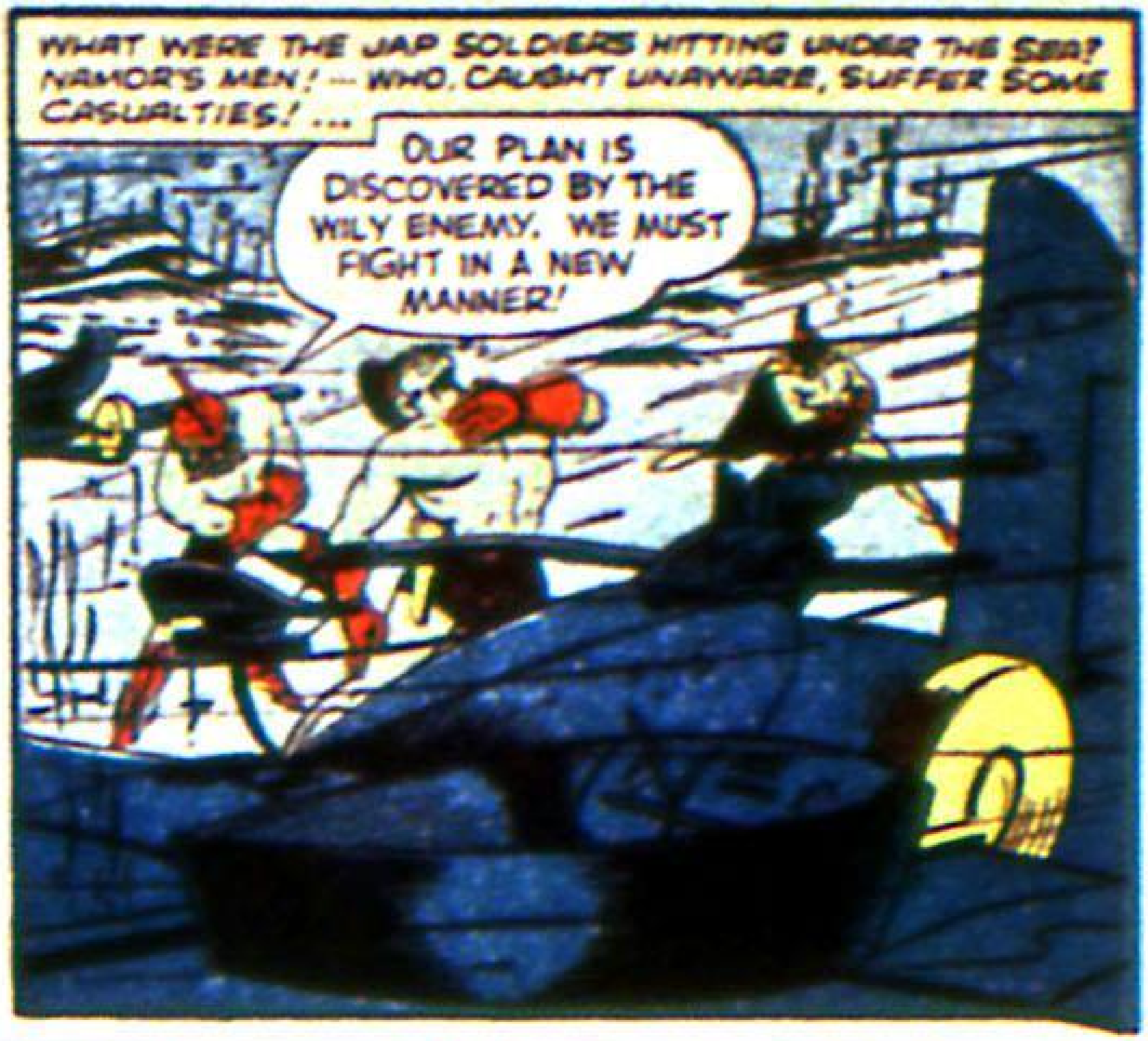

AS THE LUCITE BALLS WHIP OUT TO SNARE MEN ON THE DECKS OF ANCHORED WARSHIPS, SNARING SAILORS, SOLDIERS AND MARINES TO DEATH BENEATH THE SURFACE!
大 目 王
HELP!

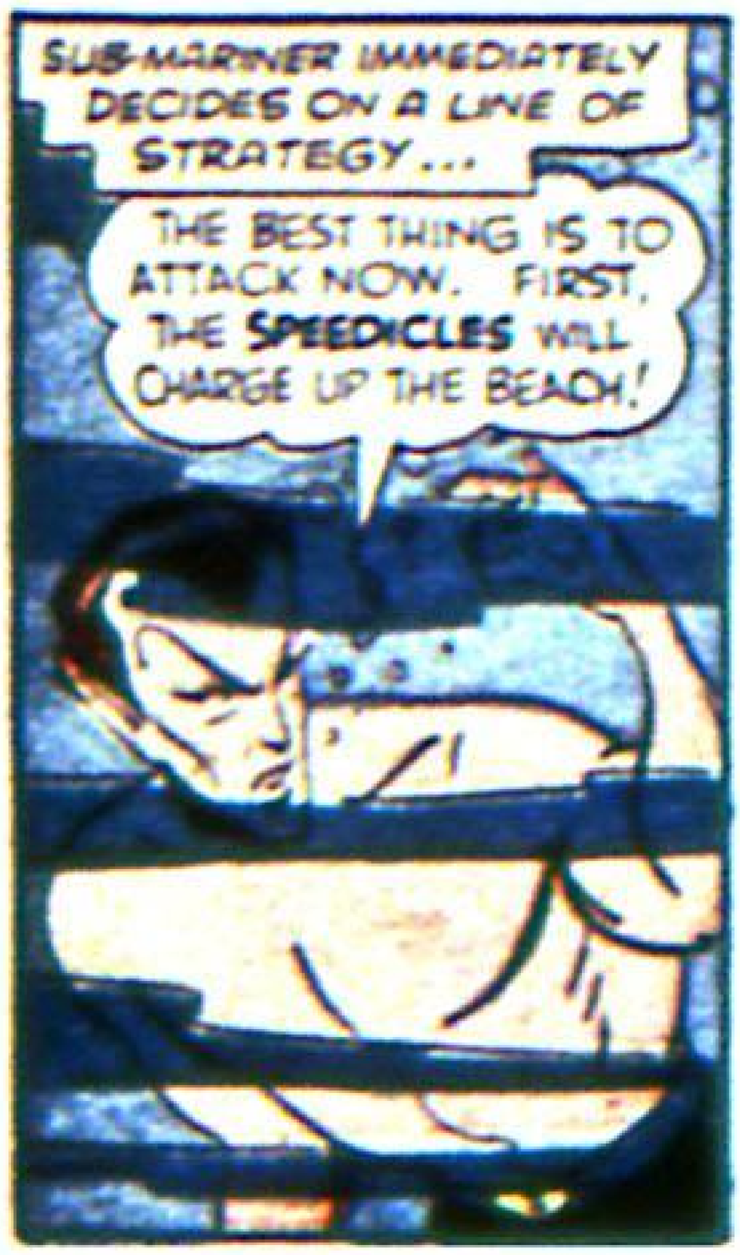

SUB-MARINER'S TERROR-WAR HAS GROWN SO THAT THE JAPS LOOK FOR THE FOE ...
BY THE GREAT SHOGUN! I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN! ENEMY SUB PLANES DEEP IN THE WATER! OF COURSE --- IT'S ...

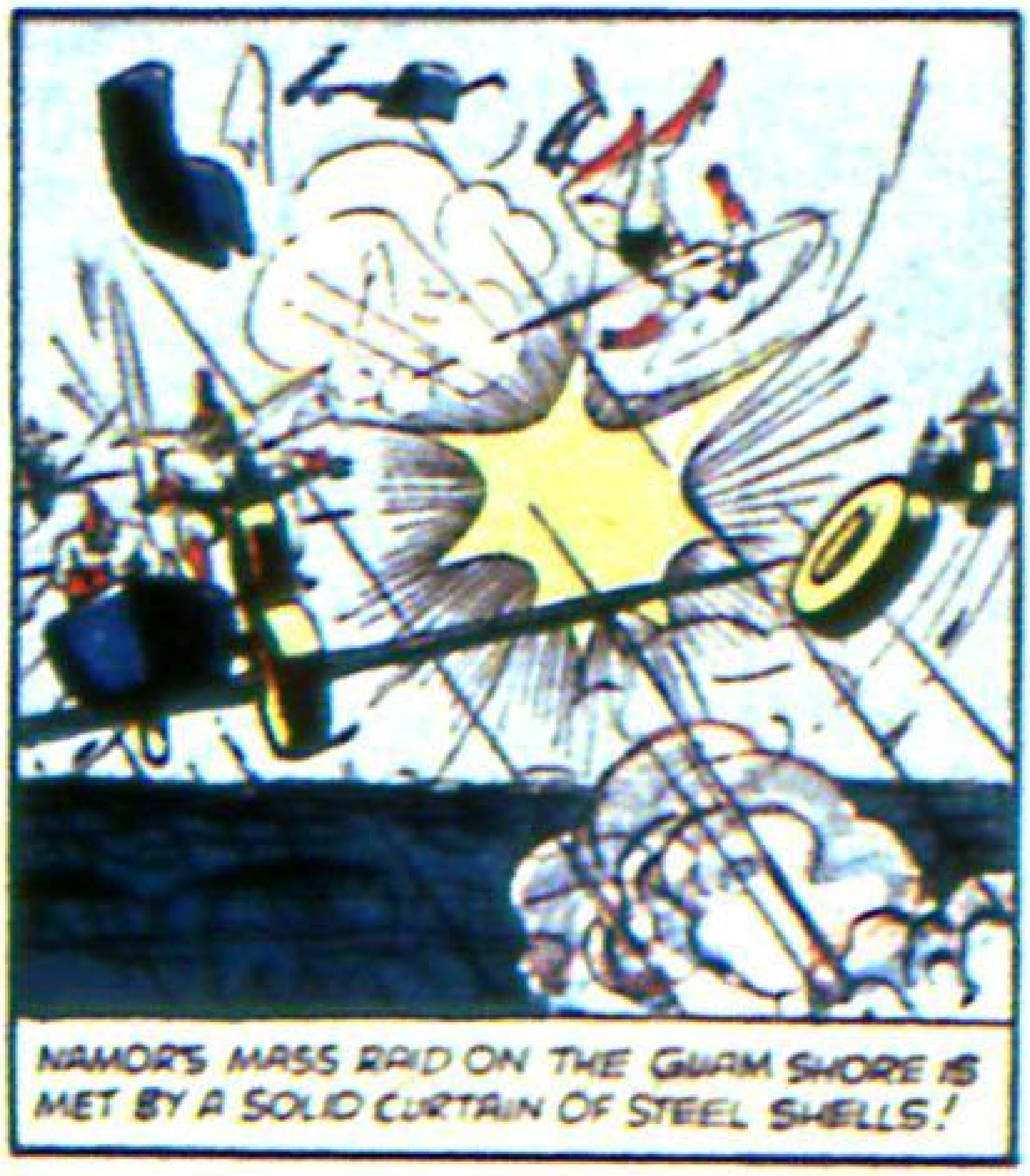

SUB-MARINER! MY DEAR, HONORABLE FRIEND! ... WELL, COLONEL YUMA HAS A LONG MEMORY! SO...
"MAN ALL SHORE DEFENSES --PEPPER BEACHES UNDER WATER WITH SHRAPNEL!"

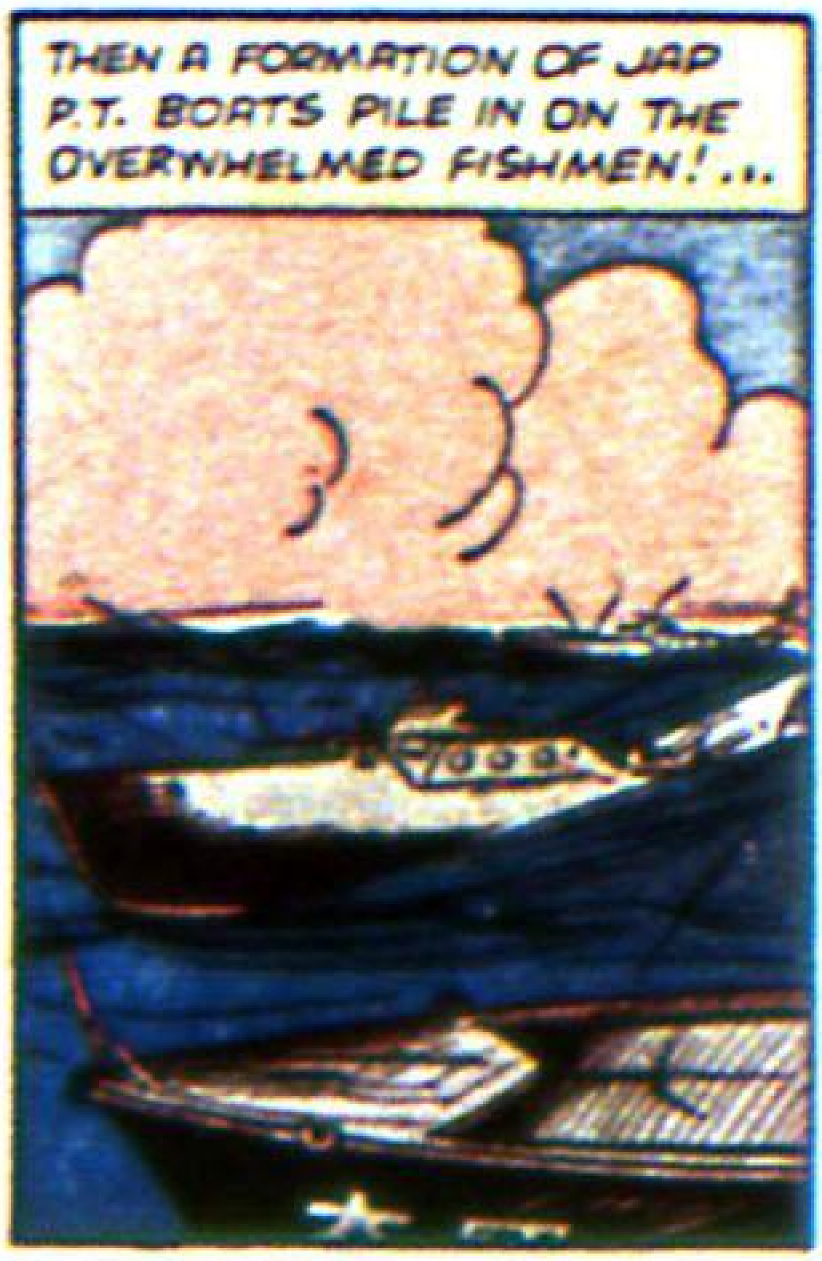

OBEYING THE RADIOED INSTRUCTIONS FROM THE AIR, THE SHORE BATTERY CREWS ALTER THEIR GUN ELEVATIONS! ...
CAN IT BE THAT OUR SUPERIORS HAVE CRACKED UNDER THE STRAIN OF WAR? SHOOT DOWN INTO THE WATER! WELL, COLONEL YUMA SAYS DO! --AND WHO AM I TO DISPUTE HIS ORDERS?

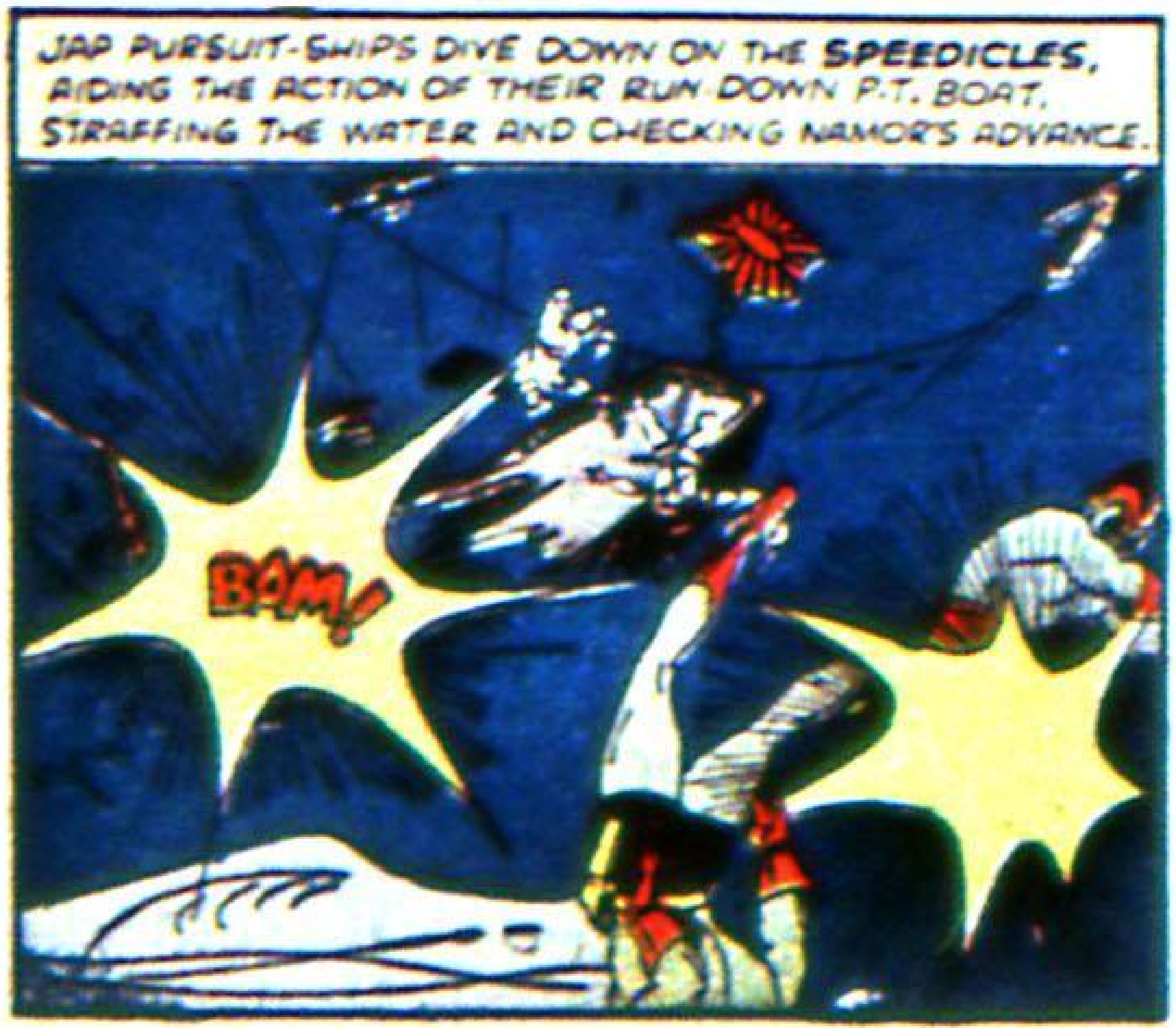

WITH ALL THE ARMAMENT AT THEIR DISPOSAL, THE JAPS ON THE GUAM SHORES THROW SALVO AFTER SALVO INTO THE WATERS OF THE SLOPING BEACHES...
WE WASTE MUCH GOOD AMMUNITION! SURELY HIGH COMMAND IS NOT SHOOTING FOR FISH?
IS MAYBE GREATER FISH THAN IGNORANT ONE KNOWS! HOLD STUPID TONGUE AND FEED HUNGRY MOUTH OF OUR GUN!

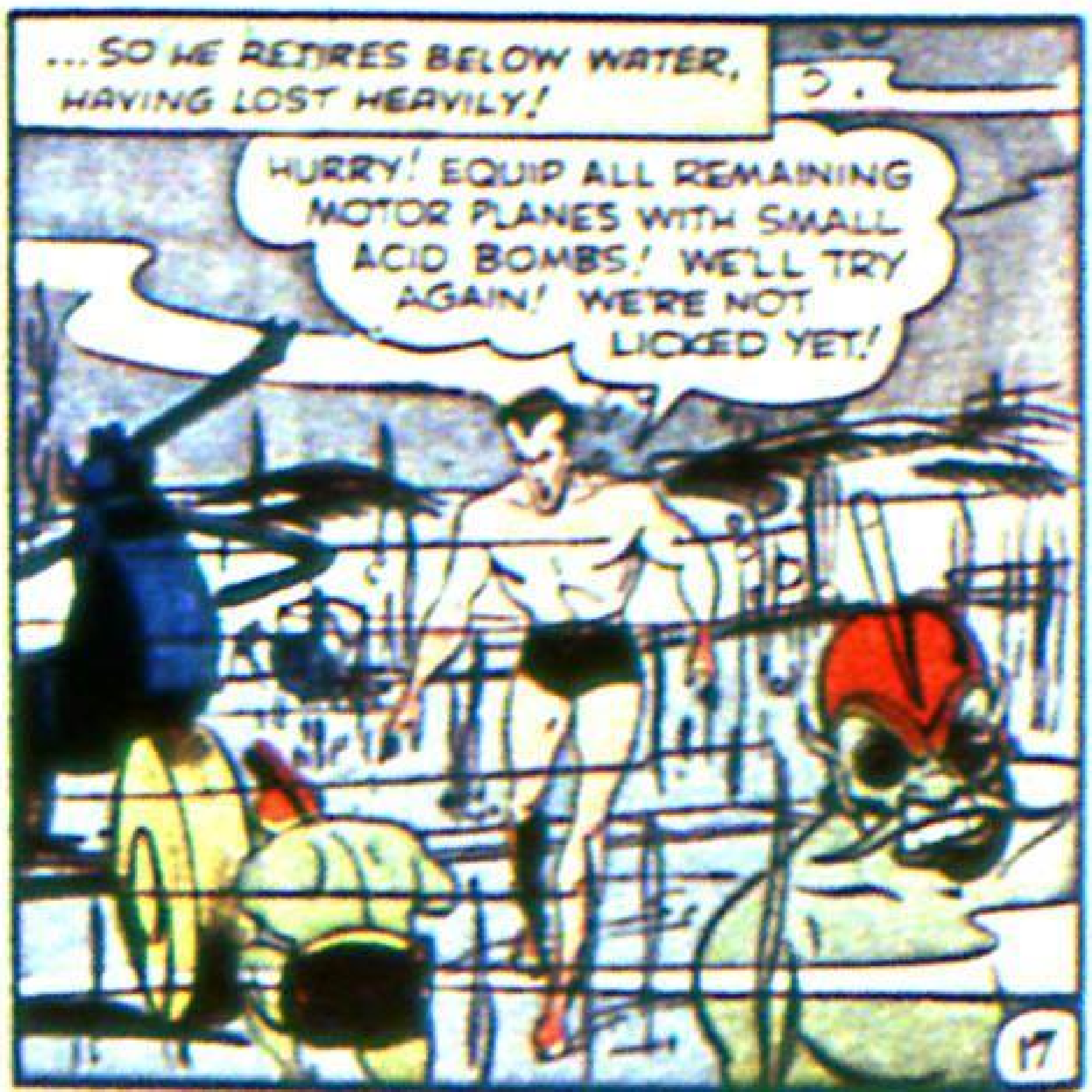

WHAT WERE THE JAP SOLDIERS HITTING UNDER THE SEA? NAMOR'S MEN! -- WHO, CAUGHT UNAWARE, SUFFER SOME CASUALTIES!...
OUR PLAN IS DISCOVERED BY THE WILY ENEMY. WE MUST FIGHT IN A NEW MANNER!

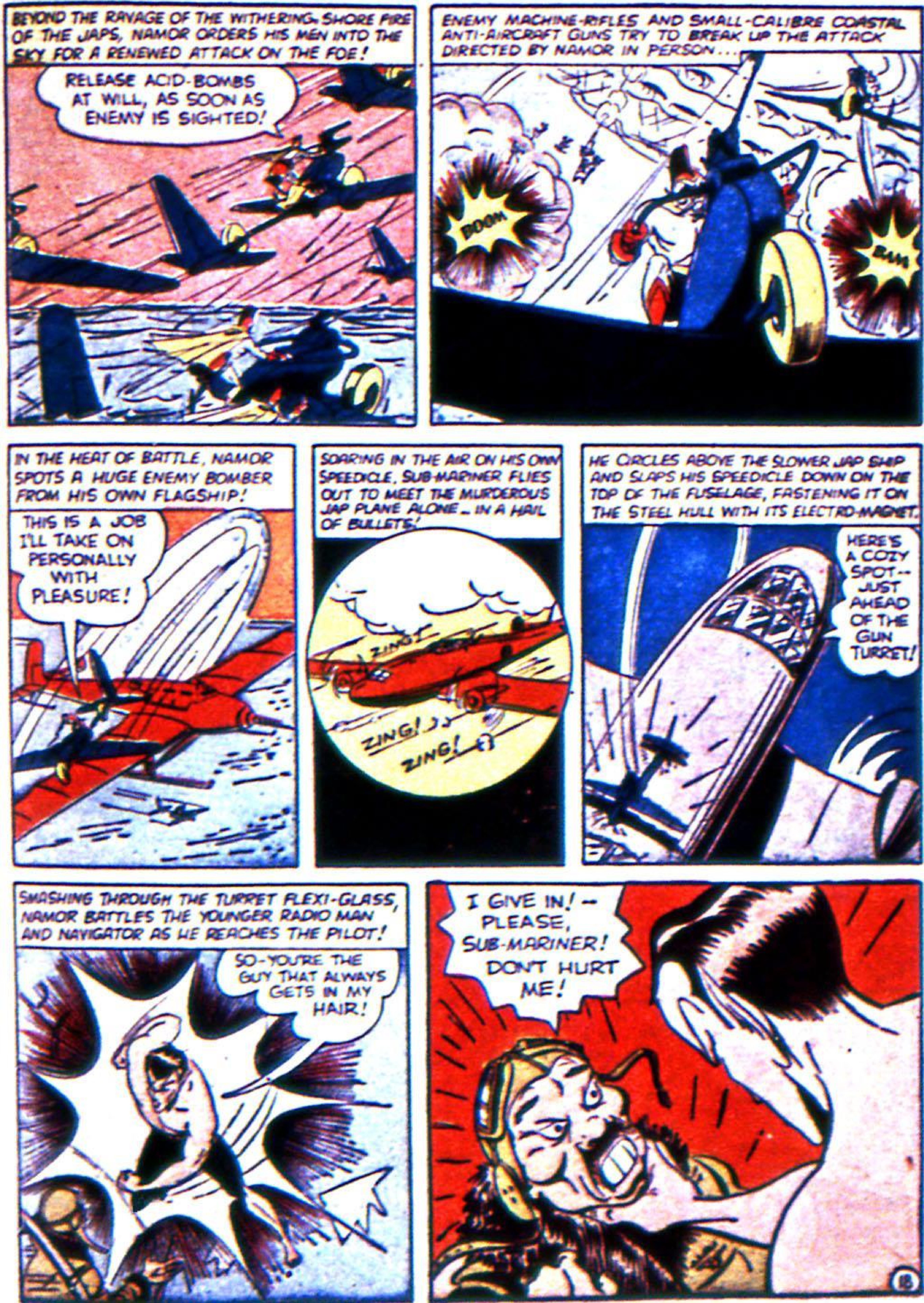

SUB-MARINER IMMEDIATELY DECIDES ON A LINE OF STRATEGY...
THE BEST THING IS TO ATTACK NOW. FIRST, THE SPEEDICLES WILL CHARGE UP THE BEACH!

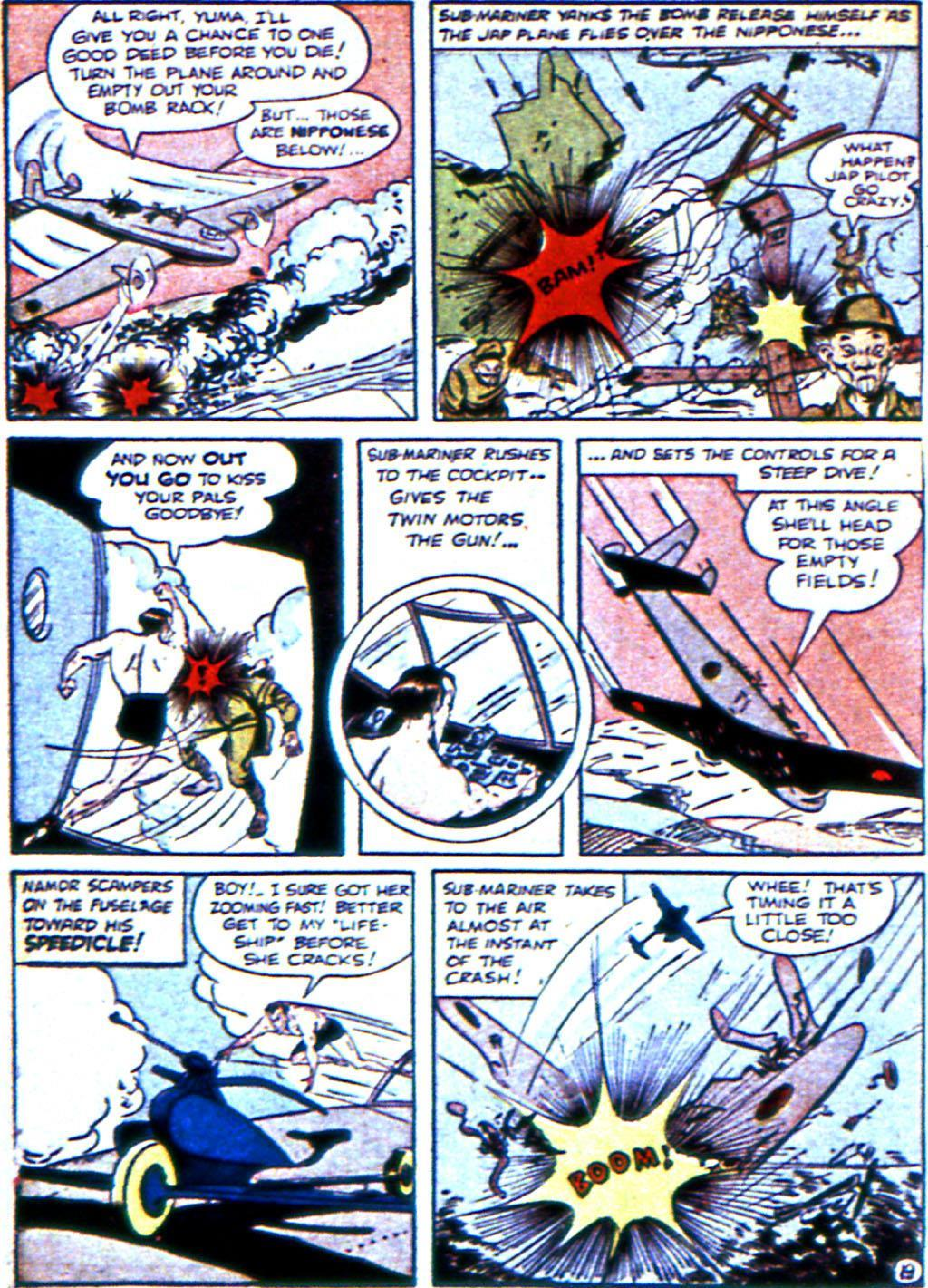

NAMOR'S MASS RAID ON THE GUAM SHORE IS MET BY A SOLID CURTAIN OF STEEL SHELLS!

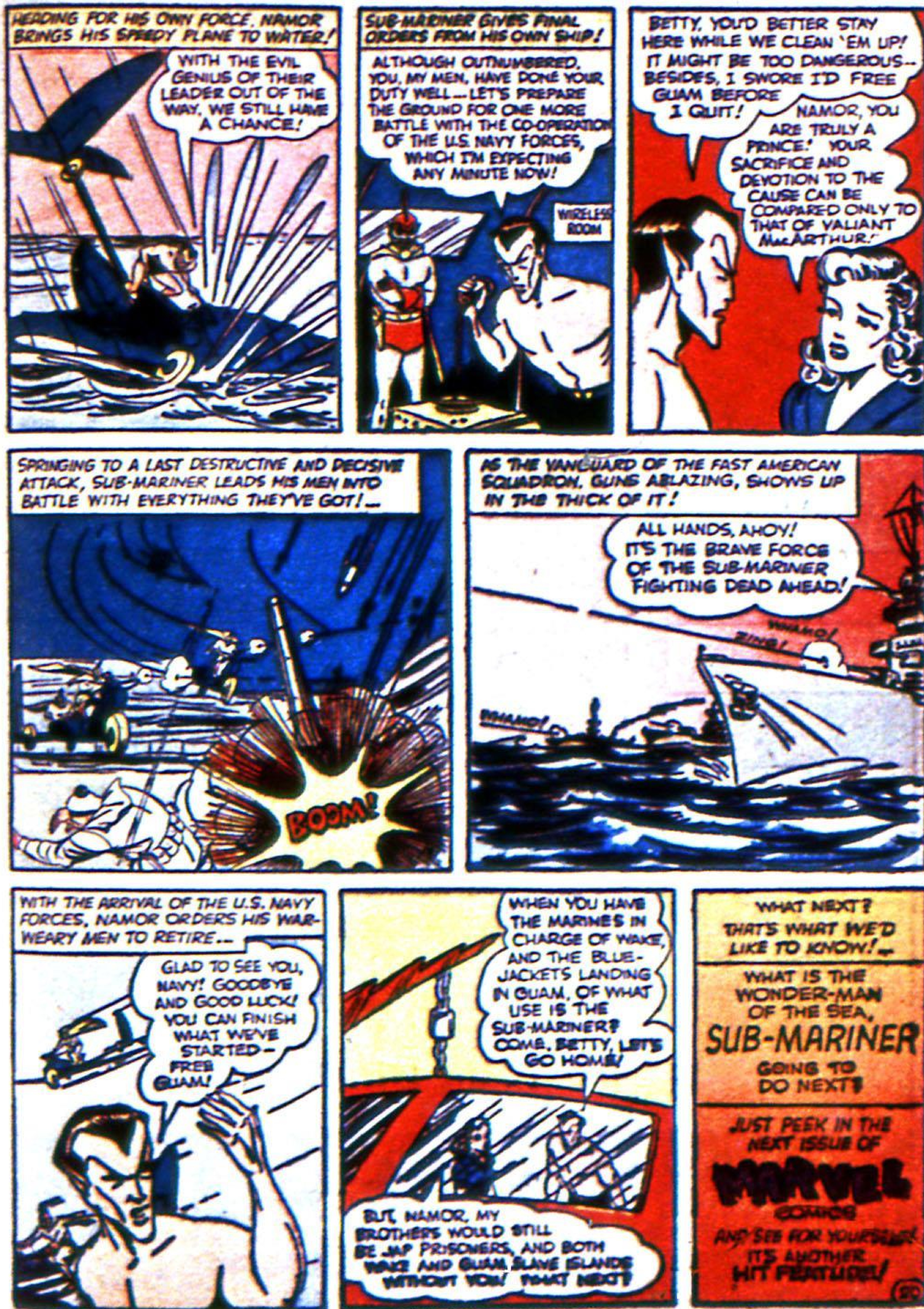

THEN A FORMATION OF JAP P.T. BOATS PILE IN ON THE OVERWHELMED FISHMEN!...


JAP PURSUIT-SHIPS DIVE DOWN ON THE SPEEDICLES, AIDING THE ACTION OF THEIR RUN-DOWN P.T. BOAT, STRAFFING THE WATER AND CHECKING NAMOR'S ADVANCE.
BAM!

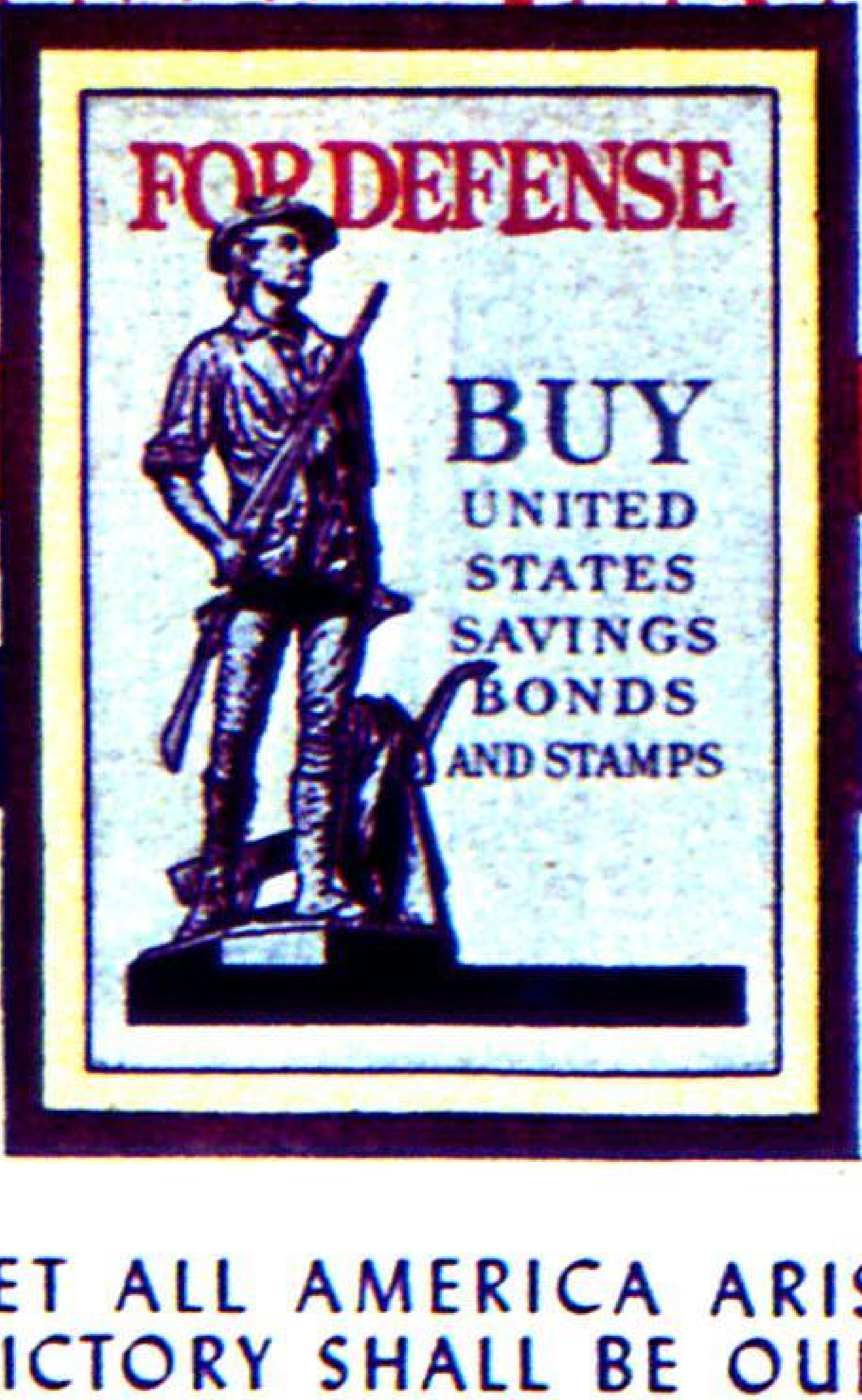

...SO HE RETIRES BELOW WATER, HAVING LOST HEAVILY!
HURRY! EQUIP ALL REMAINING MOTOR PLANES WITH SMALL ACID BOMBS! WE'LL TRY AGAIN! WE'RE NOT LICKED YET!


BEYOND THE RAVAGE OF THE WITHERING SHORE FIRE OF THE JAPS, NAMOR ORDERS HIS MEN INTO THE SKY FOR A RENEWED ATTACK ON THE FOE!
RELEASE ACID-BOMBS AT WILL, AS SOON AS ENEMY IS SIGHTED!
ENEMY MACHINE-RIFLES AND SMALL-CALIBRE COASTAL ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNS TRY TO BREAK UP THE ATTACK DIRECTED BY NAMOR IN PERSON...
BOOM
BAM
IN THE HEAT OF BATTLE, NAMOR SPOTS A HUGE ENEMY BOMBER FROM HIS OWN FLAGSHIP!
THIS IS A JOB I'LL TAKE ON PERSONALLY WITH PLEASURE!
SOARING IN THE AIR ON HIS OWN SPEEDICLE, SUB-MARINER FLIES OUT TO MEET THE MURDEROUS JAP PLANE ALONE_ IN A HAIL OF BULLETS!
ZING!
ZING!
ZING!
HE CIRCLES ABOVE THE SLOWER JAP SHIP AND SLAPS HIS SPEEDICLE DOWN ON THE TOP OF THE FUSELAGE, FASTENING IT ON THE STEEL HULL WITH ITS ELECTRO-MAGNET.
HERE'S A COZY SPOT--JUST AHEAD OF THE GUN TURRET!
SMASHING THROUGH THE TURRET FLEXI-GLASS, NAMOR BATTLES THE YOUNGER RADIO MAN AND NAVIGATOR AS HE REACHES THE PILOT!
SO-YOU'RE THE GUY THAT ALWAYS GETS IN MY HAIR!
I GIVE IN! -- PLEASE, SUB-MARINER! DON'T HURT ME!


ALL RIGHT, YUMA, I'LL GIVE YOU A CHANCE TO ONE GOOD DEED BEFORE YOU DIE! TURN THE PLANE AROUND AND EMPTY OUT YOUR BOMB RACK!
BUT... THOSE ARE **NIPPONESE** BELOW!...
SUB-MARINER YANKS THE BOMB RELEASE HIMSELF AS THE JAP PLANE FLIES OVER THE NIPPONESE...
BAM!
WHAT HAPPEN? JAP PILOT GO CRAZY!
AND NOW **OUT YOU GO** TO KISS YOUR PALS GOODBYE!
!
SUB-MARINER RUSHES TO THE COCKPIT-- GIVES THE TWIN MOTORS THE GUN!...
... AND SETS THE CONTROLS FOR A STEEP DIVE!
AT THIS ANGLE SHE'LL HEAD FOR THOSE EMPTY FIELDS!
NAMOR SCAMPERS ON THE FUSELAGE TOWARD HIS **SPEEDICLE!**
BOY!.. I SURE GOT HER ZOOMING FAST! BETTER GET TO MY "LIFE-SHIP" BEFORE SHE CRACKS!
SUB-MARINER TAKES TO THE AIR ALMOST AT THE INSTANT OF THE CRASH!
WHEE! THAT'S TIMING IT A LITTLE TOO CLOSE!
BOOM!


HEADING FOR HIS OWN FORCE, NAMOR BRINGS HIS SPEEDY PLANE TO WATER!
WITH THE EVIL GENIUS OF THEIR LEADER OUT OF THE WAY, WE STILL HAVE A CHANCE!
SUB-MARINER GIVES FINAL ORDERS FROM HIS OWN SHIP!
ALTHOUGH OUTNUMBERED, YOU, MY MEN, HAVE DONE YOUR DUTY WELL... LET'S PREPARE THE GROUND FOR ONE MORE BATTLE WITH THE CO-OPERATION OF THE U.S. NAVY FORCES, WHICH I'M EXPECTING ANY MINUTE NOW!
WIRELESS ROOM
BETTY, YOU'D BETTER STAY HERE WHILE WE CLEAN 'EM UP! IT MIGHT BE TOO DANGEROUS... BESIDES, I SWORE I'D FREE GUAM BEFORE I QUIT!
NAMOR, YOU ARE TRULY A PRINCE! YOUR SACRIFICE AND DEVOTION TO THE CAUSE CAN BE COMPARED ONLY TO THAT OF VALIANT MacARTHUR!
SPRINGING TO A LAST DESTRUCTIVE AND DECISIVE ATTACK, SUB-MARINER LEADS HIS MEN INTO BATTLE WITH EVERYTHING THEY'VE GOT!...
BOOM!
AS THE VANGUARD OF THE FAST AMERICAN SQUADRON, GUNS ABLAZING, SHOWS UP IN THE THICK OF IT!
ALL HANDS, AHOY! IT'S THE BRAVE FORCE OF THE SUB-MARINER FIGHTING DEAD AHEAD!
WHAMO!
ZING!
WHAMO!
WITH THE ARRIVAL OF THE U.S. NAVY FORCES, NAMOR ORDERS HIS WAR-WEARY MEN TO RETIRE...
GLAD TO SEE YOU, NAVY! GOODBYE AND GOOD LUCK! YOU CAN FINISH WHAT WE'VE STARTED - FREE GUAM!
WHEN YOU HAVE THE MARINES IN CHARGE OF WAKE, AND THE BLUE-JACKETS LANDING IN GUAM, OF WHAT USE IS THE SUB-MARINER? COME, BETTY, LET'S GO HOME!
BUT, NAMOR, MY BROTHERS WOULD STILL BE JAP PRISONERS, AND BOTH WAKE AND GUAM SLAVE ISLANDS WITHOUT YOU! WHAT NEXT?
WHAT NEXT? THAT'S WHAT WE'D LIKE TO KNOW!...
WHAT IS THE WONDER-MAN OF THE SEA, SUB-MARINER GOING TO DO NEXT?
JUST PEEK IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF MARVEL COMICS AND SEE FOR YOURSELF! IT'S ANOTHER HIT FEATURE!

REMEMBER
PEARL
HARBOR!



FOR DEFENSE

BUY
UNITED
STATES
SAVINGS
BONDS
AND STAMPS

LET ALL AMERICA ARISE
VICTORY SHALL BE OURS
DO YOUR SHARE

BUY UNITED STATES SAVINGS
BONDS
and
STAMPS!

FOOT ITCH

ATHLETE'S FOOT

Send Coupon
Don't Pay Until Relieved

At least 50% of the adult population of the United States are being attacked by the disease known as Athlete's Foot.

Usually the disease starts between the toes. Little watery blisters form, and the skin cracks and peels. After a while, the itching becomes intense, and you feel as though you would like to scratch off all the skin.

BEWARE OF IT SPREADING

Often the disease travels all over the bottom of the feet. The soles of your feet become red and swollen. The skin also cracks and peels, and the itching becomes worse and worse.

Get relief from this disease as quickly as possible, because it is very contagious, and it may go to your hands or even to the under arm or crotch of the legs.

SEND COUPON

DISEASE OFTEN MISUNDERSTOOD

The cause of the disease is not a germ as so many people think, but a vegetable growth that becomes buried beneath the outer tissues of the skin.

To obtain relief the medecine to be used must first gently dissolve or remove the outer skin and then kill the vegetable growth.

This growth is so hard to kill that a test shows it takes 15 minutes of boiling to destroy it; however, laboratory tests also show that H. F. will kill it upon contact in 15 seconds.

DOUBLE ACTION NEEDED

Recently H. F. was developed solely for the purpose of relieving Athlete's Foot. It both gently dissolves the skin and then kills the vegetable growth upon contact. Both actions are necessary for prompt relief.

H. F. is a liquid that doesn't stain. You just paint the infected parts nightly before going to bed.

H. F. SENT ON FREE TRIAL

Sign and mail the coupon, and a bottle of H. F. will be mailed you immediately. Don't send any money and don't pay the postman any money; don't pay anything any time unless H. F. is helping you. If it does help you, we know you will be glad to send us $1 for the bottle at the end of ten days. That's how much faith we have in H. F. Read, sign and mail the coupon today.

M.C.

GORE PRODUCTS, INC.
835 Perdido St., New Orleans, La.

Please send me immediately a bottle of H. F. for foot trouble as described above. I agree to use it according to directions. If at the end of 10 days my feet are getting better, I will send you $1. If I am not entirely satisfied, I will return the unused portion of the bottle to you within 15 days from the time I receive it.

NAME____________________________

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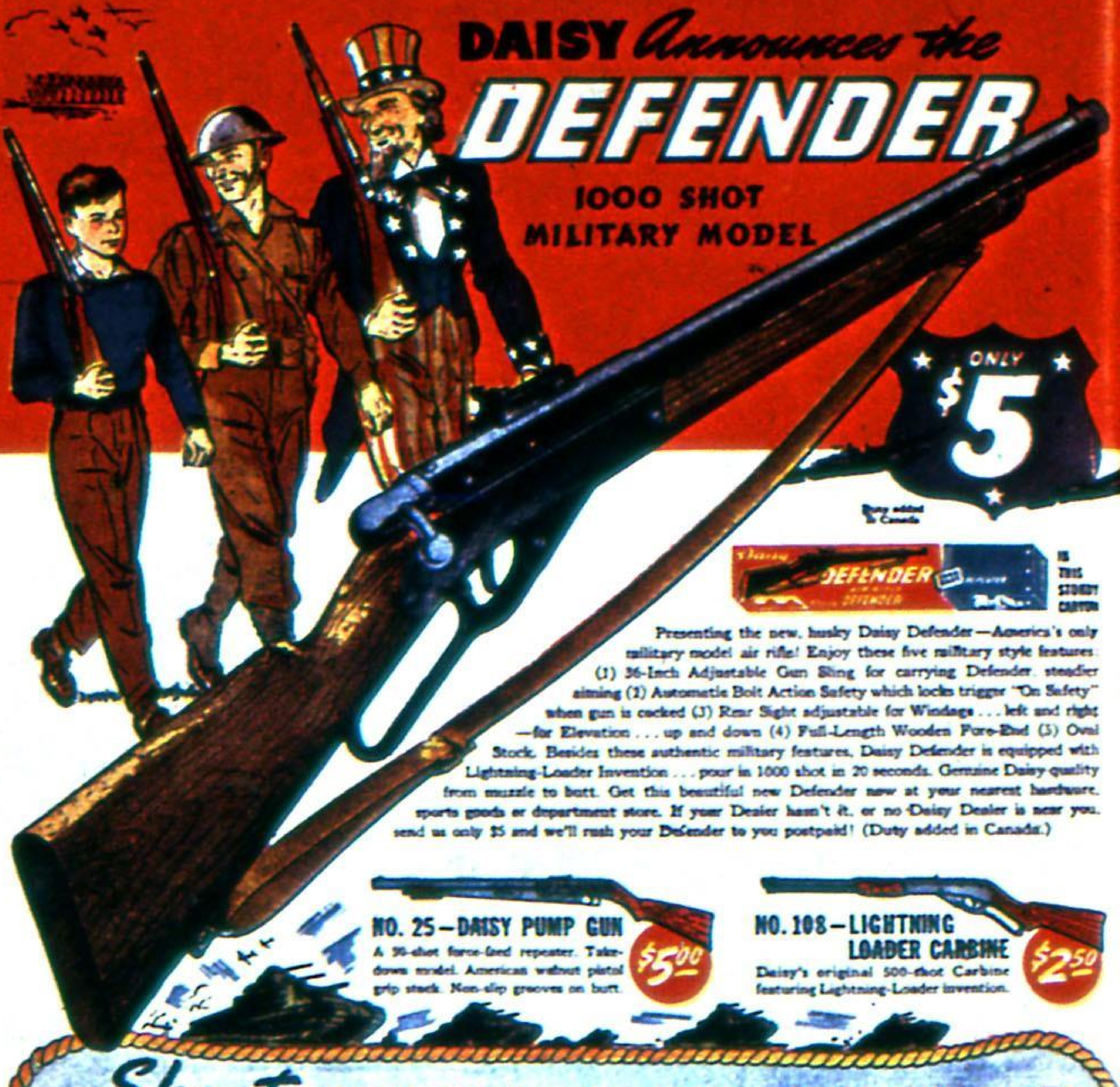
DAISY *Announces the*

DEFENDER

1000 SHOT MILITARY MODEL



Presenting the new, husky Daisy Defender—America's only military model air rifle! Enjoy these five military style features: (1) 36-Inch Adjustable Gun Sling for carrying Defender, steadier aiming (2) Automatic Bolt Action Safety which locks trigger "On Safety" when gun is cocked (3) Rear Sight adjustable for Windage . . . left and right —for Elevation . . . up and down (4) Full-Length Wooden Fore-End (5) Oval Stock. Besides these authentic military features, Daisy Defender is equipped with Lightning-Loader Invention . . . pour in 1000 shot in 20 seconds. Genuine Daisy quality from muzzle to butt. Get this beautiful new Defender now at your nearest hardware, sports goods or department store. If your Dealer hasn't it, or no Daisy Dealer is near you, send us only $5 and we'll rush your Defender to you postpaid! (Duty added in Canada.)

NO. 25—DAISY PUMP GUN $5.00

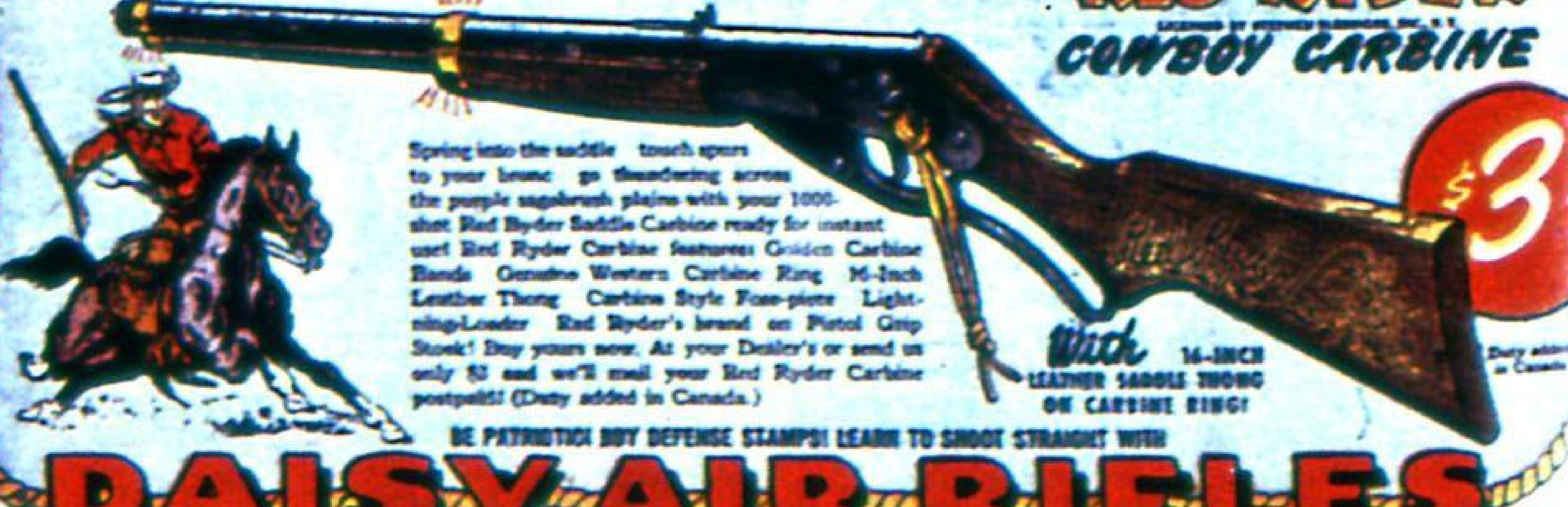
A 50-shot force-feed repeater. Take-down model. American walnut pistol grip stock. Non-slip grooves on butt.

NO. 108—LIGHTNING LOADER CARBINE $2.50

Daisy's original 500-shot Carbine featuring Lightning-Loader invention.

Shoot THE FAMOUS 1000-SHOT RED RYDER COWBOY CARBINE

Licensed by Stephen Slesinger, Inc., N. Y.



Spring into the saddle ... touch spurs to your bronc ... go thundering across the purple sagebrush plains with your 1000-shot Red Ryder Saddle Carbine ready for instant use! Red Ryder Carbine features: Golden Carbine Bands ... Genuine Western Carbine Ring ... 14-Inch Leather Thong ... Carbine Style Fore-piece ... Lightning-Loader ... Red Ryder's brand on Pistol Grip Stock! Buy yours now. At your Dealer's or send us only $3 and we'll mail your Red Ryder Carbine postpaid! (Duty added in Canada.)

With 14-INCH LEATHER SADDLE THONG ON CARBINE RING!

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